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# CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

## Poems

BY

MISS MARY SMYTH

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WITH

AN INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR

BY HER SISTER



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## INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR

When John Bunyan talked of publishing his "Pilgrim's Progress," some said, "John, print it," others said, "No," and so I find it is with me at the present day. Of the few friends who have seen these poems of my sister's, the majority have advised their publication; others have hinted that they are only of family or at most of local interest, and hence would not be much appreciated by the general public. While admitting that this may be true of some of them to a certain extent, I believe there are in this country, as in other places, many of "God's hidden ones" who are suffering "'neath the rod," to whom the experience of one whose path for many years lay much in the cloud land of suffering and privation, yet who through grace was enabled to bear with patience and fortitude the cross assigned her by her Lord, will not be uninteresting. As little is known of her in this country it may be well to give a short sketch of her life.

Mary Smyth was born January 16, 1830, in County Antrim, Ireland. She was the daughter of John and Isabella D. Smyth, and the third child in a family of five girls and four boys. Father's business required him to be much away from home, consequently the care and training of the children devolved almost entirely on mother; and well did she perform her task, for she was not only a devoted mother, but a capable woman, and an earnest Christian. Being of Scotch descent, like many others in the same part of the country, Mary inherited not a few of the sterling qualities and staunch religious principles which so strongly mark the Scotch Presbyterians wherever they are found. Yet, notwithstanding her home advantages and early religious training, it was not without a severe mental struggle that she closed in with the terms of salvation and accepted Jesus Christ as her own personal Saviour. But, having once put her "hand to the plough," there was no looking back. From henceforth, "Forward" was her motto. Like Paul, she pressed toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

She greatly desired to enter into some active service for God, but this was not "the will of God" concerning her. The plans she had formed and the disappointment of her hopes in regard to this matter are pathetically described in the poem entitled "God's Ways Not Our Ways." Her ambition was checked in a somewhat remarkable manner. Without any known cause she was suddenly seized with spinal disease. Her case was a very peculiar one, for, while there was no outward appearance of anything being the matter, weakness rapidly o'erspread her whole frame; even her eyes, though they lost none of their luster or brightness, became so weak that she was unable to read, which added much to her trial. Medical skill was completely baffled. The physicians could neither find out the cause nor effect a cure. The utmost they could accomplish was to give her a little temporary relief when at times her suffering became very severe. But between these seasons of suffering there was often long intervals of comparative rest

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and quiet, and, her general health being unimpaired, she was usually cheerful and happy.

Naturally of a lively and energetic disposition, but now laid aside unfit for any work whatever, and, as has been said, unable to read, her active mind sought employment in verse making, which proved a great solace to her oftentimes troubled spirit. Her thoughts flowed freely through this channel and much of her inner life is revealed by this means which would otherwise have been unknown even to those with whom she was most intimately associated.

She was much attached to home and friends. The different deaths occurring in the family, and several changes of residence consequent thereon, were very trying to her in her weakened condition. This may explain the touching references that are made to these occasions in some of her poems. For the long period of nineteen years she was never able to sit up a whole day at a time, yet no murmur or complaint ever escaped her lips. For quite a number of years, however, her vigorous constitution showed no signs of breaking down, but at length suffering and confinement did their work and she began to grow gradually weaker. When the fall of 1872 came it was plain the last enemy was not far distant, yet she was not dismayed at his approach, but welcomed him as the messenger sent by her Heavenly Father to call her to her everlasting rest. A few days before her death she had one of those sinking spells that so often precede the close of life. On reviving she seemed disappointed, and said, "I was so glad to think I was going to get home." On the twenty-ninth of November the end came. It was calm and peaceful. Without a sigh or a struggle she passed away. "So giveth He His beloved sleep." I need say no more. Those who read this book will learn more of its author than any words of mine could tell them. For reasons which it is not necessary to state here, its publication has been delayed until the present; but I now send it forth in the hope that it may not be unfavorably received.

ELIZABETH SMYTH.

## Let Me Cling to Jesus

Jesus, save me from my foes,  
Let me on Thy breast repose,  
And my griefs to Thee disclose —  
Let me cling to Jesus.

Jesus, save me from distress,  
Thou who art all loveliness;  
Beauty on my soul impress —  
Let me cling to Jesus.

Jesus, save me in each strait;  
May I still upon Thee wait,  
And let me not take sin's bait —  
Let me cling to Jesus.

Jesus, save me night and day,  
Lest I should be tempted to stray  
From the path of life away —  
Let me cling to Jesus.

Jesus, save me, for Thou art strong,  
While Thou dost my life prolong,  
And in death be Thou my song —  
Let me cling to Jesus.

Jesus, save me, and by grace  
Take me to Thy holy place  
Where I shall behold Thy Face —  
Let me cling to Jesus.

## The Atoning Blood

O Thou who for Thy glory hast  
Grace in abundance shown,  
Accept for my transgressions vast  
The Blood which doth atone.

In me there is no good which I  
Can justly call my own,  
By doing so I would deny  
The Blood which doth atone.

By sin I am undone, yet would  
Fall down before Thy throne,



## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

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And humbly claim a portion good  
Through Him that doth atone.

Whoever was denied, who sought  
It in the way made known,  
The robe of righteousness well wrought  
By Him who did atone—

O God, be pleased from me to take  
Away this heart of stone,  
And a believer real me make  
In Him that did atone.

Beneath sin's weight no more I need  
Send forth a hopeless groan,  
If I believably but plead  
The Blood which doth atone.

And this to know should keep in check  
Each unbelieving moan,  
That Christ to save my soul from wreck  
Did willingly atone.

And is it true that I have all  
My sins upon him thrown?  
Then surely mine I may Him call  
Who died for to atone.

That I am His hath even He  
By His blest Spirit shown,  
If so I can't mistaken be —  
He's mine who did atone.

Yes, I am my Beloved's, and He  
Is my Beloved alone —  
The reason is He purchased me  
By dying to atone.

Yes, Lord, I'm Thine, and do Thou not  
Thy lawful right disown;  
My sins Thou surely canst outblot  
Through Blood which doth atone.

My Lord, my God, Thou surely art  
My Saviour alone —  
That I in life might have my part  
Thou died hast to atone.



In everything Thou dost excel —  
 Like unto Thee there's none,  
 For Saviours else to save from hell  
 None could nor would atone.

Thanks, thanks and praise that ever He  
 Was of our flesh and bone  
 Made that from wrath He might us free  
 By bleeding to atone.

## My Closet

What would you think if in my cot  
 I have a little Bethel got  
 And I do call this pleasant spot  
 My closet?

If asked of any where I spent  
 My moments with the most content,  
 My thoughts to thee-ward would be bent —  
 My closet.

I unobserved by mortal eye,  
 My God to me alone being nigh,  
 Can pray in thee to the Most High —  
 My closet.

Now that I can no more repair  
 Unto God's house to worship there,  
 Thy duties claim the more my care —  
 My closet.

Though lonesome there I seem to be,  
 I'm not alone, for God's with me;  
 Yea, He my soul doth meet in thee —  
 My closet.

Oft has my soul in solemn prayer  
 With God had sweet communion there,  
 As thereto thou canst witness bear —  
 My closet.

And sometimes when I grief have had  
 And have gone in castdown and sad,  
 I have come out from thee heart-glad —  
 My closet.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

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Dare I give up my privilege there,  
Though mines of gold I offered were,  
O let my soul for thee declare —  
My closet.

Earth has no bribes to offer me,  
The Blood of Christ is all my plea,  
Through which I'll boldly go to thee —  
My closet.

Can they who walk Mirth's gayest round,  
E'en when their joy doth most abound,  
Find such as I in thee have found —  
My closet.

Till death me takes may grace divine  
Still to this place my heart incline,  
When I for glory shall resign —  
My closet.

And even there it shall not be  
An inconsistent thought in me,  
To think on moments spent in thee —  
My closet.

### Did You Ever Think Right

Whoe'er you be, reader,  
This question's to you —  
Of Christ men think different,  
So can't all think true:  
While Christ and Salvation  
Your thoughts do invite,  
My friend, I would ask —  
Did you ever think right?

The time that is present  
Is all you can claim,  
For to get acquainted  
With Jesus' blessed name  
E'er you be o'ertaken  
By death's gloomy night,  
It is of importance  
That you should think right.

The law exacts brick  
 While it cannot straw give,  
 But the Gospel points out  
 How the sinner may live.  
 While grace doth its scepter  
 Hold out in your sight,  
 O deem it a privilege  
 That you should think right!

As good as your neighbors  
 Though this you should be,  
 From death's awful sentence  
 Your soul it can't free.  
 How many their souls lose  
 This way, and thus slight  
 A crucified Jesus  
 And never think right?

If you would be Christ's  
 You must wholly be His  
 Though friends should all frown  
 And the old serpent hiss.  
 In saving His people  
 God takes great delight,  
 Who is the sole fountain  
 Of their thinking right.

I really do pity  
 That soul in its grief  
 Than the creature who higher  
 Looks not for relief.  
 Oh, if men but knew  
 How the God of all might  
 Delights to give comfort,  
 They'd haste to think right.

Today if you hear  
 His blest Voice, harden not  
 Your heart, for the devil  
 Hath laid a deep plot  
 To hold you in bondage,  
 And his chain binds tight —  
 O give God no rest  
 Till He makes you think right!

Run, run unto Jesus,  
 Delay not one day,

To you Mercy's door  
May be shut then for aye.  
Enlist with this Captain  
And in His cause fight —  
You'll never be happy  
Except you think right.

He'll surely supply you  
With all that you need —  
Your soul with choice dainties  
He ever shall feed.  
He'll clothe you in armour  
Well proved and bright,  
If faith acts upon Him  
By your thinking right.

To him that o'ercometh  
God shall give all things,  
Yea, even the fountain  
From whence all good springs;  
And he shall forever  
Walk with God in white  
Where none e'er repent shall  
Their having thought right.

## A Song of Thanksgiving

When jarring elements around  
Us strive on every side,  
We troubled much are at the sound  
And fain ourselves would hide.

And when we're nigh o'ercome with grief  
And can no out-gate see,  
We think if God would send relief,  
How thankful we would be!

But when the storm has passed away  
And grief is lighter grown,  
To give God thanks how we delay,  
Alas! we scarce will own.

The Hand that saved us when we tried  
In vain the storm to hush,

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And did of grief roll back the tide  
Which threatened us to crush,

More cause for joy sure than complaint  
I have in all I meet,  
If mine's the privilege of the saint  
From bitter to take sweet.

'Tis very hard content to be  
In every case feel I  
Especially if wronged we see  
Ourselves it doth us try.

'Tis painful on our griefs to dwell  
When we can't them remove,  
But if we do improve them well  
They will a blessing prove.

The cloud was very dark and seemed  
Us to encircle quite,  
Through which a ray of light scarce gleamed  
All — all was dark as night,

Till He, whom darkness is about  
His throne, did light us bring,  
And from our troubles brought us out  
And gave us cause to sing.

And of deliverance a song  
To sing I did intend,  
If that God would by His Hand strong  
To us deliverance send.

So with my heart when trials sharp  
Had passed I did commune;  
I fain would sing but found my harp  
Was sadly out of tune;

The reason of which when I sought  
For I just found to be  
That my soul had depression caught  
From deep adversity.

What I resolved how could I then,  
O Lord, performing be?  
But come, Thou, tune my harp again,  
And I will sing to Thee.

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---

Yes, from the bottom of my soul,  
To Thee, O God, I'll sing,  
Who seeming evils did control  
And did us safely bring,

Through trials such as few have met;  
But those that's kept by Thee,  
By night or day, howe'er beset,  
In safety kept shall be.

If we are God's we need not fear,  
However dark the scene,  
For God's our God and will appear  
Us and our griefs between.

God will His children, no doubt,  
Save in their time of need,  
And when their hope is nigh blown out  
Rekindle it with speed.

The powers of earth and hell assail  
His people shall in vain;  
They may contrive but can't prevail;  
Their point they shall not gain.

Though Satan stirs up wicked men  
The saints for to annoy,  
Like Daniel in the lions' den,  
They safety can enjoy.

The wicked are like beasts of prey,  
The just they would devour,  
But God their councils can gainsay —  
Theirs is a conquered power.

Now to a God who can save, thus  
Safely commit we may  
The keeping of ourselves, and us  
He safe will keep for aye.

Lord, Thou to us still raised a friend  
When we a friend did need —  
A friend in whom one can depend  
Sure is a friend indeed.

And may Thy blessing, O my Lord,  
On such forever rest,

To sympathize who could afford,  
Yea, and they shall be blest.

Light out of darkness Thou canst bring,  
And from confusion, too,  
'Tis Thou that canst make order spring —  
Thee let me praise anew.

Thy Grace preserved us all our days,  
Most holy God triune,  
Therefore my soul, to sing Thy praise,  
Forever keep in tune.

### Sixty-three

The dawn of eighteen-sixty-three  
Some of us have been spared to see,  
But who shall see its close?  
Its first month we have seen begun,  
And yet, ere shines December's sun,  
Death may of us dispose.

Death's victims have been far from few  
Throughout the year sixty-two,  
Though we have seen its last;  
But can we hope that sixty-three  
Shall for our sakes less mortal be  
Than was the year past?

Oh, no, Death has his march begun,  
This mighty archer — who can shun  
Or dare his suit deny?  
Already thousands on the plain  
Lie by his mortal arrows slain,  
And who is next to die?

Lord, is it I who next shall fall  
A prey to that which conquers all,  
Or doth to conquer seem,  
For if a Christian, I shall see  
That Death at last shall conquered be  
In Him who did redeem.

It matters very little then  
What time death comes to Christians, when

They can afford to sing  
When it approaching them they see —  
“O Grave, where is thy victory,  
O Death, where is thy sting?”

Before this year shall be out  
Many shall be in hell, no doubt,  
Because they Christ reject —  
They are too busy or too gay  
And thoughtless to believe and pray,  
And what can they expect?

This is no fancy sketch of those  
Who won't in life with Jesus close —  
God hath their doom declared.  
And O, my God, should sixty-three  
From Death a message bring to me,  
Make me for it prepared,

And then I surely will rejoice —  
Death shall be but the Bridegroom's voice  
My spirit to set free.  
I have not much to chain me here  
Except some friends I love most dear,  
And who, I know, love me.

But why awaken in my heart  
Reluctant thoughts with friends to part?  
I would not have it so —  
I just would like, when death shall come,  
To say, “Dear friends, I'm going home;  
Farewell to all below.”

## Mamie's Death

And, Mamie, have you come to rest at last  
Upon the quiet earth your weary head?  
You've in alternate health and sickness pass'd  
Your life, but all is over now you're dead.

When last I saw you, you had better been,  
And better like than usual you were;  
You more like living I had never seen;  
Of buoyancy your spirits had a share.



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I little thought you were so soon to go —  
Death seemed so distant, who could have  
thought it nigh?  
But unawares his shaft he oft doth throw —  
Perhaps when thinking least we're called to  
die.

One would suppose we here were to stay,  
We give ourselves so little time to think;  
At any moment Death appear may,  
And at one draught our plans and prospects  
drink.

A short time, Mamie, and the work was done;  
Death soon made havoc of what health had  
gained —  
For who with Death the combat's fit to shun?  
When he attacks, the warfare is maintained.

But was the valley dark or light to you?  
In Jordan's swellings Jesus did you meet?  
His righteousness, if He around you threw,  
With Him you are enjoying all that's sweet.

However, she is gone, no more to see  
Those friends on earth she may have  
reckoned dear.  
When any die it warning gives to me,  
And therefore Mamie's death I notice here.

### The Barren Tree

When I see Christians bear much fruit  
It makes me think beyond dispute  
That my profession, branch and root,  
Is but a barren tree.

Has God my roots been digging round  
To make my fruit the more abound?  
And still shall there no fruit be found  
Upon this barren tree?

Nursed in a land of Gospel light,  
Where the blest spirit doth invite,  
Then how can I the message slight  
And be a barren tree?

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The man who the blest spirit wants,  
No matter how himself he vaunts,  
In outward things the truth this grants —  
He's but a barren tree.

Then have I now, or have I not  
Of God's blessed children the spot?  
If I the new name have not got,  
I'm but a barren tree.

That tree a while may promise fair  
That leaves and blossoms doth but wear,  
But in the time it fruit should bear  
It is a barren tree.

Good works as well as wicked deeds  
When trusted to God's vengeance pleads,  
His wrath shall them ignite like reeds  
To burn the barren tree.

Searcher of Hearts, disclose to me  
If I bring forth fruit unto Thee;  
If not, O grant that I may be  
No more a barren tree.

Light in the head alone won't do,  
Grace also must the heart subdue;  
Where that's the case, though figs be few,  
It's not a barren tree.

To outward means Thou'rt not confined,  
Lord, when Thou'rt graciously designed  
The breaches of a soul to bind,  
'Twill be a fruitful tree.

O God, in mercy do me spare  
And keep me still beneath Thy care,  
And do Thou grant I may still bear  
Marks of the fruitful tree.

To Thee, my God, all praise belongs,  
Who of Thy people sees the wrongs,  
And in the night dost give them songs  
From the life-giving tree.

## Jesus, My Love

Jesus, my Love, that Thou art so  
Is more than all the world to me;  
'Tis joy of joys for me to know  
That I am loved, Lord, by Thee.

Jesus, my Love, O what a sound  
These words hath on my gladdened ear;  
O make my love to Thee abound  
Whose perfect love doth cast out fear.

Jesus, my Love, I naught can do,  
But as I get the strength from Thee  
My failing strength, I pray, renew;  
O do again invigor me.

Jesus, my Love, Thou didst bring peace  
Unto this sin-tossed soul of mine;  
Bidding its agitation cease,  
And it obeyed the Voice Divine.

Jesus, my Love, I never had  
True joy until I met with Thee;  
And then my heart was light and glad,  
For from sin's weight Thou didst it free.

Jesus, my Love, no love's like Thine,  
Which makes its object truly blest;  
The reason is: it is divine,  
And Thou therein dost ever rest.

Jesus, my Love, may I still be  
Submissive to Thy holy will.  
Has Thy free love made choice of me?  
Then this should humble keep me still.

Jesus, my Love, when Thou dost wound  
Me, let me not impatient feel,  
For surely I in Thee have found  
One that the deepest wound can heal.

Jesus, my Love, when Thou dost strike,  
'Tis love that doth direct the blow,  
That I unto Thee may be like  
And may I be more and more so.

Jesus, my Love, I would not choose  
 But would myself leave in Thy Hand  
 Me to protect; do not refuse —  
 In Thy strength may I ever stand.

Jesus, my Love, this pilgrim life  
 With me shall very soon be o'er;  
 Then take me without sigh or strife  
 To where I'll sinning be no more.

Jesus, my Love, Thy holy Face  
 I in that blessed land shall see;  
 O deep, unfathomable grace  
 That such as I there e'er shall be.

Jesus, my Love, meantime prepare  
 Me for Thy holy rest above;  
 O make me qualified to share  
 The fruits of rich, redeeming love.

## To the Moon

When I shall pass beyond the fear of death,  
 And soon I must, He only knows how soon,  
 Who thee thy lustre and who me my breath  
 Hath given and continued, pleasant Moon,

Yes, when I shall have passed the Jordan cold,  
 Thy face, fair Moon, no longer I may see;  
 But then than thou a fairer I'll behold,  
 And that the Sun of Righteousness shall be.

The Sun of Righteousness, who ever sings,  
 Need never have a sad note in this song;  
 From him all life, all health, all comfort  
 springs,  
 His consolations are both sweet and strong.

However fair, thou art not half so fair  
 As He; however sweet, not half so sweet;  
 He must be excellent beyond compare,  
 In whom His people reckoned are complete.

Not thou, but He, the gloom can penetrate,  
 That overhangs that vale which lies between

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

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Us in our present and our future state,  
Else there the blackest darkness still had  
been.

Death's valley hath been lighted up for those  
For whom Christ died and rose to justify,  
And from this fact sweet consolation flows  
Without which 'twould be terrible to die.

But, with it, how composed and calm at last  
The weakest Christian has a right to be —  
With whom the bitterness of death is past  
As soon as from the clay the spirit's free.

It's true the best of saints may have their fears,  
When in this valley like to lose their way;  
But by and by their all in all appears,  
Changing their night into perpetual day.

With death I fain familiar would get  
By looking forward to it as that friend  
Which God hath 'cross my path to glory set  
Where sin and sorrow shall together end.

But ere I go where thou wilt not appear,  
A few expressions I would throw to thee  
Whose welcome beams so oft while I was here  
Was with no niggard's hand thrown out to me.

In childhood, how I liked on thee to look  
While round thee blithely sparkled many a  
star,  
Wondering where you got light for every  
nook —  
You seemed so small, yet threw your light  
so far!

You rose with pleasure and in peace you set,  
Unselfish then, unselfish still, I see;  
You give us freely what you freely get —  
A giver and receiver made to be.

Oft have I watched you through the storm  
pursue  
Your path with resignation on your face,  
For clouded skies could not discourage you  
Whose object was to shine and run your race.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

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And in the stillness of the summer's eve,  
Thy silvery mantle o'er the twilight thrown,  
I gazed at thee till almost, I believe,  
Did that my soul with thy composure shone.

And still I gaze and think on other days  
And other scenes when in another place,  
Alongst with other friends I've hailed thy rays,  
Many of whom are now in Death's embrace.

But why with recollections pain my heart?  
They're gone, I'm going, and we'll meet  
again;  
Yes, meet in glory, never more to part;  
They have attained and I shall yet attain.

But, Moon, while I'm apostrophizing thee,  
Thou art shining on their graves who cannot  
weep,  
And on mine also soon thou'lt shining be,  
Nor wilt thou be unsung when I shall sleep,

For seen thy beauty is by every eye,  
And every tongue thy usefulness must own;  
Israel's sweet singer looked not lightly by  
The lamp which both on King and Shepherd  
shone.

How elevated thy position is —  
In this the Christian should resemble thee;  
How any one who is an heir to bliss  
Can practice meanness, I can never see.

What like the Moon can cheerful make the  
night?  
Without it 'twould be dull and dreary sure;  
And who but Christians are the world's light?  
Their actions must be fair, their motives pure.

Of no avail is seeming godliness  
When in the heart Christ's spirit doth not  
dwell;  
Morality is but a flimsy dress —  
Will good opinions save a man from hell?

There, now, I see the Moon just peeping out  
Through yon rift cloud with countenance so  
fair,

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

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As might a sceptic make throw off all doubt  
That God's own Hand hath made and placed  
her there.

True ever to her trust through calm and storm  
I think this lesson we may learn here:  
That they who duty would alike perform,  
However circumstanced, must persevere.

For final perseverance will ensue  
Wherever grace communicated is —  
Where grace regenerates it will renew,  
Else who would safely reach the coast of  
bliss?

But to my subject, if I purposed had  
To sing, "The Moon, the Moon," should be  
my song.  
Good motives may be spoiled by methods bad,  
Weak arguments lean on digressions long.

Moon, thou art beautiful, I'm sure of that,  
And doth our praise for thy Creator crave;  
And I prefer a profitable chat  
With thee to all that gossip ever gave.

Thy waxing and thy waning aptly shows  
How may the Christians' graces rise and fall;  
Sometimes they seem so low one scarcely  
knows  
Whether, indeed, they have got grace at all.

Thou art dependent for thine every ray,  
And what have I that I have not received?  
The Sun of Righteousness had found His way  
Into my heart before that, I believed.

If thine's a borrowed light then so is mine —  
Thus far we likeness to each other bear;  
But when thy course is finished I shall shine  
Through endless ages in a higher sphere.

Yes, I this hope do entertain, sweet Moon,  
Whose smile upon our earth so long hath  
fell:  
That I in glory shall outshine thee soon,  
And then to thee and all below, farewell.



## Christ All in All

Christ is my all in all, brother,  
Christ is my all in all;  
And I would like to know, brother,  
If so you Christ can call.

If Christ's yours, I can say, brother,  
If Christ's yours, I can say,  
You happy are, indeed, brother,  
If not, seek Him today.

Christ's worth the being sought, brother,  
Christ's worth the being sought;  
Christ hath done much for me, brother,  
And work for him I ought.

For Christ I ought to speak, brother,  
For Christ I ought to speak,  
Though little I can say, brother,  
I am so very weak.

Of Christ I'd speak to thee, brother,  
Of Christ I'd speak to thee;  
You know He came to save, brother,  
Your Saviour let Him be.

In Christ there's hope for thee, brother,  
In Christ there's hope for thee;  
And while hope is held out, brother,  
To Christ, the refuge, flee.

In Christ there's room for thee, brother,  
In Christ there's room for thee;  
No longer stand without, brother,  
Come in and happy be!

In Christ there's love for thee, brother,  
In Christ there's love for thee;  
He loves you, loves you still, brother,  
He loves to love, you see.

In Christ there's grace for thee, brother,  
In Christ there's grace for thee;  
His grace no bounds doth know, brother,  
It is, it must be free.



## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

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In Christ there's life for thee, brother,  
In Christ there's life for thee;  
Life that shall never end, brother,  
None can give life but He.

In Christ there's faith for thee, brother,  
In Christ there's faith for thee;  
Its author if He is, brother,  
Its finisher He'll be.

In Christ there's joy for thee, brother,  
In Christ there's joy for thee;  
Come, and a foretaste get, brother,  
Of our grand jubilee.

In Christ there's peace for thee, brother,  
In Christ there's peace for thee;  
Once reconciled to God, brother,  
This peace experience we.

From Christ how can you stay, brother,  
From Christ how can you stay?  
His loving voice says, "Come, brother,"  
Look here, Christ's the way.

To Christ you'll surely come, brother,  
To Christ you'll surely come;  
Come now, come as you are, brother,  
Come, come while there is room.

In Christ there's help for thee, brother,  
In Christ there's help for thee;  
He gives what He would have, brother,  
Else how served could He be?

In Christ there's work for thee, brother,  
In Christ there's work for thee;  
For work's the fruit of faith, brother,  
By works our faith prove we.

In Christ there's wealth for thee, brother,  
In Christ there's wealth for thee;  
The pearl of great price, brother,  
Would worth the having be.

In Christ there's more for thee, brother,  
In Christ there's more for thee;

Than here, I can state, brother,  
But come yourself and see.

In Christ there's all for thee, brother,  
In Christ there's all for thee;  
Whatever thou canst need, brother,  
Decide, believe, be free.

Christ lives to intercede, brother,  
Christ lives to intercede,  
And what can I say more, brother,  
Than that Christ's all you need?

Accept, and all is thine, brother,  
Accept and all is thine,  
For sure as we get grace, brother,  
In glory we shall shine.

Our lives let holy be, brother,  
Our lives let holy be,  
For holiness without, brother,  
God's Face we'll never see.

## Cause of Thanks

Surely I have cause of giving  
Thanks to Thee, my Father dear,  
Cause of thanks that I am living,  
And no worse affliction bear;

Cause of thanks for friends protected,  
Oft committed to Thy care;  
Be they still by grace directed  
And so kept from Satan's snare;

Cause of thanks for sympathizing  
Friends when troubles heavy press,  
Friendship who are exercising  
Even more than they profess;

But the greatest cause of giving  
Thanks is that Christ came and died,  
And to intercede is living  
With the Father glorified.

Jesus died and rose to bless us  
With gifts He for men received —  
What on earth, then, should distress us  
If we have on Him believed?

For all gifts I'd God be praising,  
Specially for Christ the choice,  
That He died proves love amazing —  
O my soul, rejoice, rejoice!

## God's Ways Not Our Ways

"Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?"  
Oft of my God inquired I,  
Eager some business to pursue,  
In which I God might glorify.

\* \* \* \*

I'll help the missionary cause  
When I have money of my own —  
Thus hasty pictures fancy draws  
In which the future's seldom shown.

I wished to glorify my God,  
I longed for independence, too,  
And so resolved to go abroad,  
My twofold purpose to pursue.

But here I had something more  
To do than just to go away —  
Traveling expenses must be bore,  
And I had not wherewith to pay.

I felt as if my lot was hard,  
But soon a little box I got,  
To put what money could be spared —  
I'll have it by and by, I thought.

And that there might be no mistake,  
To work myself I closer set;  
But every effort I could make  
Still with some disappointment met.

So not a sixpence ever I  
Was able in my box to throw;  
Thus immigrating was put by —  
God's purpose being not to go —

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For Providence a language hath  
And here seemed to say quite plain:  
"You can't go, I've blocked up your path,  
And so at home you must remain."

"Then, Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?"  
I somewhat pettishly replied,  
As if than God I better knew  
What way He should be glorified.

God answered, "Would you glorify  
My Name, it must be as I please;  
If you're in earnest I will try,"  
And so He smote me with disease.

But where was now the zeal for God  
Which I had coveted to show,  
I vainly tried to shift the rod  
And off its heavy pressure throw.

God who had touched my flesh and bone  
I oft besought His Hand to flit,  
But God said in an undertone,  
"You sought My glory, now submit.

"This furnace I appoint you fear  
To purge you from your tin and dross;  
'Tis for your good you are kept here,  
To prove My love you'll bear this cross."

And so I took it from His Hand,  
Just as a token of His love,  
And now I better understand  
How God by such His love doth move.

God I had asked for work to do  
That I His Name might glorify,  
And God me heard and answered, too,  
But did the plan Himself supply.

He gave me bitter work in love  
Whereby to glorify His Name;  
And if this business I improve  
It must be for my good it came.

Bitter, I said, and well I might,  
Affliction in itself is so;

But mixed with love it alters quite,  
And doth into a blessing grow.

If God hath saved me by His Grace,  
Christ first and last the cause must be,  
And I shall yet behold His Face  
Who suffered everything for me.

Now what remains for me to do  
But praise His Name who all hath done,  
And this sweet business I'll pursue  
When Marah's waters dry have run.

Both sweet and bitter God is pleased  
Together in my cup to put;  
It must be sweet to be diseased  
When faith can unbelief refute.

It's sweet to be afflicted when  
A Father's hand doth hold the rode;  
It's surely sweet to say Amen  
To what's willed by a gracious God.

Lord, take Thy glory as Thou wilt,  
Is now the language of my soul;  
If Christ hath took away my guilt,  
I'm sure he means to make me whole.

Himself sits at the furnace still,  
Lest it should overheated be,  
And when I'm tired enough He will  
Among his gold refined put me.

The process somewhat painful is,  
But when I all together take  
My present woe and future bliss,  
My heart it doth so thankful make.

And well it may, for Christ is mine,  
That Christ who undertook for me,  
And in His righteousness I'll shine  
Unspotted through eternity.

Now what can I be saying more —  
God gave a work for me to do;  
And when the bitter part is o'er,  
The sweet remains, for God is true.

## The Double Claim

To the last day of December,  
Eighteen hundred sixty-three,  
If God spared me, I remember  
Should His kindness unto me.

And if I shall see tomorrow,  
Eighteen hundred sixty-four  
Shall have with its joy and sorrow  
Dawned as years dawned before.

Some are in the grave now sleeping,  
Who've the last New Year seen;  
Some who live are glad, some weeping,  
Just as it hath always been.

Many now are in existence  
Who had no existence then;  
Some from home are gone a distance,  
Never home to see again.

Some are in affliction pining,  
Like the lily on the stem;  
Friends departed, health declining,  
Let us sympathize with them.

And for some, life scarce expected,  
Off the stage they soon must go;  
But God, by whom all's directed,  
Shoots not from a random bow.

And if our affairs are guided  
By His Hand who cannot err,  
Shall His wisdom be derided  
That we may our own prefer?

Why indulge so oft in sorrow  
When we tribulation meet —  
If God's love be just as thorough  
In the bitter as the sweet?

And it is though realizing  
It His people mayn't still be;  
With them He is sympathizing,  
Even when they can't it see.

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At our lot, however trying,  
We from fretting should refrain;  
If to sin we're daily dying,  
Death at last shall be our gain.

Us in life, while God is sparing,  
In whatever state or place,  
We His praise should be declaring,  
Who sufficient makes His grace.

If in health, let us be making  
All of health and time we can;  
If in sickness, let's be taking  
Patiently the lot of man.

When I think of how God led me  
Through the perils of the way,  
And of how He clothed and fed me,  
That He's good, I'm bound to say.

And now, at this old year's closing,  
And the dawning of the new,  
Him to serve, let me be choosing,  
Who hath brought me hitherto.

If God's right without exemption,  
By creation, men became,  
Then on some He, by redemption,  
Doubtless hath a double claim.

And if this two-fold relation  
We would always keep in view,  
That we are God's by creation,  
And His, by adoption, too,

Then we'd see that God a double  
Claim upon His people hath;  
Let us call on Him in trouble,  
He will show us duty's path.

This God, let us serve forever,  
Who did make and us redeem;  
And He will forsake us never,  
Though to leave us He may seem.

Sun and moon and stars may darken,  
Friends may die and strength decay,



But to Faith's cry, God will harken,  
When to Him His people pray.

Winds may howl, and tempests gather,  
Ready on us to descend;  
But we can cry, Abba, Father,  
He who made will us defend.

Men and devils may attack us  
With a purpose to destroy;  
Or, it may be to distract us,  
Ever willing to annoy.

But the Lord's Name is a tower  
Into which His people go,  
Where fenced with infinite power  
They can overmatch the foe.

O for more grace, that I better  
This, my God, might serving be;  
O for patience, till this fetter  
He shall loose and set me free.

Then to everything annoying  
I shall gladly bid farewell,  
And more glory be enjoying  
Than at present, I can tell.

## Recollections of a Departed Mother

Parents, e'en the fondest of them,  
Will not, cannot, with us stay;  
Though we most sincerely love them,  
Death may soon take them away.

One I've lost, a tender mother,  
Who a noble soul possessed,  
And I'll never meet another  
Heart, like that beat in her breast.

Home and family she neglected  
Not for what's called pleasant life;  
But her steps were well directed  
As the mother and the wife.

\* \* \* \*



I'll think on the sweet caressings  
Which my childhood cares beguiled,  
And the earnest prayed-for blessings  
Thou implored hast on thy child.

Lessons, surely, thou hast taught me,  
Which I never should forget;  
As thou earnestly besought me  
All my thoughts on God to set.

Seated at thy side while spinning,  
With my little book in hand,  
When my young mind was beginning  
In some measure to expand,

Then thou, with substantial food, did  
It to feed endeavor, still,  
By it pointing to the good, hid  
In Him, who doth all things fill.

E'en now I could be repeating  
Lines I've learned at your knee;  
Yea, and could be now relating  
Pleasant stories told by thee.

I encouragement had ample  
From thee, for to speak the truth,  
Not like those who, by example,  
Are taught lying from their youth.

But the time I did enjoy thee  
Is, alas, forever fled;  
Far from aught that might annoy thee,  
Thou art resting with the dead.

Past thy days are like to shadows  
Which in summer I have seen  
Chase each other o'er the meadows  
Of a light and darker green.

But though shadows dark hung o'er thee,  
Oftentimes when thou wert here,  
Still that bright light was before thee  
Which is lasting as 'tis clear.

What though trouble, like a mountain,  
Thou hast passed o'er if 'tis thine,

Now to bask in, at its fountain,  
Light which evermore shall shine.

And may thy bereaved daughter  
Mind the precept by thee set;  
And the lessons by thee taught her,  
Through life may she not forget.

Sure account to God I must give,  
How instruction I've improved;  
I've been taught by faith the just live,  
Have I faith in the Beloved?

God, give me thy gracious blessing,  
Knowledge to me sanctify;  
For were I it all possessing,  
Without grace my soul must die.

May my sins be all forgiven,  
Through Him that for sin did smart;  
Child and mother shall in Heaven  
Then meet never more to part.

## Boast Not of Tomorrow

"Boast not thyself of tomorrow,"  
Who so are light-hearted and gay;  
One day's dawn or close may bring sadness,  
Of which you know nothing today.

"Boast not thyself of tomorrow,"  
Who so feels healthy and strong,  
One day and you may well be reckoned  
The weak and the helpless among.

"Boast not thyself of tomorrow,"  
Who so in wealth trust doth place;  
One day and your riches forever  
May vanish away from your face.

Boast not, boast not of tomorrow,  
Ye Christ-slighting women and men;  
One day and death may arrest you,  
And where shall your boasting be then?

## The Christian's God

Just what a God the Christian's is  
I have now thinking been,  
Though a great government is His,  
Each subject's by Him seen.

His bounty unto all doth reach,  
For bountiful is He;  
His goodness all His works doth preach,  
That we around us see.

Our wishes, though, He'll not still grant,  
But oft the same deny;  
Yet what He sees we really want  
He'll graciously supply.

If good, prosperity He'll send,  
And health it to enjoy;  
If good, those good things He'll suspend,  
And prospects bright destroy.

His children are His special care,  
However think they may;  
And theirs it should be to declare  
His goodness day by day.

In their affliction He doth feel,  
And even when He wounds,  
It is that He again may heal,  
His love so much abounds.

In love His children He reproves,  
And them through life doth try;  
In love by death He them removes  
To dwell with Him on high.

The very thought that I'll in bliss  
Of love the fountain see,  
Helps now to succor me, through this  
Affliction given me.

Secure I'm lying in His hand,  
Whose love my wound hath made;  
Secure I'll, too, before Him stand,  
For Christ my debt hath paid.

To sin and suffering then farewell,  
For I at rest shall be;  
To saints redeemed I long to tell  
What love hath done for me.

## Submission

Oh! why am I so anxious to live  
In Baca's Valley, why so fond to stay;  
Myself to God did I not wholly give,  
To follow as He pleased to lead the way?

Yea, though that way should not be ever smooth,  
Though clouds and darkness there sometimes  
should be,  
God's consolation still is fit to soothe  
His people in their worst adversity.

'Tis easy for to say, "Thy will be done,"  
When on my back I have both wind and tide,  
But when these change ahead of me to run  
I often then submission lay aside.

My present joy, O how it takes its flight  
When Providence upon me seems to frown!  
My prospects, which I thought appeared bright  
About my ears, how they tumbled down!

Why so dejected when I feel the cross —  
Fretting but makes it still the worse to bear;  
And should I not count all things here but loss,  
That I might win Christ and in Him appear?

Disconsolation when I trials meet  
Doth argue that my mind too much is bent  
On what I still should hold beneath my feet,  
Whereby I do my soul's best work prevent.

The Lord on either side hath bound the sea,  
And doth each rising tide teach where to flow;  
So that none of them can pass His decree,  
Unto the right or left of it to go.

Then slower why am I to learn His Will?  
E'en things inanimate might make me blush,

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And should my soul with true submission fill,  
And every discontented feeling hush.

O what am I! or what do I possess,  
If without Thee, O God, I'm less than naught?  
Do Thou my mind with Thy rich grace impress,  
Be Thou the center of my every thought.

Undoubtedly, Thou hast a right to rule,  
For of all flesh Thou art the God indeed;  
And as Thou pleasest, to Affliction's school  
Mayest send Thy children as Thou seest their need.

And O let not my anxious thought be this,  
How long Thou shalt be pleased to keep me there.  
But lest by any means the good I miss,  
Which may be there obtained, be this my care.

And how by suffering have I privileged been,  
Yea, from all business called aside, to be  
In preparation for the world unseen,  
Whenever death the summons gives to me.

And what my ground of hope, if I were now  
Away at God's tribunal called to stand;  
Could I meet Justice with its stern brow,  
Or bear the grasp of its decided hand?

O Lord, my Saviour, do not let me be  
When at thy bar of justice, naked found,  
But let me stand there clothed alone by Thee,  
Which shall my peace and joy make to abound.

And do me now Thy Holy Spirit give,  
As earnest of my free acquital there;  
And this shall cheer me while on earth I live  
That I'm an object of Thy special care.

Come rough or smooth, yea, health or sickness come,  
If God's with either, wherefore should I choose?  
All earthly good must vanish at the tomb,  
And wherefore suffering should I refuse?

Arise my drooping soul, art thou not blest  
With blessings, which are neither small nor few?  
Is Jesus Christ himself become thy rest,  
Then for His sake canst thou not bid adieu?

To earthly things, for though they promise fair,  
 They can't impart the good they don't possess.  
 And men who of them had the greatest share,  
 Have fully proved they have no power to bless.

But may my portion ever be the gain  
 Which maketh rich, but doth no sorrow add;  
 Which yieldeth pleasure, real, untouched by pain,  
 In Christ true riches can alone be had.

Treasures laid up in Heaven, which no rust  
 Can ever reach, or moth, or thief annoy,  
 Through the blessed covenant await the just,  
 And they the same forever shall enjoy.

### Were I to Die Today

If I were called to die today,  
 What would my prospects be,  
 In going from time far away,  
 Into Eternity?

To God, and to my neighbor, too,  
 My duties done, have I.  
 To take at my past life a view,  
 Lord help me when I try.

Have I been zealous for the Lord,  
 With true and holy zeal?  
 That true is His most holy word,  
 Have I set to my seal.

To do good to all I did try,  
 As God his folk commands.  
 From blood of neighbors' souls, can I  
 In God's sight wash my hands?

And to myself have I done right,  
 As far as right I knew?  
 Or did I in God's holy sight  
 Hypocrisy pursue?

O God forgive my failings, for  
 I, failings, many have.  
 For which, myself, I do abhor,  
 And pardon from Thee crave.

Sure, if aught good there is within  
Me, Thou that good hast wrought,  
For of myself I can but sin  
In word and deed and thought.

Though I be called today to die,  
My soul, Lord, make by grace,  
Willing from all things here to fly  
To Thee, my resting place.

## Wherefore Am I Stricken

My God, why dost Thou so with me contend?  
Wilt Thou now of Thy servant make full end?

Remember that Thou me hast made of clay,  
Which shall as in a moment pass away.

Oh! that it were with me as it hath been,  
When I the candle of the Lord have seen,

Which in His Providence on me shone bright,  
But now it seems eclipsed is its light.

I to the place of worship once could go;  
Place, of all places, most beloved below.

By me, O shall I ever stand again  
Within Thy walls, I fear this hope is vain,

For when I do on my condition think,  
It seems I of the grave am on the brink.

The ways of Zion mourn beneath the tread  
Of those who have a name to live, while dead.

And it may be that I've been one of those  
Who thither from right motives never goes.

Perhaps a God of love I did provoke  
To lay upon me this afflictive stroke.

Is it in wrath or love that He hath me  
Chastised, with the chastisement which I see?

Now to be mine, O God, this to me show  
That wherefore I am stricken I may know.



## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Teach me to know the language of the rod  
When Thou upon me layest it, O my God!

When it does speak of wrath, let me betake  
Myself to Him, who did atonement make.

And when it hints to me to mend my ways,  
Let me attention pay to what it says.

Yes, when love's gentle voice the rod doth  
bear,  
With my whole heart and soul let me give ear

Unto the tidings which to me it brings  
From Him, who hath all healing in His Wings.

O Lord, that I am sore diseased You see,  
Do Thou bring health and healing unto me.

O Lord! send forth Thy word which cannot  
fail,  
Thy mighty word send forth and do me heal.

Too soon I would not ask to be made whole  
Lest that should be injurious to my soul.

But this to know should ever keep me calm  
That still in Gilead there's enough of balm.

And that there is a skilled Physician there,  
Who of my soul, undoubtedly, hath care.

And to my soul and body He doth know  
Best when and how the healing to bestow.

Then let me still in this Physician trust,  
Who is most merciful as well as just.

Yes, let me trust, and while I'd trusting be,  
Feel and believe He's all that suiteth me.

Alas, to think how men in sin will die,  
And will not for this medicine apply.

But if their sickness they aright did feel,  
They'd see that none but Jesus could them  
heal,



## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Who of soul maladies hath perfect skill,  
And power hath to execute His Will.

And who hath for this medicine applied,  
Who sought it right, that yet hath been denied?

'Tis not because there is no means of cure  
That makes so many endless death endure.

God calls, but man, a deaf ear turneth still;  
Not to do good, but evil, he hath will.

By nature bent, a hellward race to run,  
'Tis this makes men the path of life so shun.

Till the blest Spirit, striving long in vain  
With them, on their own shoulder lays the  
rein.

Then they, without a God, without a guide,  
Do headlong dash into hell's fiery tide,

Which shall forever swamp their barque of  
hope,  
And leave them 'mong death billows still to  
grope,

Where each succeeding billow doth declare  
That death in all its horrors reigneth there.

And O to think what glory they'll have lost  
Who shall upon death's billows still be tost!

Their loss is life eternal, and their gain  
Is nothing short of never dying pain,

And who shall with devouring fire dwell,  
Who brave the burnings of an endless hell.

The flood gates of God's wrath is lifted there,  
Of which each inmate must their portion bear.

What must the weight be of infinite ire,  
And what the burning of an endless fire?

The fire unquenchable and gnawing warm,  
Are means of torture of no common form.

## C L O U D S   A N D   S U N S H I N E

---

Forever burning, yet still unconsumed,  
For to a death undying they are doomed,

That now in time do run from bad to worse,  
Nor stop till they inherit shall God's curse.

A none existence would be welcome there,  
But no such boon shall justice e'er declare.

God's justice them eternally shall lash,  
While, writhing, they in agony shall gnash

Their teeth with pain, alas! what bitter moans,  
What self upbraidings and what deep fetched  
groans,

Fills up their horrifying music there,  
To which hell's utmost nook resounds despair.

Forever and forever down they sink,  
Forever and forever wrath they drink.

Nor shall their sinking end at last their woes,  
Nor drinking wrath, for still wrath's cup o'er-  
flows.

For e'en when years have passed a countless  
sum,  
It still shall be the wrath, the wrath to come.

O sin! O death! which sin hath brought on  
man,  
O grace! O life! of which grace laid the plan.

That some should be redeemed of Adam's seed,  
When thoughts of these my meditations feed.

It makes me think and feel, with me 'tis well,  
Though I afflicted am when out of hell.

Who knows but God in mercy to my soul  
Hath made grief's waves so often o'er me roll.

Maybe God in my nose hath put His hook,  
That I to Him for endless life might look.

And fettered me lest I should from Him flee,  
Yea, bound me that He yet might set me free.

And wounded me that he might yet me cure,  
When I the time appointed do endure.

And laid me low that He might yet in love,  
With the redeemed, raise me to sing above.

If so, I should go softly all my days,  
And with my latest breath proclaim His praise,

For none to praise God hath a better right,  
Therefore my soul in praising Him delight.

### To My Heart

Oh! my heart, how weak I find thee,  
Thee in no wise trust can I;  
For Himself hath God designed thee,  
Then to Him for strength apply.

Oh! my heart, how cold and deadlike  
Thou art in thine every string;  
May the Holy Spirit's Breath strike  
Thee, and then Thou praise shalt sing.

Oh! my heart, thou wouldst deceive me,  
Thou art an unstable friend;  
When thou speakest, can I believe thee?  
Nay, I can't on thee depend.

Oh! my heart, how hard, hard, thou art;  
O that Grace fall on thee would,  
Which alone can make a new heart  
And keep it in condition good.

Then, my heart, thou'd be a temple,  
Wherein God would dwelling be;  
And it joy would give me ample,  
To have such a Guest in thee.

### Faith in the Promises

Why at trials should I grumble,  
Which no doubt for good is sent;  
Me perhaps, to keep me humble,  
Or backsliding to prevent.

God, His children of correction  
Will not spare when it they need;  
All that they may in subjection  
Be to Him and take more heed

To their walk and conversation,  
And it joyfully they should  
Take, when they're in tribulation,  
For it shall end in their good.

Oh that, still in tribulation,  
Faith in God I'd exercise,  
Then I would each visitation  
See was from a God all wise.

It is faith our God which pleases,  
Without it none please Him can;  
Faith writes the soul to Jesus,  
What a privilege this to man!

God doth call Himself our Father,  
And of parents He's the best;  
Who His elect shall ingather  
From the North, South, East and West.

Earthly parents their relation  
To their children may forget;  
But He who from condemnation  
Hath His children free set.

Will not, yea, He cannot leave them,  
Though their faults He will correct;  
Yet He willingly won't grieve them,  
But shall ever have respect.

To His promises most gracious,  
Which to them He spoken hath;  
Promises most sweet and precious,  
On which they may rest their faith.

As the needle will not settle  
But in pointing to the pole,  
So faith of God seeking metal  
To the promise points the soul.

Nor elsewhere will it be resting,  
Rest it can in Christ alone;

On Him in the promise feasting,  
Faith thou canst call Christ thine own.

When opposed 'twill fight and wrestle,  
For overcome it cannot be;  
Christ's its all and there 'twill nestle  
On His Breast, secure and free.

Man his promise oft is breaking,  
Change he doth as doth the wind;  
Old resolves for new forsaking,  
Which now occupies his mind.

Soon in turn to be confuted,  
By something appearing more  
Reasonable and deeper rooted  
Than what he resolved before.

Man may promise and fulfill it  
Unto man, and though he should  
Promise and let nothing spill it,  
It is but a finite good.

Then 'tis vain to be depending  
On a fellow man for aid,  
While, though he would help be lending,  
May be called unto death's shade.

'Tis a friend that will not fail us,  
Of which we do stand in need,  
That when we are sick can heal us  
And our cause at God's bar plead.

Christ's the Friend with whom no other  
Friend may be compared, and why  
He far closer than a brother  
Sticketh and can never die.

A divine and human nature  
Doth most properly belong  
To Him, who to save this creature  
Man, hath made his arm strong.

Of His Father's House the glory  
Wholly was upon him laid,  
Vessels small and great hath bore he  
And shall with strength undecayed.

Naught the promises can weaken,  
 In Christ they are still secure;  
 Could they ever have been shaken,  
 Would Christ what He did endure.

God's word never can be broken;  
 Hills and mountains may remove,  
 But the word which He hath spoken  
 He'll keep for He's Truth and Love.

He a covenant abiding,  
 For His own prepared hath sure,  
 This their stronghold is where hiding  
 From all evil they're secure.

And the names therein that's written  
 Never shall outblotted be;  
 Let who will with wrath be smitten,  
 They from wrath shall still be free.

Through the promise God it pleases  
 To man to declare His grace,  
 And there faith accepteth Jesus,  
 Yes, sweet Jesus, doth embrace.

Then for faith substantial food still  
 In the promise doth abound,  
 And that God it gives with good will  
 Men in ages all have found.

Then, my soul, what wouldest thou have more  
 Than God's word to satisfy  
 Thee? What, O what, canst thou crave more?  
 'Tis enough; thereon rely.

Yes, my soul, thereon be feeding,  
 Food like this there's naught for thee,  
 Which Christ purchased by His bleeding  
 And His dying on the tree.

Then I'll trust and not afraid be,  
 But He shall to me fulfill  
 Promises which He hath made me;  
 Yes, upon Him trust I will.

O my soul, upon Christ tarry,  
 Though He seeming doth delay,

He His point will ever carry,  
Him the Father says not nay.

Yes, my soul, be Christ possessing,  
Worthy of thy trust is He;  
Go not thou without the blessing,  
Wrestle and He'll give it thee.

Who, can victory expecting  
Be, who will in ease sit down,  
Of the fight to the neglecting,  
For which promised is the crown?

Naught so well the Father pleases  
As believing on His Son;  
Then, my soul, believe on Jesus,  
Who hath life unending won.

Still whatever may be grieving  
Thee, my soul on Christ believe;  
Yes, upon Him be believing,  
Faith be strong and Christ receive.

## By and By

That all to happiness inclined  
Are, sure none can deny;  
And if it now we cannot find,  
We fain would by and by.

Yet, while for happiness men watch,  
What various means they try,  
To and oft but its shadow catch,  
Which leaves them by and by.

If we right happiness pursue,  
On God we may rely,  
That He His promise will make true  
And give it by and by.

Though nigh o'ercome with trials, we  
Are almost made to cry,  
And end of these we shall not see,  
They end shall by and by.

Though friends we've loved have passed to  
dust,  
And in death's silence lie,



We hope we shall among the just  
Behold them by and by.

Earth is a scene of trouble sure,  
Where sin doth grief supply;  
But if we to the end endure,  
We rest shall by and by.

Then let us think upon that rest  
Where all tears shall be dry;  
That happy home among the blest,  
Which we'll have by and by.

Lord, let not things of time and sense  
E'er dim of faith the eye,  
But let me look from these far hence  
For glory by and by.

### On the Death of Sister I.

Sweet sister, you have died and left me here,  
A little longer on the earth to be;  
At which to murmur let me still forbear,  
For God I hope in mercy hath took thee.

Short was thy life and short thy illness, too;  
Death lingered not, but did his work in haste,  
And what a weight of glory now do you  
Enjoy; it is not but a mere taste.

You knew Death was at hand and you were still,  
Dear sister, willing with Him for to go;  
Your will being all lost in your Father's will,  
And surely it was grace could make you so.

Earth to invite you nothing had so fair  
As could you willing make with us to stay;  
The Spirit on your soul had breathed the air  
Of Heaven, and you wished to go away.

Not that you ever showed affection cool  
For friends who stood around your dying bed;  
Your looks and words were of affection full,  
Which seem to live with us though you be dead.

But more especially what you then spake  
Concerning where you were about to go,



## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Upon our minds did more impression take;  
But what the dying feels, ah! who can know?

For none of us can enter with our friend  
Into Death's valley, what's there felt to share?  
On One alone can dying saints depend,  
And that is Jesus, who is with them there.

And while it is our duty for to watch  
O'er dying saints, though we can't them relieve,  
Each word expressive of their hope we catch  
With eagerness; so did we Thine receive.

"I'm not alone," you said, and who can tell  
What feelings under that expression lay.  
To us it signified that all was well,  
That Christ was your Companion and your Way.

Once, speaking of your being weak, you said:  
"When I am weak then am I strong," which told  
Us that though strength had from your body fled,  
Your spirit of God's strength had taken hold.

You knew in whom you did believe, and hence  
It was that you to die were not afraid;  
For faith in Jesus is the best defense  
'Gainst death that has, or ever can be, made.

When one to you of blessed Jesus spoke,  
You did express a wish that you could sing  
Of Him, and sure to that each barrier broke,  
For you may now unceasing praise your King.

How well I do remember when I took  
My seat, dear sister, at your dying bed,  
And when I on your once bright face did look,  
I saw Death's shadow, dark had it o'erspread.

Although Death still brings more or less of gloom,  
Hope in the soul lights up the dying eye;  
In hope their clay consigned is to the tomb,  
For there of God they'll not forgotten lie.

Although you knew and talked of death being near,  
Calm and composed still your mind did keep;  
Your faith in Christ unclouded was and clear,  
You died as sinks the weary into sleep.

And when I think of how you death did brave,  
 And call your conversation sweet to mind,  
 And how you trusted in Him Who can save,  
 To what you did attain I feel behind.

But thirteen days since you in health had been,  
 And yet you willing were to leave all here;  
 One surer of their bliss I have not seen;  
 I do not think you had a single fear.

And when on this I think, I much do blame  
 Myself, who ailing am for many years;  
 And yet would friendship with the world claim,  
 My earthly mindedness through all appears.

Of death I long have an expectant been,  
 And yet, if now to die I called would be,  
 Such courage as you showed in the last scene  
 I fear would not be displayed by me.

I hoped through Christ Death had become my friend,  
 And that he would not meet me as a foe;  
 But since I witnessed have your latter end,  
 I question whether I be Christ's or no.

And how to God shall I myself excuse  
 If when Death comes he'll find me unprepared.  
 If I my opportunity abuse  
 Better of Jesus I had never heard.

O Lord I pray the feeble knees make strong,  
 If e'en an infant Christian I be,  
 And if I'm none, to Thee it doth belong  
 To set the slave from sin and Satan free.

At setting make my sun the brightest shine,  
 Nor at death leave me to myself I pray;  
 But surely grace to give is ever Thine,  
 Who dying grace keepest for a dying day.

Though now a state of imperfections mine,  
 For that I'm in the body I do know;  
 But yet I hope 'twill be as perfect's Thine,  
 When I like Thee have ceased to live below.

## The Sabbath's Complaint

Methinks I hear the holy Sabbath say:

"O man, where are the jewels thou hast stole?

The precious moments of God's holy day,

To the eternal ruin of thy soul?

For sure in hell thou must be a partaker

If of His right thou wilt rob God, thy Maker.

"Except that grace doth interpose for thee,

And off thy course of sinning doth thee break,

Then thou shalt righteous accounted be,

Not for thine own, but blessed Jesus' sake.

Before that sin your heart forever harden;

Fly, Sabbath breaker, fly to Christ for pardon!"

The Sabbath we may break by word or deed,

Or thought, or even by a wandering look.

O that our conscience from its breach were freed!

Which God hath marked against us in His book.

How shall we make Him answer at His coming

For breaches thereof far beyond our summing?

How oft in worldly conversation we

Indulge ourselves upon that blessed day.

As if a family could not meet but be

Trifling the Sabbath's sacred hours away;

Of business in six days there's time for talking

So that on this none need be work out-chalking.

To talk of work alone won't some content,

But they, alas, will also working be

Upon the holy Sabbath God hath sent,

Which may, indeed, the last be they shall see.

Of Sabbath keeping, God gave an example,

Then woe to all who on the Sabbath trample.

In pleasure parties some the day do spend;

Yea, as it were their own that day they use.

All pleasure must in endless sorrow end,

Which go what God ordained hath to abuse.

Say, Sabbath breaker, where shall be thy pleasure

When God thy sins shall with his justice measure?

O what a multitude of thoughts so vain

Upon the Sabbath come to crowd our mind;

Their ground against us good they will maintain,

We being quite unable them to bind.  
But we for this to God must be applying  
Who can alone our thoughts be sanctifying.

Our hands from work, yea, and our feet, to walk  
We may prevent upon God's holy day.  
Yea, and our busy tongues keep back from talk,  
But thoughts into our soul will find their way.  
'Tis God from evil thoughts that can deliver,  
Who is of all our good alone the Giver.

And wandering looks e'en in the House of God,  
It is lamentable as it is true,  
How eyes permitted are to roam abroad  
Throughout the house the people's dress to view.  
While of important things the preacher's speaking,  
The eye its pleasant things elsewhere is seeking,

Which matter of converse doth furnish well,  
As they from thence are homeward on the way;  
One churchgoer will to another tell  
How gaily dressed was Mrs. — today;  
Miss such a one has got a splendid bonnet,  
It would be costly with what trimming's on it.

While thus the conversation runs on dress,  
The text and sermon may be both forgot;  
And many e'en whom godliness profess,  
In this way on religion brings a blot.  
When may we hope to have a righteous nation  
While church attenders have such conversation?

The crops, the markets, and the latest news,  
Each in their turn go down with greatest ease  
Into the mind, through ears which don't refuse  
To listen for the same them well doth please.  
Is this the way man should to man be talking  
As they together from the church are walking?

And is this statement true, alas! so true  
It is I think none can the truth deny;  
But if God's word we'd better keep in view,  
What are our thoughts and words we'd better try.  
I have no wish fault to be ever finding,  
But fain would all of duty be reminding.

Can you not get a word for Christ to say,  
Thereby to be improving what you've heard?

Alas, some come to church and go away  
As if for soul or Christ they neither cared.  
'Tis plain a name to live by they are seeking,  
While that their really dead practise is speaking.

Of all who Christianity profess,  
The number is, indeed, but very few,  
Who Sabbath laws don't willingly transgress,  
And this they do oft from a selfish view.  
Shame to yourselves! O when will ye be taking,  
Who Christ profess and yet His laws are breaking?

Our services at best are less than naught,  
Because sin to our nature doth so cling;  
It stains our goodliest act and holiest thought,  
And threatens ruin oft on us to bring.  
Yet for this let us not sink in dejection,  
But still be aiming let us at perfection.

"O holy Sabbath, thy complaint is just,  
We all thy sacred hours have profaned;  
But yet the time shall come, and soon I trust,  
Thy rights shall by professors be maintained.  
O Lord, a Sabbath keeping people make us;  
Forgive our sins and nevermore forsake us."

## The Pharisee and the Publican

Two men whom different motives led one way  
Went to the Temple we are told to pray.

The one was a self-righteous Pharisee,  
A peacock very much resembled he,

Which wearies not a plumage fine to show,  
But, it displaying, prouder seems to grow.

"Fine feathers make fine birds," fine to the  
sight  
Of those in outward beauty who delight.

But never shall a fair profession make  
A Christian where good works Christ's room  
doth take.

Self exaltation being this man's aim,  
Into his Maker's presence boasting came.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

For reasons likely not untold till then,  
Thanks God he is not like to other men.

His neighbor he regards with scornful eye,  
And God his debtor, too, makes by the bye.

With good works laden, pride the canvass  
swell,  
Nor with his cargo dreams to land in hell.

But what become has of the other man,  
Who was an unaspiring Publican?

Behold him standing in a place remote,  
With eyes downcast upon his breast he smote.

He feels the seat of his disease is there  
And lays the matter to his Maker bare.

Self in his bosom has the lowest place,  
Hence as a sinner supplicates for grace.

And having found it goes home justified,  
Rather than he who came to pray through  
pride.

For he that self exalts shall be abased,  
When he that's humble shall be highly raised.

It matters nothing what we do profess  
If we to Christ's prefer our righteousness.

### Spring

Awake, my muse, arise from sleep,  
And shake thy drowsy wing;  
Come soar with me and contemplate  
The beauties of the Spring.

The sun breaks forth from the red east,  
Of all our lights the king,  
Like a fair bridegroom richly drest,  
An helpmeet for the Spring.

Hail, fairest queen of earthly joy,  
Great plenty thou dost bring



Of food and raiment and employ,  
Thrice welcome, fruitful Spring.

The sons of toil do thee embrace,  
Around thy charms they cling;  
A coming harvest they can trace  
In thy fair features, Spring.

The little warblers of the grove  
As if united sing,  
And chant their artless song of love  
To greet thee welcome, Spring.

Thy kindness to the beast doth reach,  
Thou annually dost bring  
The food that's best befitting each,  
For God hath blest thee, Spring.

And now puts on the naked trees  
The leafy robes that hing,  
And wave so gracefully in the breeze,  
The cooling breeze of Spring.

And various flowers, of different hue,  
The richest costume bring,  
To make a garland rich and new  
To deck the brow of Spring.

All nature joins in harmony,  
And loud the notes doth ring;  
Each hath its time, and place, and way,  
To beautify thee, Spring.

But while I muse, I see, alas!  
That time is on the wing,  
For every hour and day that pass  
Show thou art fleeting, Spring.

Then, O my muse, o'erlook earth's care,  
Its toil behind you fling,  
And seek those happy regions where  
They never change their Spring.

Now, O my soul, in this thy day,  
Believe on Christ, your King;  
For He alone is thy sure way,  
Thine everlasting Spring.

## An Acrostic

To you, dear brother, I commend  
 Hope as a never-failing friend;  
 Once having it, don't let it go,  
 Much joy it shall give thee below.  
 A heart in which hope is a guest  
 Shall safe in time of trouble rest;  
 Sweet are the thoughts it doth afford,  
 Man who for sin is self-abhorred.  
 Yes, joy to him it gives most sweet  
 To think that on the mercy seat  
 He hath a Saviour complete.

## To Mrs. C. on the Death of Her Little Son

My friend, allow me to express  
 My sympathy for you;  
 See that you grieve not to excess,  
 As mothers often do.

When they of children are bereaved  
 And thus rebellion show,  
 It's natural you should be grieved,  
 But softly in it go.

A bud of promise God hath took,  
 A bud which promised well;  
 An early wind the orchard shook  
 And your first blossom fell.

The first and best perhaps is gone,  
 Yet God in nowise blame;  
 God had a right in Robert John,  
 Which you could never claim.

In saying "Robert John was best,"  
 No prejudice appears;  
 Like other children are the rest,  
 But wise above his years.

God made the little one to be,  
 Who in the grave lies now,



## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

From long and sore affliction free,  
Where grief beclouds no brow.

He weary days of suffering had,  
Which patiently he bore;  
But death has now relieved the lad,  
You'll see him pained no more.

No more he needs a father's care,  
No more a mother's love;  
Such things are not required where  
Departed spirits move.

I sympathized with Robert John,  
And fain to him would wrote  
The all important subject on,  
But, ah! my purposed note,

For want of courage I deferred,  
Till now it is too late,  
In that because your son's interred,  
Death waits not to debate.

An opportunity is lost  
Which I can't now recall;  
Life's boundary, when friends have crossed,  
Ends correspondence all.

But now the mother is to soothe,  
I wish my words could heal;  
I'm glad myself of helps to smooth,  
And should for others feel.

To feel for others' grief, I think,  
Christ's followers become;  
Of doing good still on the brink  
Would any soul be dumb?

And just with this impression, I  
To write made up my mind,  
But, friend, all I have said is dry,  
Except God makes resigned.

And even so you'll feel bereft,  
One sleeps beneath the sod;  
Still you have other children left,  
And train them all for God.

Here's work enough for you to do,  
The living claims your care;  
Your duty eagerly pursue,  
God help you is my prayer.

## Hope Deferred

I asked a letter from my friend,  
But something must prevent it,  
For though he promised it to send,  
He never yet has sent it.

I dreamed not thus I'd treated be,  
Yet can't think he intended  
The slightest disrespect to me,  
I'm worse grieved than offended.

Somehow my feelings wounded are,  
Yet how can such a trifle  
As this my soul's enjoyment mar,  
And it of comfort rifle.

A reason there must be for this,  
But how shalt be detected,  
For either in myself it is  
Or in my friend respected.

Is't possible his own word he  
Can have so soon forsaken,  
And confidence, ah! must it be  
In my friend thus now shaken?

It may be want of time or will —  
To say which I'm unable;  
But conscience whispers to me still,  
Well served behold your Babel.

A castle building in the air  
It may be I've been going,  
But as there's no foundation there,  
A fly may't down be throwing.

However, pleasing thoughts I had  
Concerning that same letter;  
I thought, as sometimes I am sad,  
I'd for it be the better.

So daily I for it did look,  
 Until that I grew weary;  
 My faith then in his promise shook,  
 Performance was so dreary.

Then what's a promise worth, said I,  
 If we will so neglect it;  
 A new experiment I'll try,  
 I cease will to expect it.

What, thus give up a letter sweet,  
 Which hope so long has feasted?  
 The thought with sorrow is replete—  
 To doubt a friend I've tested.

But who can longer trust to those,  
 Once seen not to be trusted;  
 As good of promises dispose  
 As hoard them up till rusted.

A promise made becomes a debt,  
 But few as such it reckon;  
 A promise out of date to let  
 Is friendship sure to sicken.

For hope deferred makes sick the heart,  
 Which sickness, when we've tasted,  
 We're loath again to feel the smart  
 Of expectations wasted.

And so we brought are to give up,  
 Though it should be with sorrow;  
 The looking for a golden cup  
 Placed somewhere in tomorrow.

But sure a lesson I have got,  
 If not my looked-for letter,  
 And 'twill my fault be if I'm not  
 By it made something better.

I thought my letter would be fraught  
 With consolations many;  
 I'm now to the conclusion brought,  
 I'll trust not man for any.

I would not sing so sharp a song  
 As this is in appearance;

Less general had been the wrong,  
I'd exercised forbearance.

There's naught could on my own account  
Induce me to be speaking,  
For there's so small the whole amount,  
Redress is not worth seeking.

Neither would I expose a friend,  
That never was my nature;  
They to be friendly but pretend,  
Where can be traced this feature?

Direct or indirect I aim,  
Not friendship to be wounding;  
For friendship has a sacred claim  
Where grace has been abounding.

But to improve I used have been,  
Whatever's me befalling,  
Which for my soul I good have seen,  
It sets it on God a calling.

Yes, God's Hand in what me befalls  
I like still to be tracing;  
E'en opportunity by smalls  
To that I'd be embracing.

Of small things God doth notice take,  
Although so great a Being;  
And we of all the best should make  
Which we're around us seeing.

A tide shows how the current goes,  
A reed the wind's direction;  
Small matters we should not suppose  
Unworthy our inspection.

Of grains the sand bank is composed,  
Of water drops the ocean;  
Small things to notice, though disposed  
To trifle I've no notion.

I like not to be trifled with,  
Nor would I like to trifle;  
Whoso with others keeps not faith,  
The breath of conscience stifles.

It very oft hath been to me  
 Of grief indeed a matter,  
 The promise made and broke to see,  
 And as I cannot flatter

I thought for once to speak my mind  
 Concerning promise makers,  
 Who will performance leave behind  
 And hence are promise breakers.

Unpleasant is the task I own  
 Which I have undertaken,  
 But duty oft aside is thrown  
 For charity mistaken.

Sin unreprieved when we let go  
 We but increase its power,  
 And this is just like letting grow  
 The weed to choke the flower.

However small the matter is  
 Which hath this song suggested,  
 Before the muse I do dismiss,  
 I'd like to have arrested

Procrastination, for I'm loath  
 By a worse name to call it,  
 And difficult it shall be both  
 To seize and overhaul it.

For even Christians will defend  
 At times their greatest failing;  
 Procrastination they'll befriend,  
 Which I have been bewailing.

But with myself I will begin,  
 For I have long protested  
 That I'll avenged be of this sin  
 By having it arrested.

Though I may not to other hearts  
 Access indeed be gaining,  
 I have resolved that in these parts  
 It shall no more be reigning.

I hate its gait, I hate its look,  
 So vacant and distressing;

Its ways no longer I can brook,  
Its absence is a blessing.

Professing Christians, if you knew  
How oft you ground are losing  
With those your word you've given to,  
To keep it you'd be choosing.

Your word, once slighted by yourself,  
Who, think you, will respect it?  
To heal it though you'd offer pelf,  
Yet candor would reject it.

I think there's naught can make amends  
For promises once spoken,  
But asking pardon of those friends  
With whom our word we've broken,

Which in some measure will atone  
For all such past offenses,  
But where this spirit is not shown  
Regret a proud pretense is.

Not personal my hints have been,  
But are for all intended;  
Therefore, in stating what I've seen,  
Let no one be offended.

Too general has been this fault  
Of what we've promised breaking,  
But while God's children doth halt,  
Their foes are license taking.

'Tis no new thing the wicked in  
For saints' faults to be watching,  
That which may countenance their sin  
They eagerly are catching.

God's children should their robes keep white,  
They've made a good profession,  
From which they in the wicked's sight  
Should never make digression.

That is, their practise should agree  
And be on friendly footing  
With what they have professed to be,  
And not be still disputing.

## Again

Again with my petition, Lord, I come  
To Thee Who speech hath given to the dumb.

The blind to see, the deaf to hear made,  
And raised the dead, Thy power which displayed.

And now, as then, Thy power is the same,  
And may I hope Thou strengthen wilt my frame.

My soul with matter fill that I may speak;  
O for Thy Name's sake, grant me what I seek!

Which is that Thou wouldst take away this  
rod  
With which Thou art correcting me, O God!

For Thou dost know I in affliction pine,  
But yet the Hand which holds the rod is Thine.

I fondly hoped that grief would lighter grown,  
But deeper in the ditch I have been thrown.

Nor for that at affliction would I spurn,  
But rather unto Him that smites me turn.

For to whom should I go if not to Thee,  
Whose tender mercies cannot cease to me?

Thou none afflictest willingly, I know,  
Then wherefore is it that we tried are so;

Wherefore is ours so oft a wounded heart?  
We have offended, else we would not smart.

The horse a whip, the ass a bridle needs,  
And the fool's back must scourged be till it bleeds.

But for God's children if the rod's ordained,  
It is that they by wisdom may be trained,

Which unchastised one fault will not let go,  
And this is why they are afflicted so.



Or it may be their graces well to prove,  
And to a loving Father test their love.

In either case God doth their good intend,  
And also His own Glory in the end.

## My Present Good

I thank Thee for the present good  
Which Thou to me hast shown;  
O that the future trust I could  
My God to Thee alone.

And trust I will if Thou wilt give  
Me grace in Thee to trust;  
I know in Thee I move and live,  
For I am helpless dust.

But be Thou everything to me  
Which Thou dost see I need,  
And take me home to live with Thee,  
Where I'll be safe, indeed.

Forever safe with Thee, my God,  
O give me grace to be  
A follower of Him who trod  
The darkest path for me.

## Apologies

Apologies may be polite,  
And sometimes proper, too;  
But how can they be always right  
If they're not always true?

A fancy work to please the eye,  
Or rather please the ear;  
But need we ask the reason why  
They're not what they appear?

Apologies, if fairly weighed,  
Would mostly wanting be;  
Falsehood, where truth should be conveyed,  
In them too oft we see.



Well framed apologies go far  
 Discernment to blind,  
 But do in my opinion mar  
 To mend when most designed.

But that they time and talent waste  
 And make of truth a drudge,  
 To say might show a want of taste  
 In one not fit to judge.

Though of apologies somehow  
 I am not very fond,  
 I never such would disallow  
 As go not truth beyond.

Ourselves to others when we would  
 At any time address,  
 We in the slightest matter should  
 But what is truth express.

Would we at all times be believed,  
 I know no better way  
 To get what we would have achieved  
 Than look to what we say.

## God Hath Heard Me

I was in trouble and I prayed  
 That He who soul and body made  
 Might my affliction see,  
 And if He would deliverance send  
 To praise His Name I did intend,  
 And He did answer me.

And now that He hath heard my prayer,  
 To praise His Name if I forbear,  
 I would be acting wrong.  
 None hath a better right than I  
 The God of Grace to glorify,  
 Who is, Himself, my song.

Almighty Father, still the same,  
 All glory to Thy Holy Name  
 Is from thy creatures due;  
 But none than I have better right  
 To praise Thee in affliction's night,  
 And for affliction, too.

Thy Word to me hath not been void;  
 Cast down I am, but not destroyed,  
     A monument of grace.  
 In sparing mercy I am still,  
 Therefore my mouth with praises fill  
     And then I'll surely praise.

A little better if I am,  
 With thanks I should confess the same;  
     And though I may not see  
 Myself as well as I have seen,  
 If God, by whom affliction's seen,  
     Be mine, all's well with me.

What though in life both halt and maimed  
 We are, if Christ's we shall be claimed  
     By Him another day;  
 As gold the crucible improves,  
 So by affliction God removes  
     Our dross in some such way.

The operation painful is  
 To us, but then the right is His  
     To do it, and we should  
 At His Hand patiently it take,  
 Who all things can together make  
     Work for His people's good.

## On Mirth

'Tis said of mirth that it is good for health,  
     And if so, merry then 'tis good to be;  
 Yet on my heart, when it creeps as by stealth,  
     I think somehow it is not good for me.

It may be that my spirits are too dull,  
     Disease, I think, tends to make them de-  
         pressed,  
 And makes my heart to overflowing full  
     Of sorrow which no doubt I've oft expressed.

'Tis not my disposition to complain,  
     Although I find my strength is very small;  
 Could buoyancy of spirit strength regain  
     I'd make an effort yet it to recall.

Those silly dreams — if I may call them so —  
 May help where strength is not too far  
 impaired;  
 But where their great strength lies I'd like to  
 know  
 In cases nigh incurable declared.

Sometimes I'm joyous and sometimes I'm sad,  
 Still my disease I find the same to be,  
 With this exception, when my heart is glad  
 I do disease to be more needful see.

I would not have my face still to express  
 As mournful truth that I was always sad,  
 As if there naught was for me but distress  
 And that my soul in mourning must be clad.

I fain would think I am not one of those  
 Whose soul will feed on nothing else but  
 grief,  
 And for that purpose aggravate their woes,  
 As if of mourners proud to be the chief.

Ah! no, for otherwise doth run my mind,  
 Though I've had trials more or less severe;  
 I am not to perpetual grief inclined,  
 Nor would be always shedding sorrow's tear.

There is a dignity in grief well borne,  
 Which they are never able to display,  
 Who set themselves continually to mourn  
 And every consolation throw away.

Saints should rejoice, yes, evermore rejoice,  
 Though they within of grief have ever cause;  
 For while go forward is the Spirit's Voice  
 The flesh against the Spirit ever draws.

Nor is this all, for they must combat sure  
 With foes without as well as foes within,  
 And trials and afflictions must endure,  
 And these are but in consequence of sin.

When property and friends we lose in turn,  
 And our own strength doth wither and decay,  
 I own I feel we are too apt to mourn  
 For what perhaps were idols in their day.

God gives us comforts, but we them misuse,  
 And thereby often grieve Him more and  
 more,  
 Till He withdraws the mercies we abuse,  
 Then we should sin, not idols, less deplore.

If we no trials had, how could we know  
 Whether our faith in Jesus be sincere?  
 At best my soul's pace Godward is but slow,  
 And if untried would slower be, I fear.

It would not do at all for me to be  
 Without correction; this I do believe,  
 And what for that is best my God doth see,  
 And as such at His Hand I'd it receive.

Lord, to this way of thinking do me bring,  
 Yes bring me, Lord, and therein keep me  
 still;  
 And then, instead of being sad, I'll sing  
 Songs of submission to Thy Holy Will.

And when at times o'ershadowed is my soul,  
 O lead me to the Rock that's higher sure  
 Than I, which shall away dark shadows roll  
 And make me to rejoice in light most pure.

In Christians, if impious to be sad  
 It is, impious, Lord, I would not be;  
 But from a sense of pardoned sin be glad,  
 And cheerful still because so made by Thee.

No mirth so healthful for the soul as this,  
 And for the body, too, I find it best,  
 Which springs from present hope of future  
 bliss,  
 The Spirit's earnest of an endless rest.

## The Dream

One Sabbath morning in sweet May  
 I wakened at the break of day  
 And fell asleep again;  
 And sweet my thoughts were while I slept,  
 I thought that worship was being kept  
 And that I joined the strain;  
 And while I did repeat the sacred measure,

I felt unspeakable delight and pleasure.  
 My rapture was so great, I woke,  
 As had an angel to me spoke,  
 And found it partly true;  
 For worship was indeed being kept  
 By those around me while I slept,  
 The birds were singing, too;  
 Each sang His praise Who made and them  
 protected,  
 As reason, grace or instinct each directed.

As vocal music, none's so sweet,  
 Psalm singing nothing can compete  
 Where it is done aright;  
 The soul going out in pure desire  
 To praise the everlasting Sire,  
 Feels, as it should, delight;  
 Is conscious, while to this itself applying,  
 Who offers praise is God just glorifying.

And what more artless than the lay  
 Which birds pour forth from spray to spray,  
 From principle infixed;  
 A lay which God accepts as due  
 From birds of different voice and hue,  
 A lay with sin unmixed;  
 To birds who listen must, I think, admire  
 His power with music Who did them inspire.

But, to the vision of my head  
 I none had sung, the dream was fled,  
 And I was all alone;  
 They in the next room sang and prayed,  
 At first I somewhat grief betrayed  
 That I had silent grown;  
 But thought each day that time is nearer  
 bringing  
 When I'll be more than dreaming to be singing.

That Sabbath of eternal joy,  
 Where singing is the saints' employ,  
 That there I'll join the strain,  
 To think me very much supports,  
 When that so long me from God's courts  
 My weakness doth detain;  
 And shall I sing through an eternal morrow  
 God's praise, unstained by sin, unmarred by  
 sorrow.

Yes, I shall with that happy throng  
 Lift up my voice in holy song  
     To praise my Saviour dear;  
 I, who of singing am so fond,  
 Shall have it there all doubt beyond,  
     Though long denied it here;  
 Six years to sing, since I was fit and better,  
 Yet still I hold myself to grace a debtor,

And am enabled to rejoice  
 That God's praise is not mere voice,  
     Else where would be my joy?  
 The heart, if grace is planted there,  
 God's praise undoubted will declare,  
     Though voice it mayn't employ;  
 Heart praise is that which God accepteth ever,  
 While mere lip praise He accept will never.

## Thou Didst Call Me

"Here am I, for Thou didst call me"  
     From the dust and saidest, live,  
 And whate'er in life I meet with,  
     God Thy strengthening Grace me give.

"Here am I, for Thou didst call me"  
     To the Christians' battlefield;  
 Crown my fighting there with victory,  
     Be my banner and my shield.

"Here am I, for Thou didst call me,"  
     Suffering to undergo,  
 At which never let me grumble,  
     Patience upon me bestow.

"Here am I" and do Thou "call me"  
     When it seemeth best to Thee,  
 To that place where I with others  
     Shall Thy Name still praising be.

## Death

Where human feet have trod, where is the land,  
O Death, that hath not felt Thy powerful Hand!

The monarch's palace and the peasant's cot  
Thou visitest alike, it matters not

Whether thy victim royal robes have wore  
Or, clad in rags, have begged from door to door.

The learned and unlearned, great and small  
Alike, must bow submission to thy call.

Thou canst no pity shew, thy heart is hard  
As adamant, for thou dost not regard

The orphan's cry, nor yet the widow's tear,  
Nor parent's sigh for loss of children dear.

The ties of life, endearing though they be,  
Must all be broken, cruel Death, by thee.

In working grief, strange pleasure thou dost take,  
And seemst best pleased when thou most waste  
dost make.

And is there no defense against thy dart?  
Ah! no, man sinned and thou commissioned art

By God on fallen man to execute  
An awful sentence which none may dispute;

And as Thou sparest neither sex nor age,  
Preparing for thee should each heart engage.

It courage takes to look thee in the face  
And with composure meet thy cold embrace.

Yes, it doth more than human courage take  
To bid dear friends adieu, and welcome make

Death with its awful terror, striking gloom,  
And go with it undaunted to the tomb.

Yea, and all may at Death's approach be bold  
Who hath upon Christ's merits taken hold.



O Death, thy pride was never brought so low  
As when thou dealt the Lord of life a blow;

Who by His dying gave thee such a wound  
As hath His Name with matchless honor crowned.

Through Christ to every Christian death's become  
The narrow passage to his Father's Home.

Nor need they when it is in view despond,  
When all their glory lies secure beyond.

And at the longest, long it cannot be  
Until thou, Death, shalt also call for me.

Prepared or unprepared my soul must go  
Unto a place of happiness or woe;

This weary body thou, too, down shalt lay  
To mix and moulder with its kindred clay.

Where thou dost mix the dust of friend and foes,  
There shall my flesh enjoy a long repose.

Yea, where thou dost all mankind equalize,  
The poor and those that do the poor despise.

Then why should envy fill the poor man's breast,  
Or pride be in the rich man's heart a guest,

When though their lot in life may them divide,  
Equal in death they shall lie side by side?

For men of noble and ignoble birth  
Alike do pass unto their parent earth,

Where nobles shall no more their titles bear,  
And even slaves forget that such they were.

There surely doth the wicked's troubling cease,  
And weary ones at last do rest in peace.

O that in time all would make Christ their Friend,  
And ever hold in view their latter end!

Through Christ, Who is alone the Author of our  
    faith,  
We may alone get full amends of Death.



## The Smitten Gourd

We know that sorrow's oft our lot  
While here we do sojourn,  
Yet, Jonah like, how selfish we  
The smitten gourd do mourn!

Our fancy rears gourd after gourd  
Which must to naught return,  
And when the Lord doth blast the same,  
The gourd, not sin, we mourn.

Whate'er we love too much on earth  
We to a gourd may turn;  
But when the Lord thwarts our designs,  
How much the gourd we mourn!

Perhaps dear friends are gone which can  
No more to us return;  
We feel the keen bereaving stroke,  
This much loved gourd we mourn.  
Shortsighted beings that we are,  
How often do we spurn  
At what the Lord sends for our good,  
O that we less did mourn!

'Gainst property or person if  
Some adverse wind doth turn,  
We think our sorrow is complete;  
The gourd again we mourn.

O when shall streams of heavy grief  
To seas of pleasure turn!  
For this we must look far beyond  
Where sin's the cause we mourn.

## Hints to Parents

If parents would but see aright  
The high commission which they hold,  
They would as in God's holy sight  
Pursue their duty more than gold.

How many parents sacrifice  
Their children's souls for love of gain;

A name doth even some suffice,  
A glare of honors propt by pain.

And some again of different mind,  
In whom ambition's not so high,  
Yet not less dangerous in its kind,  
The way neglect does drive them by.

If parents would their duty do,  
Our county jails might soon come down;  
And fewer go, is it not true,  
To foreign lands by the law's frown?

And fewer to the prison go,  
Where of blest hope there is no gleam;  
That dreadful place of blackest woe  
Where Mercy's sun doth cast no gloom.

I know the flesh is weak, 'tis hard  
For to reprove, instruct, correct,  
And yet there's promised great reward  
To those who these do not neglect.

Train up a child as he should go,  
The Scriptures makes this very plain;  
And when he's old he won't break through  
From straight to crooked paths again.

Ere further I advance I'll tell  
What of a godly man I've read;  
Before you, too, I think it well  
This good example for to spread.

When in a fault he found a child,  
As every child may often be,  
The family circle he called round,  
And then what follows practised he.

He opened the Book of God,  
And did explain the sin from it;  
Then used that instrument, the rod,  
Which God to parents doth commit.

An earnest prayer did then conclude  
This discipline which is so rare,  
And surely the prayer-hearing God  
Would hear that praying father's prayer.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

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Perhaps you'll say, 'tis very good  
For those who have the time to spare;  
We on our business might intrude,  
And of it we must have a care.

'Tis very fair, I do admit,  
To look to worldly business well,  
But why too much of it permit  
If thereby children go to hell?

Besides, I really think it true,  
When children are found in a crime,  
A little time so spent by you  
Would be redeeming of the time.

It might save you of mournful years  
Neglectful parents often spend,  
In heaving sighs and shedding tears  
O'er some beloved one's awful end.

O how can parents hope to be  
Clear in this matter, if they still  
Treat with neglect each fault they see,  
Till children's grounded in self-will?

O look around and see what woe  
Parents have on their children brought;  
Are ye resolved you'll not do so?  
Then duty early have them taught.

Your children you do vow to God  
At baptism, you know you do.  
Vow if need be to use the rod;  
Yea, sure, this charge was laid on you.

And though time may not still permit  
You to exhort when you chastise,  
A silent prayer may always fit,  
And to God it through faith will rise.

The proverb here holds good, "the way  
The twig is bent the tree inclines;"  
The young mind always seeks some stay  
Round which it eagerly entwines.

The child upon its mother's knee  
Her countenance can early read;

Her smile or frowning, as these be,  
Its smile or weeping doth succeed.

Then sooner than we are aware  
The infant mind may be impresst,  
And parents should take every care  
To sow the seed that shall yield best.

Samuel, Timothy and others,  
Holy Scriptures doth record,  
Should be held forth by you, mothers;  
Example leads unto the Lord.

Oh! parents do your duty well,  
Bearing in mind this awful truth  
That it's for Heaven or for Hell  
You're training up your every youth.

## To My Sisters

My dear sister Catharine,  
And loved Eliza, too,  
I purposed have while life is mine  
To write to both of you.

Your sister Mary invalid  
For years now hath been;  
But God was very kind indeed  
To me throughout that scene,

In that my sisters He did spare  
With me to sympathize,  
Who surely unremitting care  
For me didst exercise.

Such kindness both of you have shown,  
My sisters sweet to me,  
That if I were it not to own,  
Ungrateful I would be.

So well you with my weakness bore  
That sometimes I forgot  
Almost that strength was mine no more,  
And that I work could not.

I for the most part was content  
And happy as you know;

For God this strange disease Who sent  
Did grace to bear't bestow.

Yes, grace to bear't in some degree  
I think I must have got,  
Else I could not so happy be  
With this so strange a lot.

My saddest moments witness can,  
For who's not sometimes sad,  
How when with grief nigh overran  
You strove to make me glad?

Nor did you often strive in vain  
Such times my heart to cheer;  
A sister's love can soothe much pain,  
Thank you, my sisters dear.

I no encumbrance reckoned was  
By you my sisters kind;  
And sure I am this is one cause  
I have not more repined.

Affliction's path it helps to smooth  
When friends compassion show;  
That words and looks and smiles can soothe,  
I have a right to know.

And though I cannot compensate,  
I well can comprehend,  
And know how to appreciate  
The kindness of a friend.

Your kindness was without pretense,  
Which gratefully I own;  
And God will surely recompense  
The kindness you have shown;

Who to His servants doth regard  
As to Himself what's done,  
And you, my sisters, He'll reward  
Perhaps when I am gone.

For go I must and that ere long,  
My sisters it may be,  
But I have consolation strong  
In that Christ died for me.

And this is calculated still  
Where it's enjoyed, to give  
A joy which death itself can't kill,  
For it shall time outlive,

Compared with which the joys of earth  
Are wanting at the best;  
Though oft esteemed above their worth  
They leave the soul unblest.

I don't despise, because I can't  
Earth's pleasures much enjoy;  
It should be little grief to want  
What might the soul destroy.

Earth's good things but destroy when made  
The portion of the soul,  
The god with gold that's overlaid  
Bids fairest for control.

Yet gold and pleasureseekers, too,  
When death their vitals seize,  
Must give up all they now pursue,  
Death's hand each joy shall freeze.

But come what will, the saint can sing  
Of everlasting joy,  
For naught from him his joy can wring,  
Nor it e'en death destroy.

'Tis needless further to discuss  
Which joy is best to choose;  
May God grant that to each of us  
Which we by death can't lose.

And having as I hope this joy,  
Let life be long or short,  
His Glory shall my thoughts employ  
Whose grace did me support.

And pray, dear sisters, that I may  
God glorifying be;  
I've imperfections, therefore pray  
That grace be given me.

My life in vain has not been spent  
If God is glorified;

In this affliction He hath sent  
And is it sanctified.

I hope it is in some degree,  
For I footprints of grace  
Can through my whole affliction see,  
And these I love to trace.

If God has plucked me as a brand  
From the devouring flame,  
I sure acknowledge should His Hand  
And glorify His Name;

And sweet work 'twould be to record  
As I have seen to be,  
The gracious dealings of the Lord  
With such a one as me.

For I am none of those who can  
By good works merit Heaven;  
No, but I'm for the better plan,  
Through grace to be forgiven.

And of my hope the ground is this,  
Unworthy though I've been,  
Christ's righteousness sufficient is  
From justice me to screen.

And may His Spirit sanctify  
His servant that I may  
When comes the time that I must die,  
No longer wish to stay.

Death of his terrors stript should be;  
Looked out for as a friend,  
Which God one day to set us free  
Shall surely to us send.

Exhausted nature longs to have  
Uninterrupted rest,  
And glad would be to find the grave,  
That refuge last and best.

But though afflicted, 'twould be wrong  
Of life to weary grow;  
While God is pleased life to prolong,  
I am content below.



'Tis true I've had a lengthened scene  
 Of illness, yet believe  
 'Tis good I have afflicted been  
 And chastisement receive.

Affliction's school may be despised,  
 But I have learned there  
 To have my graces exercised  
 More than I could elsewhere.

And though it terminate in death,  
 I'll be a gainer still,  
 If God, Who given hath this breath,  
 Receive my spirit will.

It is a fact that I must die,  
 How soon I do not know;  
 This body in the grave must lie,  
 It back to dust must go.

And apprehending my demise  
 Not distant far to be,  
 And knowing you would not despise  
 Your sister's poetry,

I thought a few lines write I would,  
 Before strength quite had flown,  
 Expressive of my gratitude  
 For kindness you have shown.

And 'tis encouraging to me,  
 When I have done my best,  
 Heart language understood can be,  
 However ill expressed.

I know worse lines accept you would,  
 From sister Mary's hand;  
 In these you may find something good,  
 But look for nothing grand.

Much more I might and should have said,  
 But let this now suffice;  
 Through life we've been mysterious led,  
 But God we know is wise.

May He to each impart His Grace,  
 In Whom if we depend,



He shall to us in every place  
Be an unfailing Friend.

And now I'd bid you both farewell,  
My sisters kind and sweet,  
Hoping we shall together dwell  
Where joy we'll have complete.

## The Search

How goes it with my heart today?  
O let me search and see;  
Doth it respond to what I say,  
Therewith doth it agree?

To say with those I'm ready still,  
Who speak with me of God,  
As being ever to His Will  
Submissive 'neath the rod.

They say, "that all God doth is well,"  
With which I do agree;  
Is this of words the mere swell,  
Or goes my heart with me?

Though I've religion of the lip,  
Yet that religion's naught  
Which doth not of the heart take grip,  
It is not Spirit taught.

Alas! how many people say,  
"Lord, Lord," and for Him shout,  
Who do in truth but Him betray,  
Though seeming so devout.

They come and God compass with lies,  
As if He did not see  
That they Him in their heart despise,  
Whose they profess to be.

Shall God accept of words the sound,  
When there is in the heart  
No wish when sought for can be found,  
But bids Him to depart?

He for a while at such may wink,  
Nor shall He do so long,

For at His Hand they'll surely drink  
His wrath, for them made strong.

As lip religion Thou wilt not,  
O Lord, accepting be;  
Of sin my heart cleanse from each spot,  
Rid it of all but Thee.

Make my religion of the heart,  
There make it to abound,  
So that of hypocrites the art  
It won't to have be found.

And when me Providence doth cross  
With trials manifold,  
May I lose nothing but the dross;  
O Lord, preserve the gold.

Yes, for Thy glory it preserve,  
Dictate and hear my prayer;  
From Thy truth let me never swerve,  
Of grace make me an heir.

## The Sabbath

Hail! holy Sabbath, sweetest of the seven,  
On earth fair emblem of our fairer Heaven;

The day that stamp'd with Christ's own image  
fair,  
That congregates His people here and there.

To worship Him in spirit and in truth,  
Age bending o'er a staff and blooming youth.

And childhood, too, a succor here may find,  
New milk for babes His royal will subjoined.

The day that is, or rather, ought to be  
From every noise of worldly business free;

For Oh, alas! in part it is but kept,  
Even on its holy borders sin hath crept.

Lord haste the time when sin's dominion shall  
Shake to its base and in confusion fall,

To make a way in every land and clime  
For the millennium day, O blessed time!

When peace shall as a river flowing seem,  
And righteousness like to a mighty stream;

When without fail to all shall be unfurled  
The banner of the cross throughout the world;

When Pagan, Turk and Jew, shall all agree  
To join the Christian and like brothers be;

From tyranny and despotism free,  
The earth shall hail one holy jubilee.

The land her Sabbath shall enjoy in peace,  
And every implement of war shall cease.

Rejoice, my soul, to think when all shall end,  
Thou shalt an everlasting Sabbath spend

Where saints doth sing with harps well tuned  
by love,  
Forever with angelic choirs above;

That holy place where sin ne'er mars a tone  
In all the music round the Eternal Throne.

## Looking to God

O God, I would look up to Thee,  
Who see'st not as man dost see;  
For sure Thou me invited hast  
To look to Thee, and also cast  
On Thee my every grief and care,  
And Thou the same for me wilt bear.  
If I'll not look how can I see,  
If obstinate, how saved be?

Lord make me still so look that I  
On Thee as my God may rely;  
For if in Thee I cease to trust,  
Immediately my faith shall rust.  
When graces are not exercised  
They rust, nor need we be surprised,  
For it is exercising right  
That keeps the graces clear and bright.

Though I can not command a sigh,  
 Nor breathe a prayer, yet, if my eye  
 I lift believingly toward  
 My God, He will that look regard.  
 Sure none in truth can yet complain  
 That God has bid them look in vain.  
 Then I would look, and will expect,  
 O Lord, Thou wilt my steps direct.

Unto my feet be Thou a light  
 To guide me through life's dreary night;  
 For if Thou wilt not be my guide,  
 In whom, in whom, shall I confide?  
 With patience, Lord, still make me bear  
 The trials which fall to my share;  
 For it is grace which can make sweet  
 The bitter trials which we meet.

Yes, 'tis Thy Grace alone which can  
 Afflictions qualify to man;  
 O Lord, I humbly with Thee plead,  
 Give to me what Thou see'st I need.  
 My ignorance make to depart,  
 Give me an understanding heart;  
 For darkness worse than Egypt's far  
 Dwells there without the morning star.

Thy holy statutes thereon write  
 That I may have an inward light;  
 Yes, put Thy law my heart within,  
 That I may hate the thoughts of sin.  
 O feed my soul, I pray Thee, Lord,  
 On the pure doctrines of Thy word;  
 Feasting my soul I would be fain  
 On milk and honey of Canaan,

Which through the Scriptures floweth free,  
 And this is just the food for me.  
 O Lord, Thou rich in grace art still,  
 Who with right food each soul can fill;  
 Sure all for whom Christ's Blood was shed,  
 On royal dainties shall be fed;  
 For royal dainties Thou hast given,  
 And shall, to every heir of Heaven.

By whom can this truth be denied,  
 That Thou didst food for souls provide;

Sure Thou substantial food didst give,  
 That thereon famished souls might live.  
 So none of want need dying be  
 When bread of life is offered free;  
 And yet there are who'd die before,  
 They'd beggars come to Mercy's door.

And is it not a wonder, say,  
 That men their lives so throw away?  
 Alas! 'tis want of appetite  
 That makes so many this bread slight.  
 For if it once they would but try,  
 They'd find it would them satisfy;  
 Sure all who tasted have this food  
 Can testify that it is good.

Than life, what more desire should we,  
 Than death, what dreaded more should be?  
 Lord, life I ask, nor me deny  
 The life that shall all death defy;  
 Grant that my spirit may be fed  
 On Jesus Christ the living bread;  
 Yes, Lord, this precious bread me give  
 That I forevermore may live.

On husks my soul can never thrive,  
 They never could it keep alive;  
 Then let me, Jesus, not despise  
 And die with life before my eyes.  
 If I in this my day neglect  
 Salvation, what can I expect?  
 Howe'er beneath false hopes I've basked,  
 When hypocrites shall be unmasked,

But that with them I must go dwell  
 Forever in the hottest hell;  
 The hottest hell sure theirs shall be  
 Who do practise hypocrisy.  
 No character there's to be had  
 Here or in hell as theirs so bad;  
 On earth, in hell, they are the worst,  
 And shall be of the cursed, most cursed.

To follow Christ they now profess,  
 Yet sell him oft would for far less  
 Than Judas did, which goes to prove  
 That they did Jesus never love.

And O have I my master sold  
 For copper, silver or for gold?  
 My soul I ask, and answer me,  
 Was ever Jesus sold by thee?

Look back, think deep, deceive me not,  
 Lest my religion proves a blot;  
 Look upward, forward, conscience do  
 The office God assigns to you;  
 I charge you candid truth me tell,  
 Have I sold or would Jesus sell?  
 I have professed for Him to be,  
 Wherewith doth practice well agree.

What conscience says I can't despise;  
 Practice, profession oft belies;  
 I have Him treated ill I know,  
 But yet I would not let Him go.  
 Blest Jesus I would hold Thee fast  
 As my dear Saviour to the last;  
 And by temptation when o'ertook,  
 O help me still to Thee to look;  
 Yes, look to Thee for grace and strength  
 That mine be conquered foes at length,  
 And when I victory obtain,  
 I'll see I have not looked in vain.

## Friendship

### Part First — Worldly Friendship

The bleak winds of adversity  
 Proves friendship I am sure;  
 I ruined was in my estate,  
 The fact is I was poor.

I looked around for sympathy,  
 Where erst mine had me led;  
 The friends so-called were still alive,  
 But sympathy was dead.

They knew me not, nor wished to know  
 A friend in such a plight;  
 They tantalized till I was sick  
 Of being in their sight,

And wished myself hid in some cave  
 From strife of tongues a while,  
 And thought if God would on my lot  
 Again vouchsafe a smile,

My friends I better would select  
 Than I had done of old;  
 Nor friendship strive to cultivate  
 In soil for it too cold.

I learned by experience then,  
 What I might known before,  
 That wealth-drawn friends when wealth decays  
 Will be your friends no more.

For one by one they will withdraw,  
 Though legion they have been,  
 Until e'en one you'll not can count  
 Where twenty you have seen.

Exaggeration this is not,  
 But truth as sad as true;  
 Your means, if small, few friends you'll have,  
 I need not say how few,

For all must know who have it proved,  
 Friends which to Mammon cling,  
 No sooner riches take their flight,  
 Than they are on the wing.

'Twas always thus and still shall be  
 Where worldiness prevail,  
 The moment you most need a friend,  
 Earth-minded friends most fail.

The love of God being not in them,  
 They cannot sympathize;  
 Pretend or proffer as they may,  
 To trust them is not wise,

For if our happiness we should  
 At their disposal place,  
 They soon of it would so dispose  
 As would leave of it no trace.

Such is the friendship which the world  
 Can, and can only, show;



A poisoned arrow at the best  
Throws this deceitful bow.

This arrow hath its thousands slain,  
Is thousands slaying still;  
Ten thousand birds which promise fair,  
Doth worldly friendship kill.

It offers what it cannot give,  
What it did ne'er possess;  
It offers pleasure, wealth and fame,  
Yea, even happiness.

And though it should give wealth and fame,  
And pleasure, what are they?  
Short lived, ill named, when happiness  
Is not found in that way.

O worldly friendship, what art thou?  
A sunbeam on the wave,  
A bubble glancing in the eye,  
A painting o'er the grave,

Which artfully by Satan's hand  
Is placed there to deceive,  
The simple shadows who pursue  
And substance them believe.

To personalities I'm not  
Determined to descend,  
But as a whole would say the world  
Is a deceitful friend.

And what it was and's like to be,  
I mean as much to say,  
As what it's found to be when tried  
'Tis at the present day.

It's friendship's enmity with God,  
It fairer who dare paint?  
Its frowns are mostly leveled at  
Some poor, grief-worn saint.

O may I live through grace alike,  
Above its smile and frown;  
As what it's found to be when tried  
Compared with life's sweet crown.



My business in it chiefly is  
Salvation to obtain,  
To think which should help me to bear  
Unmoved its cold distain.

The bleak winds of adversity  
Proves friendship I am sure;  
Give me a friend that's heart to heart  
Right principled, though poor.

## Friendship

### Part Second — True Friendship

From worldly friendship let me turn,  
Or careless pass it by,  
A nobler object to pursue  
At present let me try.

E'en friendship without counterfeit,  
Which needs no mask to wear,  
Its lovely face fain would I see,  
Its soothing voice fain hear.

A slight acquaintance with it I  
To have, have privileged been;  
And why I should not love it still  
No reason I have seen.

True friendship which to broken hearts  
Brings mostly some relief,  
If it should be to me denied  
I think I'd die with grief.

To have a sympathizing friend  
To whom we may disclose  
Our sorrows, though it can't remove,  
Will mitigate our woes.

For sympathy, by word or look  
Expressed, will rarely fail  
Those sorrows to alleviate  
Which it would gladly heal.

True friendship doth not its abode  
In every bosom make,

Only where grace prepares the soil  
Its lasting root will take.

Yes, there 'twill grow,  
And will diffuse its balmy odors round;  
Though hearts which is to feeling dead  
May call't an empty sound.

Nor to be envied is their case  
Whose heart is friendship proof;  
From consolations which they might  
Enjoy, they stand aloof.

I know 'tis rare, and for that cause  
Should be more eager sought,  
'Tis none of those commodities  
Which may be sold or bought.

It is the gift of Him Who is  
The High and Holy One;  
Inhabiting Eternity,  
Who spake and it was done.

And as His gift, and His alone,  
We ever value't should;  
Not given us for selfish ends,  
But to seek others' good.

True friendship how I long to see  
Thy pleasure-giving face;  
There's music in thy every tone,  
In every movement grace.

And who art thou who art so fair  
And lovely to the view,  
Whose value doth so far transcend  
The fine gold of Peru?

Thou'rt she that wipes the widow's tears,  
That stays the orphan's cry;  
Thrice welcome to my aching heart,  
Sweet daughter of the sky.

But friendship, though thou art so sweet  
In those who thee possess,  
And though thou art so very sweet  
To hearts wrung with distress,

Thou art but given for a while,  
Man dies and where is he?  
Then friendships which in life he formed  
Lives but in memory.

Yet friendship is not dead but lives,  
For still there is a Friend,  
Though friend and brother both should die,  
On whom we may depend.

Friends may prove false, e'en mothers may  
Cease to compassionate  
Their children; still this Friend's the same,  
Whose love cannot abate.

And shall God's children friendship want  
While sojourning below?  
The blest experience of each  
I'm sure would answer, No.

For friendship emanates from Him,  
Its origin is He  
Who is the self-existing God,  
Hence cannot cease to be.

Friend of the friendless be my Friend,  
And then I am secure;  
Though friends I have esteemed grow cold,  
One Friend I'll still have sure,

Whose friendship makes affliction sweet,  
Yea, can remove the rod;  
Nor need we wonder for it is  
The friendship of a God.

This is the friendship most I prize,  
The friendship most I love;  
This friendship let me taste below,  
And feast upon above.

## Tongue Wounds

Why allow we faults of others  
Us so much to occupy?  
If men are or should be brothers,  
Then why break the sacred tie?

That should to each other bind us,  
Severed by the tongue too oft;  
God hath other work assigned us  
Than being characters Calcroft.

Though in sentiment we differ,  
Why on that account should we  
Insult to our brother offer,  
Who than us may better be?

And though in a fault o'ertaken,  
Who is faultless God's sight in?  
This should charity awaken,  
Love the person, hate the sin.

On the faults of good men dwelling  
When we are convinced of those,  
That ourselves they are excelling,  
No good disposition shows.

And e'en worse to be upbraiding  
For faults, as if we had none,  
Is in merchandise a trading  
Better to be let alone.

O'er the faults of others canting,  
Whether they be saints or no,  
Proves that we are sadly wanting  
In the good we fain would show.

On the fire of heaped faggots  
Thereby it is but increased;  
Putrid flesh is food for maggots,  
Let us not display their taste.

To be feeding on defection —  
Everywhere it can be found —  
Many in the wrong direction  
Make their labor to abound.

Satan sin to be reproving  
Is an inconsistency;  
Evils would we be removing,  
Still consistent let us be.

Those who others would be winning  
From the dangerous paths of sin,  
And think they'll do so by sinning,  
With themselves need to begin.

Doing evil, good pretending,  
Is to play a double game;  
Causes opposite defending  
Is a somewhat novel scheme.

Those who make a good profession,  
Should an evil practice shun;  
But I see into digression  
I would unintended run.

Tongue wounds I had purposed singing,  
Rather an unpleasant song;  
But the evils therefrom springing,  
Oft hath been my thoughts among.

And though little good to others  
May arise from what I say,  
When aught my poor spirit bothers,  
I would like to sing't away.

Well, of tongue wounds first comes slander,  
And I think the worst it is;  
This is Satan's salamander,  
Worthy, too, of being his.

Like the devil in each feature,  
His work done it loves to see;  
Oh! when shall this hell-hatched creature  
In our world cease to be?

Like an epidemic sweeping,  
Gossip through the country goes;  
Still in circulation keeping  
All and more than all it knows.

Nor has these, almost unheeded,  
Been alone allowed to pass;

Other tongue wounds unremedied  
We have also had, alas!

Some not for discussion gifted,  
But thereto somehow inclined;  
By fair argument when sifted  
Things that make for peace don't mind.

Facts take liberty to mention,  
And immediately you'll see  
That their object is contention,  
Reasoned with they cannot be.

And less can't be than delusion,  
For to think good will be done;  
When our language is abusive,  
Who such lecturers won't shun?

For their lecture's oft divested  
Both of charity and truth,  
And deserves to be detected  
As it is for want of ruth.

They for peace who are not aiming,  
May themselves good Christians call;  
But saints are they worth a naming  
For contention's sake who brawl.

Of saintship no proof is scolding,  
Though it practiced is by some;  
Who are saints except the moulding?  
Good for such they had been dumb.

Angry words those bitter potions  
Many so profusely give,  
Smell strong of mistaken notions;  
Few can with such treatment live.

Probing wounds is less a pleasure  
Than a duty, and if so,  
What is right should be the measure  
Than which none should farther go.

If it's cruel to be heaping  
Torture patients needless on,  
'Tis as cruel to be keeping  
Kindness from the woe begone.

In the tongue the law of kindness  
Can no loss to Christians be;  
Harsh words still betoken blindness  
To the faults we ought to see.

If our tongues we were employing  
For our Maker as we should,  
Fewer we would be annoying  
And more benefit we would.

Abusive language may be borne  
Patiently in some degree,  
Though what by the tongue is torn  
Rarely ever healed can be.

Our own faults to be defending  
Bids defiance to reform;  
We're to calmness but pretending,  
While we agitate the storm.

For their faults why censure others,  
When our own we should deplore;  
If men are or should be brothers,  
Let us hostile be no more.

### Nathan's Parable, or Grace is Grace

The prophet Nathan to rebuke  
King David once was sent,  
So he from God the message took  
And off to David went,

Whose conscience sound asleep had fell,  
Nor had to wake a thought,  
Till Nathan by a parable  
Home his transgression brought.

The parable affecting was,  
And well the case did meet;  
For when God's Hand the pencil draws  
The portrait is complete.

But David did not take the hint  
The parable conveyed;  
He looked at it, but looked asquint,  
And so wrong judgment made.



For never did the king suspect  
It was a mirror true  
Which his own likeness did reflect,  
Had conscience got a view.

Exactly it to him applied,  
Although he did not know,  
For sin makes conscience heavy eyed  
And stupid makes it grow.

Therefore it sleeping was meantime,  
And so he felt secure;  
Though he had added crime to crime,  
Still God His Work makes sure.

Yes, God makes sure His Work of Grace,  
For thereto pledged is he,  
And hence the king brought face to face  
Must law and conscience see.

When Nathan said, "Thou art the man!"  
This brought conviction strong;  
Conscience immediately began  
To say he had done wrong.

Thus, by conviction weakened, he  
Himself in error sees;  
God's law against us set to see  
Makes conscience ill at ease.

David's had been a blameless life,  
But now it was too plain  
He taken had Uriah's wife,  
And good Uriah slain.

And now at conscience bar he stood  
From which he could not fly,  
And then as Justice have it would  
He sentenced was to die.

And died he would had God's rich grace  
Not for him interfered;  
But for repentance he found place  
And pardon was declared.

The prophet said, "Thou shalt not die,"  
And if from death rescued,



O how would David glorify  
The grace which him renewed?

Grace, more conspicuous, was the more,  
It him forgiven had;  
Of grace he never had before  
Such reason to be glad.

If after God's own heart the man  
He was, what made him so?  
Grace only which make holy can,  
I'm sure himself thought so.

Whatever in this life he was,  
Whatever fit to do  
For God, grace was alone the cause,  
For grace did him pursue.

And he indebted is to grace,  
As are believers all,  
And not to what some nowadays  
Would doubtless merit call.

That he, the king, in beauty sees  
And doth that land behold,  
Which human merit some degrades,  
Doth lie beyond the gold.

Of worldings neither purchase can  
Inheritance so fair;  
Grace must be all things to the man  
That would inherit there.

Grace must not only him create  
In Jesus Christ anew,  
But from him must not separate  
Life's trying journey through.

Was grace communicated but  
To us when we believe  
That out of bliss ourselves we'd shut,  
As fact we might receive.

For just as sure as we would get  
It in our keeping placed,  
So sure as by temptation met  
Our stock of grace we'd waste.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

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And they, this fact who doubt, must be  
But very ill acquaint  
With their own heart, when they can't see  
Its grace that keeps the saint.

To keep than make a saint less power  
It takes might be supposed,  
If we forget how every hour  
To sin we are exposed.

If grace each saint in glory made,  
Grace also bore them through;  
Where grace has the foundation laid  
'Twill lay the topstone, too.

Yes, grace the topstone forth will bring,  
And grace, grace to it cry;  
Of grace alone the saint can sing,  
On grace alone rely.

It saying is to sinners now,  
Whatever they have been,  
If grace to save them they'll allow  
From sin they'll be washed clean.

Conviction brings them to the cross,  
And there they will abide,  
Where piece by piece their purged from dross,  
As they are sanctified.

None with perfection is acquaint  
Till life hath reached its close;  
The history of each Bible saint  
Some imperfection shows.

From which a lesson take we should  
How prone to sin are we,  
And that in us if any good,  
Our own it cannot be.

Both caution and encouragement  
God's Spirit holds out here;  
Caution that sin we may prevent,  
And so keep conscience clear.

Encouragement when slips are made,  
To keep despair away;

For God His Grace hath not displayed  
Repentance to delay.

But no encouragement to sin  
In God's Word can be found;  
Continue shall dare we therein  
That grace may more abound.

If we would to election trace,  
Our calling we would see,  
That sin is sin and grace is grace,  
And we should holy be.

A holy life is an effect  
Of grace, and therefore should  
Be taken as a proof direct  
That God alone is good;

And that He goodness doth impart  
Where no good was before,  
For since the fall the human heart  
To God no likeness bore.

And what God's image shall replace,  
Where sin has it erased,  
Nothing can it restore but grace,  
And therefore grace be praised.

If grace its subject could desert,  
It would not matter much  
Whether at all it would convert  
The human heart is such.

It would into arrears run,  
And soon a bankrupt be;  
But grace works where it hath begun,  
Though how we cannot see.

We can believe a tree does thrive,  
Though we can't see its root;  
We certain are it is alive  
When we behold its fruit.

Just so with grace we can't perceive  
How it works in the heart;  
But there, once centered, we believe  
It never will depart

Until that heart be purified  
Of sin from every trace;  
However it may be denied,  
A perfect work makes grace.

None with this doctrine would agree  
Who grace, as grace, despise;  
But grace is grace however we  
Would have it otherwise.

### “Lord, Remember Me”

Lord, look upon me in my present grief,  
And to my mourning spirit send relief;  
The source of this my trouble Thou dost  
know,  
And also wherefore Thou hast made it flow.  
I neither sought for, saw, nor can prevent  
This bitterness which breeds me discontent;  
But Lord, by Thee it cannot be unseen,  
Nor without Thy permission could have been.  
In trouble Thou hast bid us call on Thee,  
And my soul's cry is, “Lord, remember me.”  
Recall this sorrow and give joy instead;  
Why should my soul about with grief be led?  
A cause there is no doubt if I it knew,  
But my God sees and can remove it, too.  
And while I wish to have my grief removed,  
I also want to have it well improved;  
The better for it I would like to be,  
And therefore pray still, “Lord, remember me.”

### Birthdays Reckoned

Of your birthdays, dearest brother,  
You the number have kept well;  
But that you shall see another,  
Surely none of us can tell.

What another year bring us  
May, at present we can't see;  
It for aught we know may fling us  
Where no birthdays meet shall we.

Time is far from standing steady,  
To eternity it rolls;  
Onward, brother, are we ready  
If required were our souls?

Yes, if now through death's cold river  
We were called to go and give  
Up our souls unto the Giver,  
Could they in God's presence live?

Surely it is worth our knowing  
Brother, what we really are;  
Whether we in grace are growing  
Or from God are keeping far.

Let us ask, and ask believing,  
That in Christ we found may be;  
Then we can think without grieving  
On death and eternity.

## On Murmuring

If the breath that's in complaining  
Was in praying to be spent,  
We would very much be gaining,  
Though it were but in content.

What so devil like and daring  
As to murmur, day by day,  
Practically still declaring  
God we limit to our way.

Yet we're Christ's, Christ's by profession,  
Which is little after all,  
If in Christ we've no possession,  
Truly is our portion small.

Grace if in our hearts is growing,  
When a time of trials come,  
What it is it will be showing —  
Grace is neither deaf nor dumb.

## A Birthday Gift

This day another year completes  
 Of thy short measured life;  
 How swift the time of childhood flies,  
 Unknown to care or strife.

Oh, what shall I compare thee to,  
 Thou happy time of youth?  
 Methinks thou'rt like a pleasant stream  
 Whose water runneth smooth.

A few more windings and the stream  
 In ocean disappears;  
 So childhood joys must all be lost  
 In cares of riper years.

The world besets on every side  
 With its alluring art,  
 To try if flattery will gain  
 The unexperienced heart.

Therefore, my friend, to shun the snares  
 That may be set for you,  
 Forsake the broad and dangerous way  
 Which myriads doth pursue.

Though sin may best our nature suit,  
 Our better part it stings;  
 With steadfast heart cleave thou to that  
 Which peace of conscience brings.

In all thy dealings be thou just;  
 Take thou the golden rule  
 To be thy guide, and for thy pains  
 'Twill pay thee to the full.

And if by early death your soul  
 The mandate must obey,  
 That separates it for awhile  
 From this its mortal clay.

I hope through faith you will look forth  
 To that most blessed hour,  
 When soul and body shall unite  
 Immortal by God's power.

But if it please the Lord to spare  
 Your life a little yet,  
 I hope to serve Him with your might  
 Yourself you'll surely set,

And that a holy Christian life  
 Shall be by you professed;  
 The world plainly then shall know  
 On whom your hope doth rest.

In course of time if you think fit  
 To change your single life,  
 Be very careful who you choose,  
 Lest you should live in strife.

A gaudy, flaunting, dressy dame  
 Your substance soon would waste;  
 No care, no cost, nor pains she'd spare  
 To gratify her taste.

A brawling woman also is  
 A curse where'er she dwells;  
 The petty ills of nuptial life  
 To mountain height she swells.

An idle slattern, she would be  
 A burden to your life;  
 For sure it must be grievous  
 To have a slothful wife.

But if you find a prudent fair,  
 That's faithful, kind and true,  
 This one, I think, of all her sex  
 Most fitting is for you.

Her temper, modest, mild and meek,  
 Disturbance would keep down;  
 Her frugal and industrious hand  
 Domestic joys would crown.

Though ills should come, as none's exempt  
 From more or less of care,  
 With equal love to you she'll both  
 Your joys and sorrows share.

When such an one I'll see your own,  
 My heart right glad shall be;



For worldly wealth can never vie  
With such excellency.

And on your part a husband be,  
Affectionate and kind,  
And then you'll in each other still  
A worthy partner find.

I hope a happy group shall be  
Around your pleasant hearth;  
Lead thou their youthful souls to God,  
Lest they should cling to earth.

And so in your declining years  
Your comfort they shall be,  
And when you're dead they'll blessings prove  
To their posterity.

Perhaps you'll think a show of words  
Is all these lines contain;  
If that be so I must confess  
I've used my pen in vain.

Believe me, Sir, I only meant —  
I'm sure I can say so —  
To guide with truth the arrow bright  
That flies from friendship's bow.

But now I must conclude my rhyme,  
Lest I too tedious be,  
And beg forgiveness for my fault  
If I have made too free.

I hope to meet both you and yours  
Where saints in love doth dwell,  
Beyond the reach of care and pain;  
Meantime, my friend, farewell!

## To a Friend

To you some lines allow me to address,  
My thanks unfained to give you with a view,  
Nor can my words the gratitude express  
I owe, my much respected friend, to you.

You stood, my friend, when I had almost none,  
Which more acceptable your friendship made;



## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

A noble delicacy was the tone  
With which your friendship ever was conveyed.

I thank you for the trouble you have had  
With me, and also for the care you took  
Of me when I was lone, grief crushed and sad,  
For every sympathizing word and look.

I thank you, yes, my friend, and ever shall,  
For friendship undeserved you've shown to me;  
Nor do I mean to flatter you at all,  
No, not I'm certain, in the least degree.

Such kindness in a stranger scarcely I  
Could have expected as in you I found;  
May God, my God, whose goodness runs not dry,  
His mercies make toward you to abound.

A sympathizing spirit is a gift  
Which God was pleased upon you to bestow,  
And He shall by and by to Glory lift  
Those that do rightly "feel another's woe."

A summer friend I have not reckoned thee,  
And hence thy friendship I have much esteemed;  
While memory serves 'twill not forgotten be,  
So much a Godsend unto me it seemed.

Yet friendship here is subject to decay,  
By reason of death it cannot endure;  
But Jesus Christ's is just the same today  
As yesterday, and is forever sure.

The unchanged and unchangeable is He,  
A term which can alone to God belong;  
And that He is unchangeable should be  
More than it is the subject of our song.

Whatever trials we are called to meet,  
Though to be borne grievous they may prove,  
And though unto our palates nowise sweet,  
If we are God's, are tokens but of love.

What He does now, though we can't fully know,  
The promise runs that we hereafter shall;  
Why He deals thus or thus with us below  
We'll to our satisfaction know it all.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

At present this to know should us suffice:  
That all things shall together work our good;  
And herein for faith is exercise,  
Our love to God being also understood.

We often stumble at we know not what;  
A shadow thrown across our path will mar  
Our peace of mind, and we will baulk at that  
As if to guide there was no morning star.

A full share of the good things of this life  
To have in our possession, doth not prove  
That God with us hath ceased to be at strife,  
And that we are the objects of His Love.

Ah no! the quite contrary oft it proves,  
As from His Word and Providence appears;  
Therefore when temporal mercies He removes,  
Let's seek more earnest that which time outwears,

That is, an interest in Christ's dying love,  
The love which He for all His elect bore;  
Anxiety from us it should remove  
To think that He's alive forever more.

And that He lives for us to intercede,  
Should be a matter of our daily praise;  
A hopeless case He never yet did plead,  
For Him the Father heareth always.

We need not overcharge our hearts with grief,  
No nor with useless tears our eyes bedim;  
For all our sorrows there's but one relief,  
And that's a throwing of ourselves on Him

Who cares for us, and well that care hath shown,  
Even when His Providence seemed most severe;  
'Tis love that makes Him to chastise His own,  
However otherwise it may appear.

O how the stripes infinite love doth deal  
Should we with resignation calm receive,  
Believing He that wounds can also heal,  
Else to what purpose in a God believe.

We are to walk by faith and not by sight,  
Then true faith in the heart can't dormant lie;

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Faith to have exercised is what keeps it bright,  
And sure as God gives faith that faith He'll try.

Our voyage upon life's sea can be but short —  
A span brings from the cradle to the grave;  
Yet in that span how tried, oft made the sport,  
Or like to be of every wind and wave.

If life's a state of trial, not reward,  
Then we are but probationers while here;  
We may be tempted to think our lot is hard  
When through successive storms compelled to  
steer.

But no, my friend, our lot would harder be  
If weather to our wishes still we met;  
What is more likely than still with calm sea  
We'd what we are, and whither bound, forget.

It gratitude in our hearts should awake,  
If God to us e'en in affliction came,  
Our harp then from the willow let us take  
That we may sing with joy unto His Name.

For what are life's joys, e'en when they abound,  
Weighed in the balance with eternal things;  
To want more than they have they shall be found  
To try them thus each to their value brings.

Time's things when with eternity's compared  
Than nothing in reality are less;  
Not for a moment worth that soul's regard  
Which grace convinced hath of their nothingness.

My friend, that you have chose the better part,  
Glad, very glad, I am indeed to see,  
Than that this world occupies your heart,  
I am persuaded better things of thee.

For thou the one thing needful most dost prize,  
Else I in thee have much mistaken been;  
Thou art above assuming the disguise  
With which the hypocrite himself doth screen.

Lest on your time and patience I intrude,  
If that I may not have already done,  
These would-be friendly lines I will conclude,  
And hope my purpose I have not outrun.

Which was, though I confess, but ill expressed,  
 My thanks, yes most unfeigned, to give to you;  
 Wishing you present joy and future rest,  
 Your much indebted friend would say, Adieu.

## On the Death of Sister C.

What has your blest experience been,  
 Dear sister, since you left us here?  
 What glorious objects have you seen,  
 What holy sounds have filled your ear?

The turmoils of this present life  
 No more your spirit can annoy;  
 Forever finished is the strife,  
 And you have entered on your joy.

The battle's fought, the victory won,  
 And you for Heaven are made meet;  
 In grace your glory was begun,  
 In glory is your grace complete.

You would not change positions now  
 With any you have left behind;  
 The glory which bedecks your brow  
 Is something not to be resigned.

A great deliverance you did gain  
 When you mortality laid down;  
 And we from weeping should refrain,  
 Because yours is a glorious crown.

A stormy passage you have had,  
 But now you'll put no more to sea,  
 And should my heart indeed be sad  
 Because your happy spirit's free?

You longed for home, and now you have  
 I'm certain entered on your rest;  
 Your body's in the peaceful grave,  
 Your spirit's safe among the blessed.

Departed sister, we believe  
 Unfading pleasures to be yours,  
 Because faith Jesus did receive,  
 And that eternal joy secures.

Your seat is empty one is not,  
And doubtless we the absent miss,  
But you the start of us have got  
In being taken home to bliss.

Instead of grieving that you're gone  
The way of all the earth, we should  
Be thankful you a rest have won  
To which you have a title good.

Of being in a gracious state,  
Abundant evidence you gave;  
In God your confidence was great,  
And in His Strength you death did brave.

Now you are gone, forever gone,  
Sweet sister, and I miss you much;  
But my end, too, is drawing on,  
And as yours was, may it be such.

Your meek submission to God's Will,  
Subjected though to suffering great,  
Was wonderful, and I should still  
Your patience strive to imitate.

But as it was God's Grace which gave  
You resignation to your lot,  
Grace of Him I would also crave,  
That I at mine may murmur not.

A bruised reed He will not break,  
Nor quench the smoking flax if so,  
Then surely I should courage take  
And myself on His Mercy throw.

My illness hath continued long,  
Yours was but short with it compared;  
Last of November found you strong,  
And first of June your death declared.

For every month you ailed a year  
I reckon can, and something more;  
But then your illness was severe,  
And I still linger as before.

Of God, mysterious are the ways:  
You taken are, and I am left;

But God I still have cause to praise,  
Though I of you have been bereft.

For I shall never, never see  
Your heart again with sorrow wrung;  
Dear Catharine now no more shall be  
Your harp upon the willow hung.

And sometimes when I'd lift my voice  
To weep that you're no longer here,  
Constrained I'm rather to rejoice  
That now your sky is always clear.

Here clouds return after rain,  
But where you are all's bright and fair;  
O what a happy home to gain,  
O when shall I be also there!

Farewell, dear sister, till we meet  
In glory as I promised you;  
To live in glory must be sweet,  
Where none shall ever say, Adieu!

## The Primrose

When meditating on the human heart  
Some years ago, I do remember well  
This gloomy thought up in my mind did start,  
That nothing there from sin could scarce  
expel.

A shadow had across my mind been thrown  
By meditating on the bulk of sin,  
Which was in Eden by the serpent sown,  
And unregenerate hearts still grows within.

But in my meditation I forgot  
That God is fit sin always to subdue  
E'en in the heart it deepest root hath got,  
And consequently hath the strongest grew.

Yes, thus I say, my meditations ran  
Upon sin, how it hardeneth the heart,  
Forgetful of the never failing plan  
Of Grace which willing makes't with sin to  
part,



## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

When my eye was directed to a spot  
On the wayside where a sweet primrose  
grew;  
Lonesome it was, for of its fellows not  
One raised its head to share the sun or dew.

Nor did I wonder that it was alone,  
I wondered more that one at all should there  
From a hard bed of broken stones have grown,  
And unmolested by the thoroughfare.

So lovely, though so lonesome, there it grew,  
It seemed there placed to catch the passing  
eye;  
One thing I know, it my attention drew  
And made me lift my heart to God on high.

For as I gazed upon that tender flower,  
At once light in upon my dark mind broke;  
I thought that He Who raised it by His Power  
In such a place, could break sin's hardest  
yoke

From off the heart, and make grace there to  
grow,  
Though it had been a hard and barren soil;  
For where God's pleased the seed of grace to  
sow,  
The devil's hand the same shall never spoil.

Yea, when the Lord is pleased to sow the seed,  
He'll make it grow no matter how;  
The devil and the flesh against it plead,  
It to destroy God will them not allow.

What reason then have Christians to despond,  
However tried sure God will them protect;  
For of the covenant they're in the bond,  
And hence to save them God will not  
neglect.

And as the dew fell nightly on that flower,  
It to refresh, so shall God's spirit, too,  
Fall on this heart with calm though mighty  
power,  
Time after time grace therein to renew.



And now, Primrose, farewell! for while I'm  
here

Thee I may not be privileged more to see;  
Yet cease not thou those who thee pass to  
cheer —

Give joy to them as thou once gave to me.

But though no longer now I can behold  
Thy form, sweet Primrose, on the highway  
side,

The heart-reviving story thou'st me told  
Shall long upon my memory abide.

And when I think on thee, may I, too, think  
On Him who suffered death upon the tree,  
That I might life at its pure fountain drink,  
Yea, even such life as shall unending be.

Where in its native loveliness I'll view  
The Rose of Sharon, a most pleasant sight;  
Yea, and the lily of the valley, too,  
Which shall me give unspeakable delight.

## The Communion

Lord, grief to me Thou given hast,  
Communion seven now are past  
Since I've been in the furnace cast,  
Of grievous affliction;  
Yes, I on each communion day  
Was forced, alas! at home to stay;  
But sure of Providence, the way  
Admits no contradiction.  
Would we teach Him Who all things well  
doth still,  
And pull down Providence to set up will?

Like ocean billows we may toss  
Ourselves in vain attempts to cross  
The lines God sets us, why then lose  
Our time thus in vain striving?  
God sends us what He sees most fit,  
To which we ever should submit;  
When the saints' strength is still to sit,  
Say, should they be contriving

To run? Nay, they should wait the will of  
 God,  
 And as the sceptre welcome make the rod.

What God sees best He gives to me,  
 With which I should content still be,  
 And I do hope content that He  
 Hath made me in some measure.  
 Sure parents never should neglect  
 At right times children to correct,  
 Yet good of it can they expect  
 When it is for their pleasure?  
 But our profit ever keeps in view,  
 When by correction He would us subdue.

Sometimes, myself sore tried, I think,  
 Then faith and patience almost sink,  
 Which doth me bring well nigh the brink  
 Of ruinous despairing;  
 But when the enemy comes in,  
 Lord, like a flood to tempt to sin,  
 A standard raise Thou me within  
 On Thy behalf declaring;  
 Yes, Holy Spirit, raise it in my heart  
 And make the enemy with loss depart.

What though communions now I miss,  
 If God be pleased to grant me this,  
 That I shall with the saints in bliss  
 My song be ever singing;  
 If my name's written in life's book,  
 If Christ my sins away hath took,  
 I shall not be by Him forsook;  
 There's joy for me upspringing  
 Still more and more, until it perfect be,  
 For perfect joy shall be enjoyed by me.

'Tis true I trials oft do meet,  
 And bitter things, yet still some sweet  
 I get at blessed Jesus' feet,  
 To mix with bitter potions;  
 But I've by sin myself undone,  
 That God hath sent His only Son  
 Eternal life for me to win,  
 Is sure no vacant notion;  
 Faith is a substance proving things unseen,  
 And has reduced to nothing never been.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Although my foes I ever find  
To do me evil much inclined,  
And though against me they're combined,  
And very much annoy me,  
Christ sure hath conquered all the foes  
That could his followers oppose,  
And He will surely bridle those  
That they shall not destroy me;  
For certain there is shelter in the Rock  
Of Ages for the weakest of Christ's flock.

When I compare my gold with dross  
And set my gain against my loss,  
Yea, and my crown against my cross,  
Though I have trials often,  
This surely lighter makes them seem  
And gives me of blest hope a gleam;  
E'en water of affliction's stream,  
Though hard it tends to soften,  
It is enough to make a beggar sing  
Who prospect has of being made a king.

For kings and priests and nothing less  
They'll be to God, who shall possess  
Of Jesus Christ the righteousness;  
O what a blessed story!  
That Christ has suffered on the tree  
And crowned was with thorns for me,  
That I a crown should wearing be  
Of life with Him in glory,  
Which each believer shall get from the Hand  
Of Christ, the Judge, and wear it in that land

Where the saints' trials shall be o'er,  
Because the'll sinning be no more;  
But they shall still God's Face before  
His Holy Name be praising;  
Their joy shall never, never cease,  
Their's shall be pure and lasting peace  
Which terminate won't, nor decrease;  
And O to be still raising  
With them a song of praise to God most high,  
Where sad privations feel no more shall I.

## Hope Better Than Gold

Oh! how unbelief doth haunt me  
 When faith exercise should I,  
 Oh! how Satan strives to daunt me  
 To be patient when I try.

He for man is far too cunning,  
 Sad experience this doth prove;  
 Mankind to their ruin running  
 Is what this arch fiend doth love.

Then than me he's surely stronger,  
 And I must give o'er the fight;  
 For I can hold out no longer  
 If God will not be my might.

All for lost must I give over,  
 And shall Satan gain the field?  
 Lord I'm Thine, Thine own recover,  
 'Gainst his darts be Thou my shield.

Surely in time past Thou didst  
 Make me to rejoice in Thee;  
 And my sins sure Lord Thou hid hast  
 In Christ's Blood, that cleansing sea.

I was happy in believing,  
 If my heart I knew aright,  
 Christ on His own terms receiving,  
 Christ, the hope of glory bright.

Still I'm on Thy Grace depending  
 For my comforts every one;  
 Therefore grace to me be sending,  
 Else I am undone, undone.

Can a soul once knit to Jesus  
 Ever from Him parted be?  
 Can sin which God still displeases  
 In His own less sinful be?

A soul once to Christ united  
 Surely shall united still  
 Be, till God His oath hath slighted,  
 And slight it He never will.

Sin in souls which unrenewed is,  
 Though it is a grievous sore,  
 In that which by grace subdued is,  
 Sure is grievous far more.

Nor will God in saints be slipping  
 Sin, but will it still correct,  
 For the same a thorough whipping  
 In some way they may expect.

Sometimes He makes sickness beat them,  
 Sometimes conscience is the rod;  
 Man or Satan which doth hate them,  
 All to bring them back to God.

And, Lord, while I am receiving  
 At Thy Hands, stroke after stroke,  
 Let me feel and be believing  
 That Thine is an easy yoke.

Many ways sure Thou hast tried me,  
 Many times I've felt Thy rod;  
 But Thou hast not yet denied me  
 Grace to help me, O my God.

If I ever be forsaken  
 By Thee, Lord, the fault is mine;  
 From sin's sleep let grace still waken  
 Me, and all praise shall be Thine.

Hold me still with Thy strong arm,  
 Else I shall fall down to hell;  
 Shield me, shield, Lord, from harm,  
 Then I shall be safe and well.

Give me self to know, which humble  
 Shall me keep beneath Thy Hand;  
 For sure souls that's proud shall stumble,  
 Lord, when humble ones shall stand.

Self to know is surely better  
 Than all knowledge this beside,  
 And to feel myself a debtor  
 To the love which doth abide.

Better is than if possessing  
 All earth's gold, though I this could;

Life eternal is a blessing,  
Which to gold prefer I would.

Gold, what is it when death takes us?  
Life one moment it can't give;  
But grace, thanks to God, doth make us  
Hope that we shall ever live.

Hope of which none should ashamed be,  
For it shall be realized  
To those who from death reclaimed He,  
Never more to be despised.

Then, my soul, in Him hope ever,  
Who is worthy of all trust;  
Him Who disappoint shall never  
Hope placed in Him by the just.

Hope through life be thou abiding  
With me, nor let death thee fright;  
Then from me do not be hiding  
When almost is fought the fight.

For blest hope, where thou art wanting,  
Peace there is in no degree;  
Hopeless souls are always daunting  
In view of eternity.

Nor need this arouse our wonder  
That then God will such disown,  
Conscience shall speak loud as thunder  
When such on death-beds be thrown.

It is hope which can us cheering  
Be when that hour draweth near,  
In which we must be appearing  
At God's bar our doom to hear.

Then than gold hope's surely better,  
For from earth it frees the mind,  
When gold oft-times proves a fetter  
Thereto souls of men to bind.

Gold I ask not which bewitches,  
Nor would worldly honors bear,  
But I ask that which enriches,  
Hope, great contrast of despair.

Hope I ask and no denial  
 Of it, Lord, I'll take from Thee;  
 Put me as Thou wilt to trial,  
 But of hope deprive not me.

Hope, O hope, thou gem most precious!  
 Thy want may I never know;  
 Hope in God, the good and gracious,  
 Who alone can hope bestow.

O my God, give me my reason,  
 Now again I ask of Thee;  
 Faith and patience in their season  
 Let me exercising be.

## A Visit from a Minister

This minister to see me came again,  
 Though hither he has scarce been fit to walk,  
 And I would need to see that not in vain  
 I have been listening to his holy talk;  
 For this kind visit I am much a debtor,  
 And may I also for it be the better.

He told of ones in midst of strength which had  
 With little warning to give up their breath;  
 Compared with theirs my case is not so sad,  
 For I have had long time to think of death;  
 There is no place left me for self excusing  
 If I God's visitation am misusing.

It hath a voice, "Prepare to meet Thy God,"  
 Methinks it daily whispers in my ear;  
 "Your body soon shall lie beneath the clod,"  
 And surely these are solemn sounds to hear;  
 But to each child of God 'tis a love token  
 When at the cistern the wheel is broken.

He spoke of faith and one example gave;  
 'Twas her who came to Jesus so distressed  
 That He would heal her daughter she did  
     crave,  
 Who of a grievous devil was possessed;  
 Her strength of faith so pleased the Lord of  
     Power  
 That He her daughter healed that very hour.



Oh! that like her to Jesus I would go  
 And feel as deep my own unworthiness;  
 A dog He may me call; well, be it so,  
 E'en dogs may come and tell Him their  
 distress;  
 For He to feed the children that is able  
 Won't grudge to dogs the crumbs beneath  
 their table.

I would believe, but when I would draw near  
 To Christ, how unbelief doth mar the way,  
 It says my prayers He will not deign to hear;  
 But let faith have a voice and it will say—  
 Hush, unbelief, thou worst of soul diseases,  
 Thou shalt not thus block up my way to Jesus.

Jesus, that name is music to my heart,  
 'Tis sweet as ointment when poured forth  
 it is,  
 And may its odor never more depart  
 From this soul that would willingly be His;  
 And having named Thy Name, O Blessed  
 Jesus,  
 Let me depart from that which Thee dis-  
 pleases.

Sweet patience, younger sister of true faith,  
 He very much did recommend to me,  
 By telling of one who pursued her path  
 Noiseless through life accompanied by thee;  
 May I like her when comes the time of trial  
 Still by forbearance practice self denial.

Long suffering and meekness surely are  
 With other graces from the self same root,  
 And though the devil strives their growth to  
 mar,  
 God shall them cherish as His Spirit's fruit;  
 The graces cultivate in me I pray Thee,  
 O Lord, that from the heart I may obey Thee.

And when I hear of those whose fight is won,  
 Who hath outstripped me in the Christian  
 race,  
 In their footsteps I should the harder run  
 And stop not till I, too, do reach that place

Where they through faith and patience do  
     inherit  
 The promises alone by Jesus merit.

To prayer he did exhort, O lovely prayer!  
     Our privilege thou as well as duty art;  
 O that in thee our souls less straitened were!  
     O that thou wert sent forth more from the  
     heart!

And while to prayer the Lord is us inviting,  
 Prayer in us may His Spirit be inditing.

'Tis very little I can recollect  
     Of what he said, but prayer did it include;  
 The prayer of faith God never will reject —  
     It gladdens angels, and I also should  
 With gladness note it in these humble verses  
 As that which saddest thoughts oftentimes dis-  
     perses.

Ye invalids, whom weakness keepeth far  
     From God's house, lift your voice with me  
     to sing,  
 How beautiful upon the mountains are  
     The Feet of Him that doth good tidings  
     bring,  
 Tidings which to God's suffering ones is  
     sweeter  
 Than ever honey was unto the eater.

Whoso the sufferer's weary heart would cheer  
     With words of truth and everlasting love,  
 Are they who really do God's message hear,  
     Which by delivering they do plainly prove;  
 May God in life spare such if for His glory,  
 That they may long proclaim redemption's  
     story.

## God Cares for Me

I know God cares for me, and I  
Have many proofs of this;  
He sent His Son for me to die,  
And that the greatest is.

But minor proofs I also have  
Which from that great proof flows,  
For He Who sent His Son to save,  
With Him all good bestows.

He called me into being, and  
In helpless infancy,  
He me protected by His Hand,  
And thus He cared for me.

And through scenes of maturer years  
He made me for to see  
That He, Who helpless childhood hears,  
Then also cared for me.

Affliction came, my pleasant things  
No more enjoyed could be;  
But still joy in my heart upsprings,  
By this, God cares for me.

With what my God is pleased to send  
May I content still be,  
And with a hearty trust depend  
On Him Who cares for me.

Could I but see here in this place,  
As yet I hope to see,  
On all He sends my eye might trace  
His tender care for me.

Without a guard on life's rough wave  
No safety there can be;  
Oh! Guard of Guards, let me not stray  
But show Thy care for me.

O how could I endure the grief  
Sent unto me by Thee,  
If I had not a full belief  
That Thou dost care for me.

When I death's valley come to tread,  
This comfort let me see,  
That Thou, Who hast through life me led,  
Can't loose Thy care for me.

## The Record

To render thanks to God I set  
A special day apart;  
His goodness lest I should forget,  
A record keeps my heart.

But when the day arrived, so dull  
Somehow my heart had grown,  
That though the register was full,  
One mercy scarce 'twould own.

Thought I, this is ingratitude,  
That terrible disease  
Peculiar to north latitude,  
My heart's about to freeze.

For if it were not cold, I ween,  
It would not be so slow  
To own, as it hath just now been,  
Mercy's unceasing flow.

To Thee, blest Son of Righteousness,  
My cold heart closer draw,  
For I'm convinced that nothing less  
Can its affections thaw.

O make it sensible of good,  
That it may ever be  
Acknowledging with gratitude,  
The grace bestowed on me.

In it so much deceit I find,  
I cannot trust it far;  
To wander it is so inclined,  
To guide was there no star.

My every hope it soon would strand,  
And sink me in despair;  
But I can trust it in God's hand,  
And I will leave it there.

## Life Religion

We much have been hearing of orthodox creeds,  
 Uncompromised principles, martyrs' deeds;  
 Our forefathers suffered and bled on the sod,  
 And would we, if tried, be so zealous for God?  
 We boast of their actions and tell how they stood  
 For us in the tempest, and think ourselves good;  
 But practice is oft with profession at strife —  
 I like the religion that speaks in the life.

Our forefathers suffered and sleep in the grave,  
 But He who redeemed them can also us save;  
 Their lamps burned bright, but no oil they could  
     spare;  
 For the Bridegroom's coming let us, too, prepare.  
 He come may at midnight, our lamps trimmed let's  
     keep,  
 Lest we be the virgins who slumber and sleep.  
 Let not practice be with profession at strife,  
 I like the religion that speaks in the life.

Our martyred forefathers, peace be to their name,  
 To keep a good conscience braved faggot and flame;  
 They welcome made death in its most frightful  
     form,  
 Theirs was a religion that rode out the storm.  
 They gained for us privileges, this we can tell,  
 But are we improving these privileges well?  
 If not, practice is with profession at strife —  
 I like the religion that speaks in the life.

Our honored forefathers I highly esteem,  
 Whose religion reality was, and no dream.  
 The more persecuted, the firmer they grew,  
 And in face of all dangers they proved themselves  
     true.  
 A mere profession, though in itself pure,  
 Where practice is wanting, God cannot endure.  
 With self-righteous striving God's always at strife,  
 But likes the religion that speaks in the life.

## Grace Contemplated

Were I to sing of all the grace  
God doth on me bestow,  
From this heart to the Giver, praise  
Unceasingly would flow.

Where grace with song supplies the heart,  
What tongue can silent be?  
For tongue and heart have each their part,  
O God, in praising Thee.

Hast Thou not said, "The dumb shall sing?"  
Thy promise verify;  
Grace is an overflowing spring,  
Why should my soul be dry?

The deeper it of grace doth drink,  
The more inclined 'twill be  
Upon the mercies, Lord, to think  
Which Thou hast given me.

I never undervalue would  
The mercies I receive,  
Which, even when disguised, are good  
For me, I do believe.

To God none owes more thanks than me,  
Yet somehow I am not  
So thankful as I ought to be,  
For mercies I have got.

Our gratitude may ebb and flow,  
Unthankful we may prove;  
But never can abatement know  
Our God's unchanging love.

God's ways to us mysterious are,  
Because but part we see;  
Yet with His purpose cannot jar,  
But keeps in harmony.

His purpose in His Providence  
We cannot always read,  
But we will walk by faith, not sense,  
If we are God's indeed.

To misinterpret we're prone,  
 His gracious design,  
 And who dares, where He hath not shown,  
 His purpose to define?

Without a purpose He works not,  
 Though it I may not see;  
 He's the disposer of the lot,  
 And I content should be.

My sins and griefs I'll on Him cast,  
 That's able both to bear;  
 And if I do, I'm sure at last  
 I'll glory with Him share.

This hope, well founded if it is,  
 My sorrows should assuage;  
 And make me sing my God to Thee  
 Throughout life's pilgrimage.

No cloud so dark the saint can meet,  
 But one side is still bright;  
 His bitter's always mixed with sweet,  
 His sorrows with delight.

I am not much disposed to fret,  
 Yet sometimes discontent  
 I in my pilgrimage have met,  
 And almost with it went.

It reasoning, plausible can make,  
 At least to Nature's ear;  
 But as it truth doth seldom take,  
 It wherefore should we hear.

Lord discontent from me remove  
 When I through sorrow wade,  
 And never let me doubt the love  
 Thou hast so well displayed.

For mercies past and present, too,  
 I'd glorify Thy Name,  
 Who hath Thy saints brought times not few  
 Unhurt through flood and flame.



## Pride

Some say I'm proud, it may be so,  
For pride's a subtle sin;  
But if I am I did not know,  
Perhaps it lurks within.

And if it does, I have no doubt,  
But it abroad hath been;  
For if it's in, it will be out,  
And therefore must be seen.

Have I allowed my eyes to roam  
Abroad, while they should be  
Employed in serving God at home,  
And what's there, going see.

Shall others' eyes my faults detect,  
While they escape my own?  
I know some people faults suspect  
Where even there is none.

But of that I make no pretext  
To say I have not pride;  
If it is true I should be vexed,  
If false, no one I'll chide.

When self I at the cross resigned,  
Pride said, or seemed to say:  
"I feel my breath so much confined,  
I die must or decay."

And if it has revived again  
And has o'er me control,  
Lord by Thine own Hand, be it slain,  
Lest it destroy my soul.

But if I have not cherished pride,  
As some are pleased to say,  
O let an humble walk decide  
That they have been astray.

And if the right they will not see,  
Show them Thou'lt take my part,  
And that what they have took to be  
A proud's an honest heart.

To honest hearts it is quite plain  
 True dignity belongs,  
 Which they will strive to and maintain  
 Amidst reviling throngs.

## Trials Improved

When of sin we make confession,  
 Lord us hear, and forgive;  
 Pardon in us all transgression,  
 Make us hear Thee say, live.

'Gainst us as a nation burning  
 Hath, our God, Thine anger been;  
 O in mercy be returning,  
 Unto us make to be seen.

Thy great power in this season  
 That the crop preserved we'll see,  
 Unbelief and human reason  
 Asking is, how can it be?

But Thy promise we'd be pleading,  
 Which, Lord, give us faith to plead;  
 If Thy promise faith is feeding,  
 Shall our bodies starve indeed?

Less than life's the food to nourish,  
 It less than the body, too;  
 Is the raiment it to cherish  
 Unbelief, now what say you?

When God speaks, what canst thou answer,  
 Though so bold thou seem'st to be?  
 Thou art nothing but a cancer  
 To the soul that harbors thee.

Food and raiment while they need it,  
 God, His people, promised hath;  
 And our privilege is to plead it,  
 Lord we pray increase our faith.

That while others are despairing  
 Of Thy Truth and Mercy, too,  
 We may be indeed declaring  
 That Thou'lt to Thy word be true.

## The Hint

"I don't know what to think of you,"  
Once a friend to me did say;  
"By your works, if I do prove you,  
Little of the saint I see."

This it seemed my friend had hinted,  
And I thought it may be so,  
And in good works if I'm stinted,  
It is better I should know.

She, no doubt, had made allusion  
To some failing which she saw;  
This at least was the conclusion  
Which I from her words did draw.

Hints should never pass unheeded  
When from friendly lips they fall;  
They are for the most part needed,  
And we should improve them all.

Though indeed, my friend respected,  
May have what she said forgot,  
Yet it seemed so well directed  
To the heart that I have not.

For, I thought, if at a distance  
It can be observed I'm lame,  
There is somewhere inconsistency,  
And I search will for the same.

So I set to by inspection,  
Heart and life for to compare;  
And I found but imperfection,  
Imperfection everywhere.

Sin so mars thought, word and action,  
It has rendered all impure;  
Yet, His Word forbids distraction,  
Who for sin proclaimed a cure.

There is One from sin Who frees us,  
Let us trust His great name in;  
Is He not rightly called, Jesus,  
Who His people saves from sin?

God requires but believing  
 On His Son, life to receive;  
 And all shall be life receiving  
 Who upon His Son believe.

Therefore, I would gladly know him  
 As the Lord, my righteousness;  
 All my imperfections throw Him,  
 Who can with forgiveness bless.

With my friend, if she intended  
 By her hint to better me,  
 I am not the least offended,  
 But to her obliged must be.

### “Not As I Will”

“Not as I will, but as Thou wilt,”  
 Lord, enable me to say,  
 For, alas! how weak my faith grows  
 When Thou seem'st from me to stay.

“Not as I will, but as Thou wilt,”  
 Lord, I know is best for me;  
 Yet “as I will” would be master  
 When “as Thou wilt” should that be.

“Not as I will, but as Thou wilt,”  
 Lord, enable me to sing;  
 For however this appear may,  
 At the last me good 'twill bring.

“Not as I will, but as Thou wilt,”  
 Lord, impress upon my heart;  
 For of lots Thou, the disposer  
 Here and hereafter art.

“Not as I will, but as Thou wilt,”  
 Make me practically say,  
 Thereby others shall encouraged  
 Be, my God's Will to obey.

“As Thou wilt” of faith's the language,  
 This pure language, Lord, teach me;  
 Than which sure there's not a better,  
 “As Thou wilt,” so let it be.

"As Thou wilt," with my condition,  
 Lord, make me content in time,  
 When Thou wilt my spirit summon  
 To a better, purer clime.

## Remaining Corruptions

O that I could self-will subdue  
 And meekness without fail pursue —  
 But when shall I this see?  
 Ah! how a hasty word doth bring  
 Unto my heart a bitter sting;  
 And how else can it be?  
 For every sin a wound leaves in my soul,  
 Which I am quite unable to make whole.

If Zeruiah's sons too hard  
 The King of Israel did regard,  
 For him as surely I  
 Have greater reason to complain,  
 Because I seem to fight in vain  
 'Gainst foes, which still doth lie  
 In wait to make of me an easy prey,  
 And thus I struggle with them day by day.

Ah! how deceitful is my heart,  
 It acteth oft a treacherous part;  
 It is indeed a cage  
 Of birds unclean, it shelters those  
 That are in truth my very foes,  
 Which 'gainst me war doth wage;  
 If to my cause my heart would be but true,  
 I other foes the better would subdue.

But when I think I have them slain,  
 Oh, how they do revive again!  
 And bolder seem to aim  
 At me than they have done before;  
 Then, Oh! must I this fight give o'er?  
 Ah! no, there is a name,  
 The meaning whereof is to save from sin,  
 Through which a glorious victory I may win.

Yes, Lord, the battle is Thine own,  
 Then let me not be overthrown  
 For Thou my whole strength art,

Thou Captain of Salvation, Who  
 The fiercest foe can soon subdue;  
 Yea, e'en this rebel heart  
 Shall be submissive, and shall fruit forth  
 bring,  
 If grace be there a never failing spring.

O God of Mercy, Truth and Love,  
 While in the furnace Thou dost prove  
 Me, let me patient be;  
 As a refiner Thou dost sit,  
 Then let me willingly submit  
 In every case to Thee,  
 And by whatever means Thou seest best  
 Prepare me for Thine everlasting rest.

## To Brother S.

Brother your kindness on me fell  
 Like dew upon some drooping flower,  
 Or rain upon the heather bell,  
 Restoring fragrance in an hour.

The praise you get on this account,  
 To tell you I must needs forbear,  
 For that even to a small amount,  
 I know you never wished to hear.

Suffice't to say, I'm gratified  
 In all your changing that unchanged  
 Your friendship is, though often tried,  
 Your love is not the least estranged.

My health is much the same as when  
 You saw me last, though me they tell  
 I'm not so ruddy just as then,  
 And yet I think I feel as well.

\* \* \*

So then, I'm in a straight 'twixt two —  
 I know not what to choose; of course  
 I fain would try't, and if I do,  
 I fear to change a bad for worse.

Of mendment then the prospect's dark,  
 But we must, hoping for the best,

Just go aboard of faith's strong barque,  
And therein hush our fears to rest.

We'll leave the case with Him, to Whom  
From death the issues do belong;  
Though death should early be my doom,  
He that doth all, doth nothing wrong.

I'm glad to hear you do attend  
Where Christ's Name chiefly is made known;  
Close in, close in, with Him, dear friend,  
For safety elsewhere there is none.

Forgive me, for I see that when  
Grim visaged death appears in view,  
Naught but reality stands, then —  
A Heaven or hell, how awful true.

This is not meant alone for you,  
My sentiments I freely tell;  
My present prospect and the view  
I have of future things, Farewell!

### Thoughts On Affliction

The birds sing sweetly on the tree,  
Then why am I so sad?  
But if my heart was light as theirs,  
'Twould likely be as glad.

Sin hath provoked my Father's ire,  
I smart beneath the rod;  
And shall a mortal worm contend  
With an immortal God?

The evil one so racks my soul,  
And brings my sin to view;  
And unbelief is still at hand  
Which bears His record true.

He intimates that God hath left me,  
And no more shall spare  
His poor afflicted servant,  
And He'll e'en shut out my prayer.



And is not this enough to sink  
Into desponding fears,  
A heart on whom the light of truth  
Hath shined upon for years?

With grief and sorrow I confess,  
Me it does nigh o'erwhelm;  
But hold a while, hold on my soul,  
Let faith grasp fast the helm.

On Christ the living Rock most sure,  
That is within the vale,  
Thine anchor, hope, cast; this is ground  
That ne'er was known to fail.

Well anchored here thou art secure,  
Though winds and waves assail;  
Rejoice my soul, yet o'er them all  
Through Christ you shall prevail.

The sun we must believe is set  
Still in the firmament,  
Though intervening shadows may  
His light to us prevent.

So darkness may surround God's Throne,  
But still His Word to me  
Is pledged in truth, and shall break forth  
And make all shadows flee.

I'll then outvie the feathered throng  
That sing in yonder grove;  
Their song is sweet, but still they know  
Naught of redeeming love,

That cheers the heart of pilgrims bound  
For Zion's happy land;  
For them it purchased evermore  
Pleasures at God's right hand.

## What Is Love.

You ask me for to write of love;  
Alas! what shall I do?  
I fear my tongue and pen will fail  
To paint its vivid hue.

For though in these degenerate days  
Its absence we deplore;  
It flourished has, most beautiful,  
In happy times of yore.

And stronger love than what's displayed,  
We cannot easy find;  
'Tween Jonathan and Jesse's son,  
It's of so rare a kind.

Their hearts were joined with stronger cords  
Than binds the men of earth,  
To any of their social joys,  
Or their unhallowed mirth.

The maiden's heart in love may mourn  
For him that's gone afar,  
Even this comes short of what we read  
Of these two men of war.

Their love, though strong, could not endure;  
Death laid his hand so chill  
Upon these two, whose history  
Makes readers thereof thrill.

Earth is by far too cold a clime  
To make love perfect grow,  
It bloomed in Eden once, but now  
It is unknown below.

Then, Holy Spirit, I would ask  
Thine aid — when ask'd, that's sure  
To guide my pen while I would trace  
Love to its fountain pure.

Where to begin I hardly know,  
It no beginning had;  
From everlasting to the same,  
And this should make us glad.

God at the first made man upright,  
 But he inventions sought  
 Out for himself, and fell by sin;  
 Then who would ever thought

When Adam, who did represent  
 At large the human race,  
 Had mar'd God's Image in his breast,  
 That He would it replace.

His Justice was offended, and  
 It must be satisfied,  
 But "God is love," and He Himself  
 A ransom did provide.

Made of a woman, He, His Son,  
 Sent forth, Who knew no sin;  
 And yet He was made sin for us,  
 To make us near of kin.

That this was love, let Pilate's hall  
 Of judgment dark declare;  
 Gethsemane and Calvary  
 Their record, too, will bear.

He died, and by His Death o'ercame  
 Death, hell, sin and the grave;  
 And now He pleads the cause above  
 Of those He died to save.

It now remains for us to ask,  
 Do we this plan approve  
 Of great salvation, and if we  
 Are sharers in this love.

## My Sabbaths

"'Twere needful to converse with our past hours,  
 And ask them what report they bore to Heaven."

Three years of Sabbaths I have lived and more —  
 They all are gone and naught can them restore;

Where are they fled? "With years beyond the flood,"  
 There to bear witness of my ill or good.

I've lost in Adam what I cannot find,  
A holy spotless purity of mind;

And yet the law perfection doth require,  
And nothing less than that, and that entire,

Will it receive at any sinner's hand;  
This is a great and yet a just demand;

For our unfitness its demands to pay,  
Don't make its claims the less in any way.

Obeys and live, has still its language been,  
And in default of this its threats are keen;

Sinai's thunder sounds but dread and fear  
To an awakened guilty conscience ear.

Can any sinner consolation draw  
From the frail fragments of a broken law?

Being rendered weak through sin, it cannot save,  
But yet it doth retain its power to crave.

'Tis strong as ever to condemn the soul  
That hath not taken Jesus as its whole.

God hath both made the Sabbath and did keep  
It first, by way of precept, that His sheep

By imitating Him should keep that rest,  
That makes the Sabbath of all days the blest.

It is the holy ground where Christ doth meet  
The Church, His Bride, with promises most sweet;

She may be seen here in this wilderness,  
Reclining on His Arm in costly dress.

And shall unhallowed footsteps dare to tread  
Upon that place where Christ hath deigned to  
spread

A banquet for to feast His royal bride,  
Where oft her wants He with choice gifts supplied.

She's here well guarded by Omnipotence,  
"On all the glory there is a defense."

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

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Then if by work, or idle talk, or play,  
I do neglect to keep that holy day,

God still is jealous; of His right shall He,  
If I presume to rob Him, silent be;

Or shall He hold me guiltless in that day,  
In which He'll judge my every thought and way?

Nay, it is dreadful for to think or tell  
With fellow sinners I must go to hell.

Except repentance seize upon Christ's worth,  
Ere the decree decisive be gone forth

That shall forever fix my future state,  
In Heaven or hell the change is vastly great.

And is this thread of life, this fleeting breath,  
The only step that's now 'tween me and death?

This moment finds me 'mong earth's tenantry,  
The next may ope eternity to me.

Now is the time accepted, now's the day,  
The poorest may find wealth that won't decay,

By taking Christ and trusting of their case  
To Him, in vain Who bids none seek His Face.

Yes, they may trust to Him without a grudge,  
Who is an advocate as well as judge.

God's Holy Word inviteth us, and all  
That will but hear may live, for He doth call

To every nation from the rising sun,  
Till where he sets, salvation work is done;

And is complete in Him alone that died,  
The mocked, the scourged, the scoffed, the crucified.

And now, behold, He lives for evermore,  
Who hath the sins of all His elect bore.

Then shall I crucify my Lord anew,  
By doing what He hath said not to do?

To enjoy pleasure when it is a sin,  
Is what no blood-bought soul should e'er begin;

The time bygone may well enough suffice  
For Gentile works and Gentile vanities.

Besides my coming Sabbaths may be few,  
Then let me them observe with vigor new.

My days to number teach me, Lord, that I  
To the true wisdom may my heart apply,

Lest that my days in vanity be passed  
And so fall short of Glory at the last.

### Christ, the Great Physician

Helpless and hopeless, almost I  
Had said, is my condition;  
Stop rash conclusion till I try  
Christ, the well proved Physician.

I'll go to Him all self-debased  
And bend me in contrition,  
For weaker ones than me He raised,  
He's such a good Physician.

Though He be high, yet He respect  
Hath to the poor's petition;  
No case is lost through His neglect,  
He's such a kind Physician.

Whene'er He takes a case in hand,  
The cure ends in completion;  
And none should then despairing stand,  
But call this Great Physician.

Physicians else may do their best  
To cure indisposition,  
And fail, except the means be blest  
By Christ, the head Physician.

Besides, being God, our nature He  
Took; this is no tradition,  
That He well qualified should be  
For fallen man's Physician.

A salve He hath for every sore;  
 No matter what condition  
 The wound hath been in heretofore,  
 Christ is the sealed Physician.

At no time baffled is His skill;  
 Oh! when will real submission  
 Be ours unto the Sovereign Will  
 Of the all wise Physician?

He knows our frailty and our frame,  
 Yea, and our soul's position;  
 From age to age He is the same  
 Unchangeable Physician.

This all is good and better still,  
 Then be this my ambition,  
 That He, Who hath unerring skill  
 Shall be my chief Physician.

For He of sin can cure my soul,  
 And save it from perdition;  
 Then may I ever more extol  
 The Name of this Physician.

## The Fallen Leaf

One autumn day there blew a breeze  
 Which noisy swept among the trees;  
 When, lo! a leaf fell near  
 To where I sat, which seemed to say,  
 "I was so lifelike in blythe May,  
 I dreamed not to be here.

"Yes, then I, healthy, fresh and green,  
 Upon the bough might have been seen;  
 But soon I found decay  
 Had seized me with its withering breath,  
 And now, you see, I've met my death  
 By this rough breeze today."

O fallen leaf, thought I, thou art  
 A messenger sent to my heart,  
 Of death me to remind;  
 Thou driven wert before the blast,



Thy beauty and thy life is past,  
'Tis so with human kind.

Yes, mankind falls as thou hast done;  
A few days, and his race being run,  
His spirit takes its flight;  
The grave receives and keeps the clay  
Until the resurrection day,  
Which shall both reunite.

But leaf, thou life no more shalt know;  
Awaits thee neither joy nor woe,  
Time thy short tale did tell;  
But man must in existence be,  
In future through eternity,  
In Heaven or in hell.

A leaf to some might seem so small,  
'Twould scarce be worth a thought at all,  
But think not so do I;  
A fallen leaf by age or youth,  
When seen, should bring to mind this truth,  
That man, frail man, must die.

We should not learn to despise  
What would, if we'd but use our eyes,  
Tell us, and tell us true,  
That we are mortal and must soon,  
Though now like leaves in May or June,  
Bid our place here, Adieu!

Then make me, Lord, improving be  
What I around me daily see;  
For if I'd right discern,  
There's naught would come before my eye,  
Howe'er so small, but I'd thereby  
A useful lesson learn.

### On Approaching God

O Thou whose praise is still by angels sung,  
How shall I take Thy Name upon my tongue?

How shall a finite being speak aright  
The praises of a Being Infinite?

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

How shall a child of fallen Adam bring  
Praise that accepted shall be by this King,

Before Whom angels doth their faces veil,  
Then how shall I approach, a mortal frail

To praise the Holy, Holy, Holy Name  
Of Him Who was, and is, and shall, the same

Infinite, Wise and Holy Being, be  
Unchangeable from beginning to eternity?

By sin polluted, how shall I draw nigh  
To bear the look of His Omniscient Eye

Who a whole world as one man doth see,  
And there is naught that from Him hid can be.

Then surely Thou, my Lord, my God, who art,  
Dost with a perfect knowledge know my heart;

Its deepest sins exposed are to Thine eye,  
As well as those which on its surface lie.

No thought or wish can hid be from Thy view,  
Such is the God with Whom we have to do.

Then how shall I approach? and yet I must,  
Although a very worm of the dust.

And to His Name be praise, Who paved the way  
That sinners such as I approach Him may.

Christ opened hath the way unto the tree  
Of life, that we might eat and not death see.

Yes, Christ by dying opened hath the way  
Unto life's tree, that we might live for aye;

And sure it little is enough that man  
Would glorify God for redemption's plan.

To Father, Son and Spirit may I give  
Due glory for redemption while I live;

Yes, while I live, O may I ever be  
Praising one Holy God in persons, Three.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Alike in power and the very same  
In substance, and doth equal glory claim.

Praise to the Father for Infinite Love,  
Who sent His Son, Who well that love did prove!

Praise to the Son, Who, willing came to die  
That He the righteous law might satisfy!

Yes, He the law did willingly obey,  
And did the debt we owed to justice pay.

He magnified the law, we broken had,  
Yea, by Him it was honorable made.

His life was that of suffering, grief and toil,  
From Satan's hand, by death, He took the spoil.

For surely He, His precious life up gave  
That He might an elected number save,

Nor could death o'er this victim long hold claim,  
He entered Heaven in His elect's name.

Captivity He surely captive led,  
That He might as the church's living Head,

Gifts, which He did receive, on men bestow,  
Though that they had been rebels He did know.

And of gifts, which to give the right is His,  
None greater than that of the Spirit is;

For He doth thoroughly convince of sin,  
And doth a love to God beget within.

Blest Spirit come, blest Spirit come to me;  
Blest Spirit come and with me dwelling be;

Yes, come blest Spirit, dwell Thou in my heart,  
There Thy abode make, nor from thence depart.

O living Oil within the Word's pure lamp,  
Of Heaven sure Thou art the royal stamp;

Where comes Thy Light, there darkness flies away,  
When Thy impression sins, strength doth decay.

Effectually Christ's Blood Thou dost apply,  
Sweet Spirit, for Thy work, praise give would I;

Of truth, O Spirit, guide me in the way,  
And teach me still how, and for what, to pray,

So that accepted I may be when I  
Do come to pray before the Lord, Most High;

And while here for to pray I may not cease,  
And thereto get an answer still of peace.

For none can pray to or praise God aright  
Who hath not got the Spirit's Life and Light.

Lord make me pray to Thee, and praise Thee still,  
For I approach must, and through Christ I will.

## To My Soul

Rise my soul, arise and sing,  
Why art thou so sad today?  
Shelter take beneath God's wing —  
Needless sorrow chase away;  
Surely thou hast ample reason  
For to sing, e'en in night season.

Rise my soul, thy God to praise,  
Why art thou so dull today?  
Unto Him pour out thy lays —  
What doth mean this, thy delay;  
Praising's not a mere duty,  
'Tis a privilege and a beauty.

Rise my soul, thy God to bless,  
Silent why art thou today?  
God's a God of faithfulness —  
Patiently then on Him stay;  
Faithfulness He keepeth ever,  
And unfaithful shall be never.

Rise my soul, faith exercise,  
Why desponding so today?  
Present chastisement despise  
Not, my soul, but humbly say,

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

O my Lord, while Thou art scourging  
Me, my soul from dross be purging.

Trials many I have met,  
And no doubt shall meet again;  
Nor at them let me e'er fret,  
Which would prove I'm tried in vain;  
Nor in yielding to grief's billow,  
Hang my harp upon the willow.

I should have no will but Thine;  
O my Lord, then make me still  
Willing my will to resign  
To Thy Holy, Divine Will.  
If a saint, I in some measure  
Will make welcome Thy good pleasure.

Fain I'd sing a song unto  
Thee, my loving Lord and King;  
Of Thy Grace my song renew,  
Of Thy Mercy let me sing;  
Grace has brought and still is bringing  
To my soul great cause for singing.

If I sing of love unbought,  
God's Love, lasting, pure and strong,  
And how it poor me, out sought,  
I need never want a song;  
Then my soul sweet songs be raising,  
Wherewith God I'll still be praising.

### Not of Works

'Tis not by works which we have wrought,  
Nor works we yet may do,  
That we can be to Heaven brought,  
Life's way no more lies through.

Our works for merit they have none,  
Yet we rejoice to say,  
That the fair crown of life is won  
Through Christ, the Living Way.

No, not in turning from our sin  
Can we the least depend,

For 'tis Christ's Spirit's work within  
Us, that our lives can mend.

Not even in our faith we may  
Put trust, however strong;  
If we on graces merit lay,  
Instead of Christ, we're wrong.

We nothing have, can nothing claim,  
But what Grace furnish doth;  
And never shall another name  
Than Jesus save from wrath.

What did our ransom Jesus cost?  
His life and nothing less;  
And hence it is more than we lost,  
We do, or shall possess.

I dare not, nor would if I might,  
Put aught in Jesus place;  
For to be saved's my heart's delight,  
By free and Sovereign Grace.

Salvation's not of works, but Grace,  
Let this still be my song;  
Yet good works in their proper place  
Doth unto grace belong.

## My Ebenezer

Hitherto the Lord hath brought me,  
Wherefore do I doubt His Power;  
Past experience might have taught me  
That He hath been my strong tower.

Though the rude and boisterous billow  
Threatens oft to be my grave,  
Christ's Breast is a soothing pillow,  
There reclining I am safe.

Sheltered in the Rock of Ages,  
What should then give me alarm?  
For His Promise sure engages  
Still to shield me safe from harm.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Though I've in and outward striving,  
Why should this yield me dismay?  
Grace within I can't see thriving,  
But can God's rich grace decay?

Nipping frosts and chilling breezes,  
When by faith well understood,  
Serve to kill my soul diseases,  
And thus issues in my good.

If in truth God is my Father,  
Though He may chastise me sore,  
Hence I confidence may gather  
That there's grace for me in store.

Not what I might most desire,  
Would for certain suit me best;  
But, Lord, give what I require  
For to make me truly blest.

And if Thou should see't expedient  
That affliction's cup I drink,  
O make faith still one ingredient,  
Lest beneath its weight I sink.

This makes sweet the bitter waters,  
O the faith that works by love;  
Many a heavy cloud it scatters  
As it leads to scenes above.

In the desert many an Elim  
Faith is privileged to enjoy;  
And it draws supplies from Salem,  
Which the world can't destroy.

O that all knew what true pleasure  
In the soul is spread abroad,  
By possessing Christ, the treasure,  
Of the everlasting God.

Of perfection He's the fountain,  
Perfect God and perfect Man;  
Thus o'erleaping every mountain  
That could intercept the plan

Of salvation through His Merit,  
Then away with every scheme,



That the glory would inherit,  
Due alone to Jesus' name.

Grant, Lord, that I may be wearing  
Christ's pure robe of righteousness;  
Leaning on His Arm, fearing  
Lest I should forfeit my dress.

And, Blest Spirit, still be bidding  
In my heart, applying there  
Christ's Blood, and O from backsliding  
Keep me with Thy special care.

And let not my harp be hanging  
Useless on the willow tree,  
But in tune for sweetest singing  
May it still be kept by Thee.

## Consolation

When I am pained, this comforts me,  
It is not pain eternal;  
That surely must most dreadful be  
In regions that's infernal.

There in their state they are so fixed,  
In agony despairing;  
For with their woe no mercy's mixed,  
A moment's ease declaring.

But I who live where Grace her voice  
And kingdom is extending,  
In tribulation should rejoice  
Upon that grace depending.

I do believe — though oft it seems  
To be a contradiction —  
That mercy much displays its beams  
In sanctified affliction.

The Lord into His favor takes  
His people oft by scourging,  
And each fruit-bearing tree He makes  
Bring forth more fruit by purging.

Stripe after stripe He gives His own,  
 And this is most expedient,  
 That when they may have careless grown,  
 He may make them obedient.

It hath pleased Him into my hand  
 To put the cup of sorrow,  
 And weeping for a night may stand,  
 But joy comes with the morrow.

For though this life may be a night  
 Of suffering and sadness,  
 The resurrection morning's light  
 Will bring me joy and gladness.

The trumpet's sound shall then awake  
 This body from death's slumber,  
 And God shall to His Kingdom take  
 Me with His elect number.

My soul and body, which death's hand  
 For a short time shall sever,  
 Shall then in perfect union stand,  
 To part no more forever.

The saints are safe in every case,  
 For God is their protection;  
 They all shall have their part through grace,  
 In the first resurrection.

## Think On Me

Another errand to the throne  
 Of grace I now have got;  
 God weary of me hath not grown,  
 Because He wearies not.

For if He could be weary, I  
 Had wearied Him long since;  
 But just the more my God I try,  
 The more He doth evince

His love for me, and thus it is  
 That still to Him I go,  
 When anything I find amiss,  
 The matter Him to show.

So now, my God, I come to leave  
 This matter just with Thee;  
 I can do nothing I perceive,  
 But think, my God, on me.

Think on me, O my God, think on  
 Thy servant sorely tried;  
 I cannot, will not, leave the throne  
 Of grace and be denied.

## A Humiliation Day

Lord, having set this day apart  
 That I might grieve for sin,  
 With true humility of heart  
 Let me the same begin.

My faults this day remember I,  
 Or better said 'twould be,  
 That to remember them I'll try,  
 And pardon ask of Thee.

To me give pardon, Lord, I pray,  
 And also sin control;  
 And do this humiliation day  
 Make useful to my soul.

Better in time sin to forsake,  
 Than through eternity;  
 To have my portion in the lake,  
 That burning still shall be.

Yet more by love than fear I should  
 Be led to Christ to flee,  
 And more from love than fear I would  
 Blest Jesus fly to Thee.

With Thee I would lodge my complaint,  
 To Thee my heart I ope;  
 So highly privileged are the saints,  
 They are allowed to hope.

And hope I would despite of doubts,  
 And thus o'ercome despair;  
 Seek in my heart its whereabouts,  
 Nor let it settle there.

This resolution I do make,  
 Lord, in Thy name and strength;  
 Enable me for Jesus' sake  
 It to make good at length.

Encouragement I have got some  
 Upon Thy Name to call;  
 And now Thou seest, Lord, I have come  
 Upon Thy Name to call.

And do in mercy me behold,  
 Thy mercy let me find;  
 My sorrows oft to Thee I've told,  
 My bleeding wounds up bind.

My friends, I would remember, too,  
 My Lord, now Thee before;  
 Be pleased of grace them to renew,  
 Grace give them more and more.

I'd specially remember those  
 That's my relations near,  
 Who cannot but to my life's close  
 Unto my heart be dear.

And Lord, remember me and mine,  
 Unto our hearts give grace;  
 And at all hazards us incline  
 To seek in truth Thy Face.

O do the supplication hear  
 Which I now make to Thee;  
 Thy Image make my spirit hear,  
 That I like Thee may be.

All my concerns I commit  
 Would, Lord, into Thy care,  
 To manage them Thou art most fit —  
 Free me from every snare.

For well Thou knowest what's to come  
 Of sunshine and of shade,  
 E'er that the homeless shall at home  
 Safely to rest be made.

It may be that in seeming night  
 I'll walk much of the way,  
 Yet never let my faith lose sight  
 Of an eternal day.

Still let me strive to look beyond  
The cloud, though dark and dense;  
Faith's eye to pierce that cloud is fond  
Which Jesus hides from sense.

Oh, that I could my Jesus still  
Behold the cloud behind!  
Oh, that I to His Holy Will  
Could better bring my mind!

My mind bring to His Will? why say  
I can't do that at all;  
He power must give to obey,  
Else who obey Him shall?

Thou knowest, Lord, what most I need,  
What most I should bewail;  
Though merit I have none to plead,  
Let Jesus' Blood prevail.

And having set this day apart  
That I might sin deplore,  
Accept in Christ my broken heart  
And humble't more and more.

My Father, Brother, Husband, Friend —  
Sweet names of God to hear;  
And that eternity doth blend  
With them, makes them more dear.

## On the Death of Mrs. M.

The young and strong death sometimes takes,  
As well as those that's old and frail;  
In families this oft breaches makes,  
And such a death I now bewail.

Yes, Maggie, you have fully proved  
How brittle is the thread of life;  
Death's unrelenting hand removed  
At once the mother and the wife.

The stroke most unexpected was —  
But who can tell when death will come;  
While gossip's busy with the cause,  
The effect is your spirit's home.

You had abundance; what of that?  
It could not keep you here when  
Death in the council chamber sat;  
Gold was of little value then.

Some you have left are yet too young  
To know the loss they have sustained;  
One heart, however, must be wrung,  
In losing all that death has gained.

Though to all parties I am but  
A stranger, and can little say,  
To sympathy my heart's not shut —  
But wherefore do I weep today?

For if that you elected were,  
In Jesus you have fell asleep;  
And if asleep in Jesus, there  
Is more cause to rejoice than weep.

True, when death takes our friends, we feel  
Affection to itself is true;  
A breach is made we cannot heal,  
But faith the brighter side should view.

Tomorrow, Maggie, and the grave  
Will have received your fair remains;  
That human skill has failed to save  
Your death sufficiently explains.

We speak of death as if it swayed  
A monarch's scepter, and could still  
Both when and where it chose invade,  
Ascribing to it tact and skill.

God sends it when and where and how  
He pleases at His bidding just,  
And therefore, Maggie, you are now  
What we'll be shortly — lifeless dust.

But surely, surely, your demise  
A voice of warning ought to be;  
To think upon our end is wise,  
If death nowise escape shall we.

## On Departed Joys

Where are the joys of infant days,  
 By infants felt alone,  
 When the fond mother's look conveys  
 A language to them known?

And where's the joy of childhood when,  
 I at my mother's knee,  
 Stood lisping o'er the prayers she then  
 So earnestly taught me?

And where are school day joys, alas!  
 Are they, too, gone away?  
 Shall I no more stand in the class  
 And hear my teacher pray?

In going thither joy I found  
 As I crossed field and stile,  
 While far as I could see around  
 All Nature wore a smile.

In working where's the joy I had?  
 For now I can work none,  
 Which is to me a trial sad —  
 Joy after joy hath flown.

Where is the pleasure once I felt  
 In walking out abroad,  
 When meditation fondly dwelt  
 Upon the works of God?

Shown forth by fields and flowers and trees,  
 As I did walk along,  
 Or whispered by the gentle breeze,  
 Or birds' delightful song;

Each season in succession brought  
 New beauties to the eye,  
 Where'er I looked God hath this wrought,  
 Was wrote on earth and sky.

And where's the joy made this heart light,  
 When I did her behold,  
 Whose fond affection naught could blight,  
 'Till death her heart made cold.



My mother, yes, my mother, dear,  
 Thou too art gone from me;  
 Thy presence I no more have here,  
 Thy face no more can see.

E'en greater joy I've had than that,  
 And if I asked were where,  
 I'd say when in God's house I sat  
 I felt it then and there.

Yes, that's the joy I most lament  
 Of all my joys that's flown;  
 Yet why betray I discontent,  
 If I've El-Bethel known.

At troubles why should I repine,  
 That common is to man;  
 Sure if the God of Bethel's mine  
 Lose Him I never can.

Though friends we've loved have passed away  
 And joys which we have known,  
 Our God unchanging is for aye,  
 Unchanging is alone.

For after all confess we must,  
 With many a heart-wrung tear,  
 Of spirit all's vexation just—  
 Joys are so fleeting here.

## Returning Spring

Again the voice of Spring is heard,  
 Which hill and vale doth cheer;  
 It hath to leafless trees declared  
 That they shall leaves soon wear.

For on trees which not long ago  
 Appeared to be but dead,  
 Buds life bespeaking now doth grow  
 From which leaves shall outspread.

And have I lived, my God and King,  
 Again Spring for to see?  
 Then let me to the God of Spring  
 The glory giving be.

Yes, I the God of Spring would praise,  
Who doth of saints declare:  
That they though now like withered sprays,  
In life shall flourish fair.

O God, while I on fields and trees  
Do look, still make me sing;  
I'll have a better life than these,  
Because a better Spring.

## A Wish

O how I wished my friends all here  
In Jesus Christ were so;  
Especially to those most dear  
To me, a wish I'd throw.

And while in Christ I wish them share,  
I wish them also health;  
For them I would pray agnus' prayer,  
Enough, not too much, wealth.

I, to be short, wish them all things  
God sees good to bestow,  
Which from another fountain springs  
Than our deserts, I know.

What better could I wish to those,  
With what else God gives here,  
Than that in Christ they may repose,  
Who to my heart lies near.

My friends, you know my heart is warm,  
Me for my wish don't blame;  
In wishing where can be the harm,  
God's glory if our aim.

## The Appointed Time

Is there not an appointed time to man  
On earth, and only God doth know its span?

Before the youthful mind life long appears,  
Yea, to three-score and ten, or four-score years.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

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True some than this have even older been;  
Some ninety, some an hundred years, have seen.

But who for years like these would wish should  
first  
Remember that the sinner is accused,

Who hath an hundred years lived, and still  
Obeys the dictates of a fallen will.

A heart grown callous and a conscience seared  
Is theirs who long in sin have persevered.

The youthful mind is easier impressed  
With holy feelings; then 'tis surely best

In youth to give the heart without reserve  
To God, with purpose Him alone to serve;

Who ever met with any real loss  
By early taking Jesus and His Cross?

So far from this they great advantage have  
O'er those who do in later life believe.

The penny of eternal life 'tis true  
God gives them all, though some may work but few

Hours in the vineyard, all that worketh there  
Alike the life that never ends shall share,

Not for their work, though they should work as  
hard  
As if life still was for their work reward.

But now again to early piety  
I would return and its advantage see.

I might suppose two men, the one in youth,  
The other in old age, brought to the truth;

And if their days an equal length would run,  
Which would the happier have, he that begun

To serve his God in youth, or he that was  
In youth regardless of his Maker's laws?

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Undoubtedly his would the happier be  
Who would find soonest grace had made him free;

Peace in his breast a pleasant stream would flow,  
While no peace would the other's conscience know.

The one a feast of joy would have within,  
His heart and conscience being purged from sin;

His inward man, unruffled by despair,  
Would still afford him cheerfulness to wear.

The other in his greatest joy would find  
A something that would leave a sting behind,

Which to remove he'd drink the deeper still  
Of Pleasure's so-called cup, which thousands kill;

And if perchance he has a thought to spare  
On future things, all is uncertain there;

But thus he strives his rising fears to quell,  
That God in mercy won't send him to hell.

But would this give his conscience rest? Ah, no!  
He'll in the gall of bitterness still go

Until the Holy Ghost will fall with power  
Upon his soul at the eleventh hour.

He then shall see that mercy will not save  
A soul till justice hath all it can crave.

The attributes in Christ he'll see embrace,  
E'en justice there doth wear a pleasant face.

Yet though he's pardoned at the Court of Heaven,  
He by himself can scarcely be forgiven;

With grief he'll think upon the days he trod  
The path of life without true hope in God.

A deal of work he'll see he might have done  
If in the right path he had sooner run,

And a long suffering God which him preserved,  
So long without the glory he deserved;

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

And if himself were asked, I'm sure he'd say:  
"An early faith in Christ's the better way."

So much for what the Christian's, young and old,  
Doth gain or lose as they on Christ lay hold.

And now a little I would view the case  
Of those who live and die untouched by grace.

It surely dreadful is beyond compare  
In Jesus to have neither lot nor share;

And what their bitter case still makes more sad  
Is for to think that they life might have had.

How many perish, like the dying thief,  
And will not ask where they might find relief,

Till death the slender cord of life doth cut  
Which shall Hope's door to them forever shut.

No purgatorial fire shall them cleanse,  
For purged they cannot be by any means

Who out of God's rich covenant doth die;  
And where for shelter shall their spirit fly?

Jesus told of a Heaven and a hell,  
But of no intermediate place did tell.

Whoso in this life will not be made pure  
From sin, are those who must hell's pains endure.

To judge each other we can claim no right,  
We all are guilty in God's holy sight.

But those who timeous doth with Christ close in,  
Shall be made clean from soul polluting sin.

O God, displeasing soul destroying thing,  
Beyond Thy reach the ransomed yet shall sing

His matchless praise, who willingly did give  
His precious life that all who would might live.

O that men wise enough were to attend  
To and consider well their latter end.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Wherein's our profit, though from pole to pole,  
Earth we possessed if we do lose our soul.

Immortal soul, what must thy value be,  
When Jesus gave His life to ransom thee?

Spark of God's kindling, never more to die,  
This life being o'er thou'lt live beyond the sky,

Or, thought heart-rending, thou shalt sink to hell,  
Amongst the fallen angels there to dwell,

Shut out forever from the saints' delight,  
Engulfed in billows of eternal night.

Who can describe then misery that's there,  
A prey to insurmountable despair?

As God is just, so shall their smoke ascend,  
Who would not to His calls of grace attend.

And what if after all this be my case,  
With all my high pretensions unto grace?

I, Ballam-like, the Christian's death would die,  
But doth my conscience to me testify

That I at heart feel what I do profess?  
Is mine indeed a life of Godliness?

God is not mocked, I cannot Him deceive,  
For hypocrites their portion shall receive.

No sinners are so daring sure as they  
Who vow to God and don't intend to pay;

Their chief aim is to have men's good opinion,  
Which shows that they are under sin's dominion;

With fellow men for Christians they may go,  
But cannot cheat God with their outward show;

Their hope shall perish when their soul takes flight;  
O God, I ask, am I a hypocrite?

Before a God of Truth how shall I stand  
If I still hold a lie in my right hand?

## C L O U D S   A N D   S U N S H I N E

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From self to Jesus have I never fled —  
My true condition, Lord, before me spread.

If I am self deceived, me undeceive,  
And make me from the heart on Christ believe;

With a consistent walk and conversation,  
Thereto being bound by holy obligation.

I'm long diseased, and therefore apprehend  
That my appointed time draws to an end;

Death's on the march, who can his steps retard?  
I soon shall peaceful lie in yon churchyard.

Nor at this need I be cast down or vexed,  
As death is to mortality annexed;

And I no better am than those which have  
Before me passed into the silent grave.

With resignation I would yield my breath  
Into His Hand Who took the sting from death;

In Him secure in life or death I'll be,  
Yes, Jesus, Thou art all in all to me.

On earth I am a stranger; Lord, me guide,  
Forever let my soul in Thee abide;

From all my troubles and from all my grief  
In Thee I've found a thousandfold relief;

Clouds gathered round me, yet Thy promise bright  
Chased them away by making darkness light;

I of affliction have drunk deep and long,  
Yet still have ample cause to sing a song

Unto His Name, Who hath preservéd me,  
Yea, and all praise to Him forever be,

Who doth in life His saints' feet keep through  
    grace,  
And is in death their only hiding place.

Christ for His people vanquished death and hell,  
Therefore in death they shall be safe and well.



'Tis thus that death a shadow is become  
Through which saints pass to their delightful home.

The time appointed soon must come to all:  
This hour, yea, this moment, death may call

The spirit from the body to dismiss;  
Then all should strive to be prepared for this.

Before the uprise of tomorrow's sun  
Eternity to us may have begun;

Our state at death forever shall remain  
Fixed in unutterable joy or pain.

## The Formbay

There is a ship at Cardiff lying,  
God be gracious to her crew;  
They may be on works relying —  
How I wish they Jesus knew.

What or who they are is rather  
More than I am fit to say;  
But among them is my brother,  
Therefore for them all I pray.

For if he had not been going,  
It is likely I would not  
Ought of ship or port been knowing,  
Neither now can be forgot.

Lord preserve those men from danger  
To which they exposed may be,  
And though to each other strangers,  
Make each know himself and Thee.

And if Thou wilt grace be giving  
To this interesting crew,  
Then will follow holy living,  
Aims and motives all so new.

When I hear she is freighted,  
And from Cardiff gone away,

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Will the interest be abated  
I have in the Formbay?

No, my prayers that ship will follow,  
Whether sailing or in port;  
Winds can't wreck nor billows swallow  
If God will be her escort.

Lord, I ask that from disaster  
Thou wilt keep the Formbay;  
From the lowest to the master  
Teach her crew to praise and pray.

Thou art God and none beside Thee;  
Thou canst save and Thou alone;  
With Thy Holy Spirit guide me  
Now in coming to Thy Throne.

Here, Lord, I give them over  
To Thee as the God of Grace;  
With Thy Righteousness them cover,  
Lead them to Thy holy peace.

Jesus the propitiation  
For His elect's sins became,  
Therefore some from every nation  
Shall be brought to praise Thy Name.

O my God, I've been imploring  
Grace for whom Thou well dost know,  
And Thy Grace we'll be adoring  
If Thou'lt grace on them bestow.

Thou art God, the Great and Glorious,  
Working mighty wonders still;  
Over sin Thou'lt be victorious,  
Whom Thou'lt with Thy Spirit fill.

Lord, I scarce can give up speaking;  
O that I in faith could pray  
Till Thy Name all would be seeking  
Who are in the Formbay.

Brother, we can God be serving  
Whether we're on sea or land;  
O how sweet to be observing  
All the workings of His Hand!

O my brother, live to Jesus,  
Shipmates to Him winning be;  
Tell them its His Spirit frees us  
Who once walked upon the sea.

Who can tell how great a matter  
Kindle may a little spark;  
Good example round you scatter,  
Saints should not be lanterns dark.

Grace your spirit be caressing,  
This of God I ask for you;  
You deserve a sister's blessing,  
And be sure you have it, too.

### A Peep Behind the Screen; or The Hypocrite's Account of Himself

As if by chance, not long ago,  
A person I did see,  
Who did me think, for aught I know,  
Both deaf and blind to be.

At least he did no notice take  
That I at all was near;  
Thought I, I will not silence break  
But watch your movements here.

He seemed engaged and did not look  
As he had time to spare  
For conversation, so I took  
A seat in silence there.

A grin of self-complacency  
His features did pervade,  
The cause of which I found to be  
His great success in trade.

A strange delight was in his eye,  
Lips moved but not in prayer;  
A hypocrite's soliloquy  
He was enjoying there.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

He wore as him became a cloak,  
Which now aside he threw;  
At first he in a whisper spoke,  
But audible soon grew.

And thus a hypocrite to see  
Was something strange, I thought,  
And made each word he uttered be  
By me most eager caught.

Perhaps he thought he was alone  
While he soliloquized,  
Else would he what he was have shown,  
But kept himself disguised.

However, silent I remained  
To gather what I could,  
And thus more information gained  
Than otherwise I would.

His words, though spoke with fiendish glee,  
Fell like the knell of death;  
At least they sounded so to me,  
Who, almost out of breath,

Had listened while he did confess  
Himself a hypocrite,  
And just the words he did express  
I am about to write.

"I am a hypocrite," he said,  
"At best a very cheat;  
To no denomination wed,  
On every sect I wait.

"I can't endure a narrow creed,  
Mine's of elastic made;  
The very size and sort I need  
For driving such a trade.

"A patent for it I have got,  
The devil's hand which bears;  
But as to that it matters not,  
There's time enough for fears.

"My motto is the saint to ape  
In every way I can,

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Content if I can but escape  
The scrutiny of man.

"I have a sanctimonious face,  
Which serves my end so well;  
Though to professors a disgrace,  
Among them I can dwell.

"I on their privileges lay claim,  
And though I live by tricks,  
I like to get an honest name  
From those with whom I mix.

"Great holiness I do pretend,  
Proud to be called a saint;  
And self the better to commend  
I use a little paint.

"Affecting this, denouncing that,  
My tongue gets little rest;  
In public just approving what  
In private I detest.

"A round of duties I go through  
As children would a task;  
Best pleased when least I can make do,  
Though for more work I ask.

"My policy is to appear  
What really I am not;  
This valuable cloak I wear,  
I for that purpose got.

"The Sabbath is no more to me  
Than any other day;  
It desecrated I can see,  
It others hallow may.

"But if I to the sermon go,  
I have a saint-like air;  
A preacher orthodox I know  
As well as any there.

"The supper comes, perfidious wretch,  
The children's bread I take;  
My hand forth for the symbols stretch,  
And all my vows soon break.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

"My measures stinted are in size,  
My weights are somewhat light,  
Yet who for honesty more cries  
Than does the hypocrite.

"My wares perhaps than others worse,  
For better I would sell,  
And if I'm doubted I can curse  
And lies by dozens tell.

"My foreman is a clever lad  
Called inconsistency;  
Of this trustworthy I am glad —  
He squares the yards for me.

"Without his aid I never could  
My business half get through;  
By him I'm always understood,  
And while he lives I'll do.

"The land of uprightness to my  
Advantage I can turn,  
For being a freebooter, I  
Can anywhere sojourn.

"Too crafty to be often caught,  
Expediency my rule;  
Could any Satan overmatch,  
I'm sure I'd him befool.

"To serve a master I profess,  
Whom I at any time  
Would sell for silver, gold or less,  
And deem it little crime.

"A penny cheat is profit small,  
But when I can get more  
I conscience make of taking all  
I can off rich and poor.

"For conscience like my creed is wide;  
It would not do for me  
To have it up to scruples tied —  
It must expansive be.

"To speak the truth I feats achieve,  
Might make the devil blush;

The needy seeming to relieve,  
I can contrive to crush.

"The fatherless and widow, too,  
An easy prey I find;  
Pretending sympathy I do  
Their face in friendship grind.

"I can be anything but good,  
Do anything but right;  
Yet were it not one thing I would  
Indeed be happy quite.

"In general, though stout, my heart  
Is sometimes weak through fear,  
Lest God at last should make me smart  
For all my doings here."

Thus spake this hollow-hearted man,  
A fiend in human form;  
And evidently now began  
To dread a coming storm.

He stopped as if by conscience stung,  
A hand him something threw,  
Which having swallowed up he sprung  
And on his cloak he drew.

And who the hypocrite would known,  
He was so altered then;  
His whole exterior saint-like grown,  
He was prepared again

His former business to pursue,  
Whatever it might cost,  
Which to have followed he shall rue  
When soul and all is lost.

He went forth as a demon would,  
And soon was out of sight;  
And if his story would do good  
To any hypocrite,

My duty is it to rehearse  
Whatever others say;  
I know they can despise my verse,  
But God approve it may.



## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

And if a quiver in His Hand  
My humble verse should be,  
I think I patiently could stand  
Dissected it to see.

More faults than properties, perchance,  
Would unto it belong;  
But after all it's not romance,  
For truth runs through my song.

Our neighbor's house if seen on fire,  
The inmates fast asleep,  
To save their lives it would require  
That we hallooing keep.

And of their danger once aware,  
I do not think there would  
Be one inclined to perish there  
Because the call was rude.

Life's by most people prized too high  
The warning thus to slight,  
And therefore to escape they'd try  
While yet escape they might.

With learning, though unfit to charm,  
It still would be so much,  
If we by giving the alarm  
One sinner's heart could touch.

I need not say I did not get  
The learning I desired;  
And having sore affliction met,  
Hope has there, too, expired.

Few circumstanced as I have been  
To write at all would try;  
But in my own way what I've seen  
I just would testify.

And with my God the issue leave,  
Who can make order grow  
Where we confusion but perceive,  
That He is God to show.

## True Nobility

Not still the nobles of the earth  
 Are counted nobles in God's view,  
 Who reckons but of noble birth  
 Those whom His Spirit doth renew.

And honest worth, wherever found,  
 No matter whether rich or poor,  
 Shall be, and only be, renowned,  
 Of this God's Word doth us assure.

Then not the person of the rich,  
 Because they're rich will God accept;  
 But though like Job plunged in the ditch,  
 And clean of earthly comforts swept,

The Christian can look up and say,  
 Accepted still in the beloved,  
 I have a portion won't decay,  
 Though every movable's removed.

He looks upon this present scene  
 Of necessary toil and pain,  
 As lying bliss, and those between  
 Who shall with Christ forever reign.

And he is rich though he may not  
 Be master even of a cent;  
 God having for his portion got,  
 Therewith his soul is well content.

A weight of glory him awaits,  
 And though privation called to bear,  
 This hope his soul invigorates,  
 That his redemption draweth near.

I neither covet wealth nor praise,  
 But would of conscience be approved,  
 The Lord in serving all my days  
 And then to glory be removed.

And though I get no other boon  
 Than this, it is enough to know  
 That I shall serve above as soon  
 As I have ceased to serve below.

To M. S.

Sister in Christ you may believe  
I'm thinking oft of you,  
And much my mind it would relieve  
If how you were I knew.

Though friendship I'm unfit to prove  
By going you to see,  
In fancy since you did remove  
I oft have been with thee.

I think I see your cottage neat,  
And all things tidy there;  
When you approach the Mercy Seat,  
Remember me in prayer.

My sympathy is with you still,  
As your's hath been with me,  
And God I hope protect you will  
And to you gracious be.

Is't well with you? I know it is  
If Christ be all to you;  
And what a mercy to be His,  
Who faithful is and true.

A Bethel of your cottage make,  
Where God you'll daily serve,  
And be assured He won't forsake,  
But keep and you preserve.

His yoke is easy and I'm sure  
You know His burden's light,  
And if we to the end endure,  
We'll walk with Him in white.

Life is but short however spent,  
Then let us well it spend,  
And be with everything content  
Which God is pleased to send.

I hope you'll come to see me soon  
As you are fit to walk;  
Come early in an afternoon,  
That we'll have time to talk.

For godly conversation is  
 Like balm, my friend, to me;  
 A few more trials and in bliss  
 I hope we'll meeting be.

God's ways to us may strange appear,  
 But still He does what's best;  
 If His our portion is not here,  
 For us remains a rest.

For every grief we shall forget  
 Which now may rend the heart;  
 And in that happy place once met,  
 We nevermore shall part.

Then hope of better things to come  
 Should banish anxious care;  
 In bliss if we're to have a home,  
 We'll certainly come there.

Our duty is to seek God's Face,  
 And by our walk to prove  
 That He hath made us by His Grace  
 Partakers of His Love.

And now in Christ, my sister dear,  
 These lines to you I send;  
 However poor they may appear,  
 Are friendship to a friend.

And well I know that you as such  
 Accept them will from me,  
 About you I've been thinking much  
 And would you like to see.

## No Cause to Murmur

My consolations would be small  
 Indeed, if I did not believe  
 That God I can my Father call,  
 From Whom all good things I receive.

Yes, 'tis a source of joy to me,  
 When sad I would be otherwise,  
 That I can go my God to Thee  
 When grief upon me heavy lies.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Hearts that's susceptible will feel,  
When ones less sensitive will not,  
And feels though striving to conceal  
The bitter wound they may have got.

But who could wish their feelings dead  
Because at times they may be tried  
By what some party may have said,  
Whose tongue with rancor is supplied.

The serpent's nature is to bite,  
Infusing poison if it can;  
In wounding others who delight,  
Act only on the serpent's plan.

Some people think that they may use  
Their tongues as they think proper may,  
And so one time they man abuse,  
At others hard things 'gainst God say.

And hardened must those creatures be  
Who the Creator would arraign,  
Because from them withhold may He  
What's foremost in both heart and brain.

When Providence their views doth mar,  
They only to rebellion fly,  
As if they thought they could a war  
Maintaining be 'gainst the Most High.

Too oft complaints, though indirect,  
Among professors may be heard,  
From whom we better might expect,  
Because for God they have declared.

My soul is weary of complaints  
Which has 'gainst Providence been made,  
And made, too, by professing saints,  
As if to murmur was their trade.

And here I acknowledge would  
What the heart-searching God doth know,  
That I would never if I could  
Far with repining people go,

Because their converse tends to chill  
Instead of animate the soul,

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

And they are drawing backward still  
As if behind them was the goal.

Repining people will repine,  
And that for every trifle, too;  
With gall they mixed must have their wine,  
Else it for them would never do.

In fact they discontent will be  
When they no cause have to be so;  
They others' mercies well can see,  
But to observe their own are slow.

The reason of their discontent  
To ask them if you make so bold,  
I certain am you will repent  
Before their story half is told.

A list of sundries you will get,  
Which patience never would record,  
Because it never knew to fret,  
Its work is waiting on the Lord.

The times, the weather and the crops  
Are subjects, scarce allowed to cool,  
Though oft before the speaker stops  
The audience of disgust is full.

To their pipe if we cannot dance,  
To them we but barbarians seem;  
No argument we can advance  
Can put them off their favorite theme.

Their troubles they exaggerate —  
At least they make them nothing less,  
As if it pleased them to relate  
Naught but real or supposed distress.

With them we cannot sympathize;  
To sympathize, however fain,  
Unless we could look through their eyes  
And matters to their taste explain.

Few blighted prospects have not had,  
Or bitter disappointment met,  
And to their troubles they but add  
Whose disposition is to fret.

Has God no right, do they suppose,  
 What He has given for to take?  
 I think such clamor plainly shows  
 They too much of the creature make,

To the neglect of Him Who sends  
 The smallest mercy man enjoys;  
 Yet man with Him the pass contends  
 As if his comfort God destroys.

And let such murmur, if they must,  
 For I have other work to do;  
 For if God worthy is of trust,  
 He worthy is of glory, too.

So many mercies He gives me,  
 That if not to His Goodness blind,  
 I must acknowledge Him to be  
 To an unworthy creature kind.

And I'm convinced, despair who will,  
 And Providence without cause blame,  
 That I have cause and good cause, still  
 My God, to glorify Thy Name.

## A Visit from My Pastor

Though troubles many I have met,  
 I consolations many get  
 Of which my soul is glad;  
 And these I reckon sunny spots  
 That are reserved for crooked lots,  
 That all may not be sad.

Our mercies are good, better, best,  
 For some are greater than the rest;  
 Nor do I think the least  
 Is godly conversation, when  
 God with affliction visits, then  
 It ought to be a feast.

When scripture I can get explained,  
 Thereby I'm highly entertained,  
 To church who cannot go;  
 And when I cannot get this meat,  
 Is godly conversation sweet,  
 I feel it to be so.



Our pastor called the other day,  
 And pleasant things to me did say,  
 My spirit which renewed.  
 O that he oft might call again,  
 Some scripture portion to explain,  
 Or tell me something good;

For I such visits do regard,  
 And still shall, as helps Heavenward,  
 And may my helpers be,  
 Whoever in whatever place,  
 My God supported by Thy Grace,  
 And so kept safe by Thee.

O spare our pastor that he may  
 Christ's banner 'mong us long display.  
 It seems Thou hast him sent,  
 For in his work he pleasure takes  
 And conscience of his duty makes  
 On serving Thee he's bent.

His talents if for Thee employed  
 A mercy in him we've enjoyed,  
 And are enjoying still;  
 And may the flock for which he cares  
 His hand still strengthen with their prayers,  
 And then both prosper will.

And though I never shall be fit  
 Under his ministry to sit,  
 I much obliged would be  
 If he his visits could repeat  
 And still to me bring something sweet,  
 Supplied, my God, by Thee.

## To a Linnet

There is a linnet's pleasant voice,  
 Enough to make one's heart rejoice —  
 At least it doth make mine;  
 For I can trace in every note  
 Sent forth from its melodious throat  
 A power that's divine.

And whence, sweet Linnet, art thou come?  
 O is it from my old loved home

Thou'rt come to sing to me,  
 Who of affliction am a child,  
 And also am from home exiled,  
 Sweet Linnet, can it be?

O can it be thou art come here  
 With thy sweet song my heart to cheer,  
 The songsters from among?  
 If so, go tell the Linnet race  
 That such a one is in this place  
 And fain would hear their song;

Yes, fain I as in other days  
 Would listen to the Linnet's lays,  
 Go then thy fellows bring.  
 Tell them how happy I would be  
 The pretty linnets for to see,  
 And also hear them sing.

Go, go sweet bird, but come again,  
 Let naught to me thy flight detain;  
 Go, go, nor tarry long,  
 But bring thy fellows with thee here,  
 That they once more my heart may cheer  
 With their delightful song.

Soon shall the singing time be o'er,  
 When thou wilt singing be no more —  
 Sing then my little friend  
 While doth the singing season last,  
 For very soon it shall be past  
 And then thy song must end.

As singing seasons come and go,  
 So do our pleasures ebb and flow;  
 But when, when shall it be  
 That I shall lift my voice among  
 The ransomed of the Lord in song,  
 And pleasures lasting see?

Here like a bird, new caged, am I;  
 Too dull to sing, nor can it fly,  
 Useless seems voice and wing;  
 Disease of body when combined,  
 As oft 'tis with an ill-tuned mind,  
 'Tis hard I find to sing.

## In Everything Give Thanks

From day to day, from week to week,  
In weakness I lie here;  
I might have said, from month to month,  
Yea, and from year to year.

Yet I for days, and weeks, and months,  
And years that's now past,  
Have reason great to give God thanks,  
Who hither brought me hither.

I thank Him for my strength, reduced  
And feeble as it is,  
For He might well have left me none,  
Who brought it hither to this.

I thank Him for my life yet spared,  
For reason, means and grace;  
And grace being of my mercies chief,  
In thanks should have first place.

I thank Him for a Gospel preached,  
The Gospel rich and free,  
And ministers, who in His Name  
Beseech from sin to flee.

I thank Him for His Providence,  
I love and for it wait;  
It keeps the promise still in view,  
In matters small and great.

I thank Him for relations dear,  
Brothers and sisters kind;  
However circumstanced, I should  
To praising be inclined.

I thank Him for those friends in Christ,  
Though they are few I own,  
Who take an interest in me,  
But better few than none.

Yes, I would thank Him for those friends  
Who with me sympathize;  
Whose friendship I am glad to say,  
Not in pretension lies.

A cup of water cold of God  
 Shall not forgotten be,  
 If given in His Name forgot,  
 Then can be sympathy.

I've many things to thank Him for,  
 Too numerous to name;  
 Lord never let my soul forget,  
 Or loose in Thee her claim.

And of my life through what's to come,  
 Still mercy Lord give me,  
 And when Thy mercies I recount,  
 I'll give the praise to Thee.

## The Church and Churchyard

Yonder the church may through the trees be  
 seen;  
 She stands as if inviting sinners in,  
 That they may learn how wicked they have  
 been,  
 And also how they may get rid of sin.

The Gospel in its purity's there preached;  
 There sinners are invited while they may —  
 Invited, did I say? they're beseeched  
 To turn to Christ while it is called today.

Around her are the chambers of the dead,  
 Whose day of grace forever is gone by;  
 Fair opportunity from them is fled,  
 Repentance there lifts not her tear-washed  
 eye.

The church and grave alternate ope me see;  
 Oh! that them to improve we were disposed,  
 For very soon both church and grave shall be  
 One to us, and the other round us, closed.

## On Being Presented With My Father's Likeness

I in your picture recognize  
My father's likeness true;  
The bushy hair, the hazel eye,  
The cheeks of rosy hue;

The spacious brow, the lips compressed,  
The well-known dimple chin,  
And nose of scents, that acute test  
Where God first breathed life in.

But need I say, that Time's footprints  
I easily can trace,  
Which of mortality gives hints  
Upon my father's face.

\* \* \* \*

For death to us is just as sure  
As it to those hath been;  
Eternal life would we secure,  
Let Jesus be our screen,

Not only from impending wrath,  
But from deceitful sin;  
Earth we must overcome by faith,  
If we would Heaven win.

That you and I in bliss may meet  
Has often been my prayer,  
It to a daughter would be sweet  
To meet her father there.

## To Miss J. J.

Dear friend, I would ask you, why are you so sad?  
Had you but one mercy you ought to be glad;

Give up melancholy and half of your grief  
You'll find will have left you; I mean to be brief,

For a lengthened discourse would but only augment  
What I need not increase, if I cannot prevent;

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Still fain I would leave you the better for this,  
And a short recipe for contentment it is:

Look at your deservings as left by the fall —  
To mind, then in order your mercies recall,

And God is forbearing I think you will see;  
This way of comparing is useful to me,

And would be to you if you would it but try,  
For friend you have mercies you cannot deny —

Your mercies are many I have not a doubt,  
But I leave them just now for yourself to make out;

Around you they'll cluster, all willing to cheer,  
And when you have found them, thank God you're  
still here,

For if to be happy right measures you take,  
You yet may be happy, grace happy can make.

You insist that you're lonesome, I know that you  
are,  
But better be that than with company jar.

Your troubles are trying, I willingly own,  
But there are worse trials than living alone;

You know there are many to misery wed,  
And then there are widows who children have dead;

But you are no widow, no children you've lost,  
And yet on life's ocean your barque hath been  
tossed.

We all have our trials in some way while here,  
But friend there's a Pilot which safely can steer

Your barque to the harbor of peace and of rest;  
Oh! try Christ and trust Him, and you shall be  
blest.

## My Song

Who will may sing of gold,  
 Who will of earthly fame;  
 But may I still be bold  
 To sing of Jesus name.

How fair is my beloved,  
 How ruddy and how white;  
 And He hath far removed  
 My sins out of His sight.

Times things on praise lay claim,  
 Though they're as sounding brass;  
 But of my song the theme  
 Not so away shall pass.

The subject of my song  
 Forever shall remain;  
 Who sings of else among  
 Mankind shall sing in vain.

Oh! that my soul for song  
 In tune I still could keep;  
 But sin oft puts it wrong,  
 For which my grief is deep.

O that I was all song,  
 Then I would sing my lays  
 To Him, Who when it's wrong,  
 Can right the soul for praise.

But imperfection here  
 Makes us we cannot sing,  
 With knowledge full and clear,  
 The praises of our King.

I hope the time shall come  
 That I shall better sing,  
 When settled in my home,  
 In presence of my King.

Where of the ransomed throng,  
 The burden is to Him  
 Of their united song,  
 Who died them to redeem.



And if I but get there,  
None shall more reason have  
His glory to declare,  
Who died mankind to save.

If God loves me at all,  
He'll do so to the end;  
And take me where I shall  
With saints' notes mine still blend.

And shall I join the throng  
Before the great I Am,  
To sing the still new song  
Of Moses and the Lamb?

### By Whom Shall I Stand Before God

To Bunyan's weapon called "All prayer,"  
In straights let me give trial fair.

It shall my soul waft to God's Throne  
When I am weary and alone.

It is a weapon sharp and good,  
And is not easily withstood.

God hath it constituted so  
When unto Him by it we go,

In faith and deep humility,  
Our suit not overlooked shall be.

By whom shall I approach unto  
The God with Whom I have to do?

By sin I am as black as night,  
And must be in His holy sight

A loathsome and corrupted mass,  
Which His strict justice cannot pass.

I in His presence cannot stand  
Because my soul is naked, and

The more I try to hide my sore,  
Myself I do expose the more.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

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For at the best my righteousness  
Is rags, a mean and filthy dress,

Which doth betoken poverty  
And guilt in wretched, helpless me.

Guilty of what? why, Adam's fall  
Did make his children guilty all;

Guilty they are and less can't be  
Than Adam, who ate of the tree.

The covenant of works we broke  
In him, then who could keep the stroke

Of justice from our guilty head,  
When Adam's innocence was fled?

Man's state then truly wretched was,  
And nothing but himself the cause.

No one his brother could redeem,  
All helpless was in the extreme;

No eye was found to pity men,  
No hand to save from justice; when

God, who so loved the human race —  
Though plunged in guilt and deep disgrace —

In His eternal council planned  
One that was qualified to stand

In the wide breach which sin had made,  
To bring back sheep who far had strayed.

He in the person of His Son,  
A Saviour sent, else was undone

The human family at large;  
And He did willingly discharge

The debt we did to justice owe,  
And hence God's Love to us doth flow.

Eternal Love, could I but sing  
How Thou a Prophet, Priest and King,

## C L O U D S   A N D   S U N S H I N E

---

Provided hast for worthless me,  
That all my wants, respectively,

Might be supplied; O matchless Love!  
I shall Thee better know above.

But even there Thou still shalt be  
A fathomless, unbounded sea;

For finite knowledge never can  
Pretend infinity to span.

But all, enough shall know and see  
To make each happy perfectly;

But even now it gives relief  
Unto the saints through all their grief,

That God so resteth in His Love,  
That naught from them it can remove.

Christ doth as Mediator stand,  
On God and man to lay His Hand;

Justice well pleased through Him doth look  
On every step which mercy took

To save, and ransomed man his eyes  
Lifts up and Abba, Father, cries.

It is, it is through Christ alone  
I may approach unto Thy Throne.

Christ is the way of life 'tis clear,  
Then O my soul haste to draw near

To God, in that sweet meeting place  
Where He doth willingly embrace

The sinner, who, washed from his sin,  
To live a new life doth begin.

And Oh! is God my Father still?  
Then as a child is all my will

Subject O Holy God to Thine,  
If not, thereto my heart incline.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

O God, I am oppressed you see,  
But do Thou undertake for me,

And though my lot be trials here,  
In patience let me persevere,

Through evil and through good report,  
Like to a dutiful consort,

Who leans upon her husband's arm,  
Convinced he'll her protect from harm.

So would I on Thee, Lord, depend,  
And trust Thee as my dearest friend;

Earth has no wealth to offer me,  
For all my riches lie in Thee.

And having Thee I do possess  
All that is worthy, I confess.

Has Thy rich grace my sins forgiven,  
And made me lawful heir to Heaven?

Then this is wealth beyond compare,  
For such a worthless one to share.

Three things I would be much inclined  
Not to let slip out of my mind,

Because they have a tendency  
To cultivate humility;

And they are these what I once was  
E'er interested in Christ's cause;

And what I'm now, a pilgrim bound,  
Unto Canaan's happy ground;

And what I do hope yet to be  
When clothed with immortality.

The first state I was born in,  
A slave to Satan and to sin.

Grace in the second did reclaim  
Me from the first and thus I came

The third by faith's strong eye to see  
Assuredly laid up for me

In that most holy, happy place,  
Where glory shall supplant fair grace.

## Preservation in Sleep

Lord, for the watch which Thou dost keep  
Around me, I thank Thee,  
And for the calm unbroken sleep  
Which Thou hast given me.

Art Thou not as a wall of fire  
Round those that in Thee trust?  
To be protected I desire,  
And Thou protect me must.

If I protected am at all,  
Who can protect but Thee?  
Though human aid with me was small,  
In safety Thou'st kept me.

The moonbeams fell so calm, so clear,  
Last night around my cot,  
They seemed to say: "Lone one don't fear,  
God will forsake you not.

"Let apprehensions not alarm  
Thee, God thy Guard doth stand;  
He'll suffer none to do thee harm,  
But keep thee with His Hand.

"From His Eye darkness can hide none;  
Night is with Him as day;  
Then trust in Him, defenseless one,  
When did He trust betray?"

O Lord I thank Thee for the care  
Which Thou for me hast shown;  
Of safety I need not despair,  
Though human help be flown.

Praise may I ever give to Thee,  
Who will not me forsake;

Whose mercy doth encompass me,  
Both when I sleep and wake.

I thank Thee that I am alive  
To see this morning's sun;  
To serve Thee may I better strive  
This day than e'er I've done.

I thank Thee, Lord, that I in sleep  
Have not been sent to hell;  
A gracious watch around me keep,  
And groundless fears dispell.

### In What Do I Joy

'Tis not in wealth, for I do know  
That I have not possessed,  
Nor could it real joy bestow—  
Whom hath it truly blest?

'Tis not in learning, for of that  
But little to me fell,  
Though my desire if I had got,  
I would been learned well.

But learning puffeth up with pride,  
And God perhaps did see  
It good this thing from me to hide,  
Lest I should puffed up be.

'Tis not in strength of mine that's fled,  
For I am weak become;  
Yes, weakness hath my frame o'erspread,  
Yet still I joy have some.

And can it be that I in friends  
Joy's resting place would make?  
No, for whose joy on man depends,  
Will find 'twill them forsake.

But my joy is a lasting joy,  
In God it centered is;  
Nor can my enemies destroy  
Or cheat me out of this.

My joy's in God, and I'll rejoice  
Forever in the same;

Cease not my soul to lift your voice  
To praise His Holy Name,

Who wealth and learning is to me,  
And strength and all I need;  
Now reader I appeal to you,  
What joy can mine exceed?

## Change of Places

Farewell sweet bedroom, which for me  
Provided was with care;  
For mine thou art no more to be,  
I must seek one elsewhere.

Here I have suffered, praised and prayed,  
Here I have hoped and feared,  
Here God hath my affliction weighed,  
Here grace my heart hath cheered.

Here I have had an inward peace,  
Which wealth surpasseth far;  
They cannot love its lovely face,  
Its beauty who can mar?

Christ left a legacy to those  
His followers who be;  
Its peace His Testament still shows,  
And I'm a legatee.

And with this peace, though I have not  
Whereon my foot to set,  
I have a worthy something got,  
Which gold can never get.

Though earthly comforts one by one  
Or all together go,  
Peace in my spirit is a sun  
That setting cannot know.

God's Peace is more to me than all  
The comforts I can lose,  
Their portion never can be small  
Whom God for His did choose.

Without a grudge this sweet room I  
Can leave, but not a tear;



If well enough it would not try  
Me much to go from here.

But God is everywhere I know,  
And He can smooth my way;  
And if it is His will I'll go,  
For wherefore should I stay?

Our duty is to be resigned,  
However matters be;  
Wherever I a home may find,  
Still God's the same to me.

Then I should troubled be for naught,  
Whatever can befall,  
If I'm through tribulation brought,  
Beyond the reach of thrall.

For God's my Strength, my Rock, my Rest,  
However matters go;  
In Christ all good things are possessed,  
And He is mine I know.

It matters little whether I  
This comfort have or not;  
If God's my refuge, bye and bye  
Such things will be forgot.

And if with God the future I  
Could confidently leave,  
My bedroom I could bid goodbye,  
And all for good receive.

This notwithstanding, I could make  
A choice of places still,  
Yet wherefore choose if that would shake  
Submission to God's Will?

God's presence makes the desert sweet,  
His Goodness constant flows;  
And He'll provide a safe retreat,  
My every want Who knows.

But who shall pray where I have prayed,  
And sleep where I have slept,  
Or sing where God me sing hath made,  
Or weep where I have wept?

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

I cannot tell, nor need I care  
Much who shall have it next;  
But if not made a place of prayer,  
For that I would be vexed.

Let those who may another day  
This bedroom occupy,  
Remember though I am away,  
My God is still close by.

And in my God they may confide  
And not confounded be;  
If they believe in Christ who died,  
They'll His Salvation see.

My bedroom was a sacred place,  
A Bethel it has been,  
Where I have sought and found God's Face,  
And much that's precious seen.

But henceforth mine no more to be,  
And bedroom be it so;  
If God's a sanctuary to me,  
I willingly can go.

Farewell, sweet bedroom, once again  
Farewell, farewell to thee;  
I know thou wert not made in vain,  
Though mine no more to be.

For walls and ceiling witness here,  
As well they witness can,  
I leave you with a conscience clear  
Towards both God and man.

### Postscript

The step is taken, I have lost  
My much loved bedroom now;  
My barque is to this harbor tost,  
Not wrecked as some allow.

For here I can testify —  
And well He knows it true —  
Who as the apple of His Eye  
Hath kept. I never rue

My coming, for with me I'm sure  
 God hath His angels sent,  
 And with God and a conscience pure  
 I may be well content.

If Jonah loves his gourd too much,  
 A worm is prepared;  
 To smite it I've had many such,  
 And all alike have fared.

But I have something still beyond  
 The reach of chance or change,  
 Of which I cannot be too fond;  
 My God, Thy ways are strange.

Most wonderful Thy Love hath been  
 To me through trials sore;  
 Much of Thy goodness I have seen,  
 And Thou hast promised more.

Thy Mercies never are restrained,  
 And I have found it so;  
 But when I shall have all explained,  
 Thy love I'll better know.

## Kilraught's Communion

Kilraught's must still remembered be,  
 While memory with me stays;  
 Here God was wont to meet with me  
 On sweet communion days.

Alas! communions twenty-four  
 Have passed since I was there,  
 Which of regret is matter sore,  
 Yet is my Christ as fair,

As sweet, as lovely, as when He  
 And I there joined hands;  
 Because He never changed can be,  
 Still good the bargain stands.

It ratified in Heaven was,  
 And there the record's still;  
 There is not a deficient clause  
 In the Testator's will.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

But all Christ's Testament contains  
What tongue is fit to tell;  
One thing I know which much explains:  
It suits a bankrupt well.

O that all bankrupts would avail  
Themselves of such a boon!  
The firm of Free Grace can't fail,  
Else we'd exhaust it soon.

If Christ did pay the debt for me,  
It follows I am freed;  
For if the Son hath made me free,  
I must be free indeed.

When Christ says to a soul, "Be Mine,"  
How can that soul refuse?  
Christ chose me first and said, "I'm thine,"  
That's why I Christ did choose.

When Christ commands His dying love  
By us to be forth shown,  
Thereto His Spirit us doth move,  
The work is all His own.

Christ's table, what a meeting place  
For Him and those He loves!  
Choice tabernacles of His Grace,  
His people's privilege proves.

The King of Kings here takes a seat,  
Love special to declare;  
And I can say the meeting's sweet,  
For I have met Him there.

But woe is me, I'm ready now  
To say those days are fled;  
My time is spent, I scarce know how,  
Between my couch and bed.

Twelve years absent from God's Courts  
Is sad to think upon;  
Still the same grace my soul supports  
Which then upon it shone.

The active service which I thought  
To render God hath changed

To passive, still I know I ought  
To thank God, Who arranged

For me that which concerns me  
Far better than I could,  
And in so doing makes me see  
That He is wise and good.

Both what God is and what I am  
Before me He doth bring;  
O that He'd heal me with His Balm,  
Then I His praise would sing.

"I am the Lord that healeth thee,"  
Himself hath said, I'm sure;  
So Lord I hope Thou wilt in me  
Work an effectual cure,

Both for my body and my soul —  
To means Thou art not tied —  
Myself upon Thee I would roll  
And be Thou glorified.

In taking me to rest with those  
That now with Thee do rest,  
Whose exercise is but repose,  
Thy way and time is best.

Only give patience and I'll wait  
Whatever is Thy Will;  
Lord, help my soul in every strait,  
It with Thy fullness fill.

I fear deprivations smell  
Of mercies misimproved;  
Still one good thing I have to tell:  
My Christ is not removed

And what is better, never will;  
His Honor suffer would,  
His contract did He not fulfill,  
He'll therefore keep it good.

My little love for Him can not  
His Love from me estrange,  
Who shines through clouds upon my lot,  
I'm glad my Christ can't change.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

And in Kilraught's communion days,  
Though I may never see,  
In life a living Christ I'll praise,  
Who suffered death for me.

My winter hath been dark and long,  
But spring will soon appear;  
Christ will not keep me still among  
The lifeless lumber here.

The time for birds to sing will come,  
In which they will rejoice;  
E'en I that's now as good as dumb  
Will have both heart and voice.

A harp, moreover, I will get,  
What songs of praise I'll sing!  
When on my head life's crown be set  
By my praiseworthy King.

### O Lord I Will Praise Thee

Here Lord, the mercies thankfully I own  
Which in Thy goodness Thou hast let me  
see,  
Though half of all the goodness Thou hast  
shown  
To us, by us can never reckoned be.

We are Thy debtors, and have still been so,  
And let us still be debtors to Thy Grace,  
For debtors into Heaven we must go  
If ever there we are to see Thy Face.

But I was thanking Thee for mercies here  
Which we enjoy, and also have enjoyed;  
I thank Thee to my soul for drawing near  
So oft when it so much hath been annoyed.

I thank Thee for a pastor's visits, too;  
I thank Thee that in life he still is spared  
All his pastoral duties to pursue,  
For which still may he be by grace prepared.

I thank Thee for prosperity so far  
As Thou to prosper us hath seen it good,

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

And when at any time our will would jar  
With Thine, forgive the sin and quash the  
fued.

And so from strength to strength we shall go  
on,

Unwearied being succored still by grace,  
'Till unto full perfection we'll have gone,  
And then we shall indeed behold Thy Face.

### To Brother T.

Permit me, brother, to give you  
Thanks for your present kind,  
In which I hope I more do view  
Than that you me do mind.

For I therein can trace God's Love,  
I hope His Love I see,  
Who did so oft and well it prove  
To most unworthy me.

God's mercies my past life throughout  
To me was manifold,  
But more especially about  
Me now I them behold.

Though me my parents both should leave,  
The Lord shall me uptake;  
I see this truth, feel't and believe  
That God won't me forsake.

I have no right to choose my lot,  
But I've a right to be  
Content; let me be so or not  
With what God gives to me.

And we have cause still to give praise  
God's Holy Name unto,  
Who did with mercy all our days  
Us each and all pursue.



## Which is Best

Religion or the world, which is best?  
Some would the first, far more the last  
prefer;

Rest all are seeking and there is a rest,  
But as to what it is, and where, most err.

Religion, true religion, who would sing  
Thy worth, must something of thy value  
know;

How thou canst sweeten every bitter spring,  
Where thy pure waters are allowed to flow.

Religion, who has got it has the key  
To everything that can ennoble man;  
Where truth is not, nobility can't be,  
I know this is not still the world's plan.

The world loves its own, and therefore hath  
Its nobles suited to its varied taste;  
Some in ambition, some in pleasure's path,  
With everything but true religion graced.

They live without God, and without God die;  
This worst of cases few, alas! deplore,  
Or the sad lesson to themselves apply;  
The world's just the world and no more.

Still in the world God is pleased to hide  
Those whom for nobles He acknowledge  
will,  
Feeding their kids the Shepherd's tents beside,  
Blest people safe in God's protection still.

The troubles that afflict them many are,  
This is a truth which God Himself hath  
spoke;  
But sure they have the best of it by far,  
Even when groaning 'neath oppression's  
yoke.

O peaceful, holy, happy people they  
Who are like those to whom God gives His  
Grace,  
Who His Commandments from the heart obey,  
They are in very deed a noble race.

And mine be the religion which can so  
Ennoble those who it possessing be,  
That I with all humility may show  
How much religion hath ennobled me.

Religion, true religion, if I have  
The consolation which Thou only hast  
To give, then I am not the world's slave,  
And soon its tribulation will be past.

Wisely the loving-hearted Mary chose,  
And wisely now would Mary like to choose;  
To me small matter how the world goes,  
From true religion every good accrues.

## God Ever Near

Why do I grieve so much for friends  
Who can't be with me here,  
When for their absence it makes mends  
That God is ever near.

Yes, why for them so much lament,  
That's still, though absent, dear?  
All selfish grief it should prevent  
That God is ever near.

Why, why so much cast down and sad?  
Sure 'tis enough to cheer  
And make the wounded spirit glad  
To know that God is near.

The reason is, I too much love  
My earthly friends, I fear;  
While I forget God who doth prove  
Himself a friend still near.

My grief I should strive to control,  
And it more patient bear,  
And not in sackcloth wrap my soul,  
As if God was not near.

When friends by death or otherwise  
I lose, however dear,  
In God let me faith exercise,  
Believing He is near.

Yes, Lord, on Thee may I depend  
While Thou dost keep me here,  
And be Thou evermore my friend,  
My God, forever near.

## Grief Moderated

Why pore I o'er my grief?  
Why hug it in my breast?  
Why don't I seek relief  
Where thousands have found rest?

I seem so loath to part,  
It, one almost would think,  
The friend 'twas of my heart,  
Though it my life would sink.

Lord make me comfort take  
Where it is to be had,  
For this poor heart will break  
If thou'lt not make it glad.

O grief, heart-trying grief,  
Companion as thou'rt mine,  
It is my real belief  
Thy mission is divine.

For Providence works out,  
But what God purposed hath;  
In this I have no doubt,  
Else how could I have faith?

Why staggers faith, then whence  
Is it at times so weak?  
When I'd too much trust sense,  
I think there's the mistake.

My way's oft dark, for there  
Great clouds small ones succeed;  
When shall the day be fair  
When cease this heart to bleed?

When shall this path so rough  
No more to me be known?  
Of joy when have enough?  
When shall all grief be flown?

As flesh would suffering shun,  
 So let me strive the more  
 With patience for to run  
 The race set me before.

There is a land of rest,  
 Where saints no more shall have  
 To sigh with grief opprest —  
 But that's beyond the grave.

My soul then murmur not  
 At trials given thee,  
 For thine's a happy lot  
 If there thou'lt resting be.

Now Lord my faith increase,  
 And a foretaste me give  
 Of an unending peace,  
 And my poor soul shall live.

O look upon my grief  
 And do forgive my sin,  
 For that's the true relief  
 And doth our bliss begin.

Of joy drops here are some,  
 But I shall swimming be,  
 When I arrive at home,  
 In pleasure's endless sea.

To suffer is it not  
 At present worth my while,  
 If yet grief shall forgot  
 Be in a Father's smile?

## Glad Tidings

This is a day of tidings glad,  
 And I my peace do hold,  
 When to this heart with voice so sad  
 Shall grief its tale have told.

And whence arises all this grief?  
 To ask it might be well;  
 I charge it most on unbelief,  
 It doth the tumult swell.

Yes, unbelief doth agitate  
Grief that would else be small,  
And doth of sins most aggravate  
The God on whom we call.

It comes, and with its sable wing  
O'ershadows all my soul;  
O faith, the olive leaf go bring,  
While yet hope's tide doth roll.

As went from Noah's Ark the dove  
And back the olive brought,  
So faith will go and seek its love,  
Christ, Who'll be found when sought.

God hath prepared for souls a feast.  
My soul in want why pine?  
Go! at His table be a guest,  
Drink of His mingled wine.

Why feed on husks when dainties are  
Laid up in store for thee,  
To which thou mayest still repair,  
On which still feasting be.

For every want that can befall,  
Provision has been made;  
So true it is our troubles all  
Upon our Lord was laid.

He bears us and our troubles, too,  
Else who in bliss would be;  
He doth us to Himself subdue,  
Because His Grace is free.

The Gospel is the tidings glad  
Which Jesus doth proclaim;  
Yes, which inviteth souls sin sad  
To call upon His Name.

On grief as such let me not look,  
But look from day to day  
To Him Who hath forever took  
His elects' sin away.

I dare not ask of God the gift,  
Though it were me to heal,

On which my heart I could not lift,  
And ask of Grace His seal.

Nay, I would rather bear the cross,  
Made gracious to me;  
Yea, of all earthly things the loss,  
If called thereto I be,

Than have my portion with the great  
And Christless of the land,  
Whose belly is their god, who hate  
Truth nor will for it stand.

Better have sickness all our days  
Than have with health a curse;  
Better with poverty have grace  
Than have an unblest purse.

### To a Sick Pastor

Respected Pastor, for a time  
Through illness you have been confined,  
I was afraid that in life's prime  
Your duties were to be resigned.

I thought perhaps I'll never see  
Again in life my Pastor dear,  
Who had so sympathized with me,  
And then would fall the silent tear.

For though unable to declare  
My sympathy, I sympathized,  
And prayed our Pastor God would spare:  
That hope we may have realized.

And sometimes God would seem to say,  
"Your fears quiet, he shall live;  
The flock I won't permit to stray,  
But back to it the Pastor give."

And then hope for a time would be  
Almost against hope entertained,  
And I would think I yet shall see  
Our Pastor having strength regained.

A father to his flock he was,  
A kind and confidential friend,

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Which to him their affection draws;  
How great their loss should he not mend.

No wonder they so anxious are  
That he again recover may;  
A pastor is his people's star,  
And must be missed if took away.

Perhaps God's image to reflect  
The better, in the furnace cast  
He is, or may be to correct  
His people for remissness past.

In duty, whether so or not,  
This trial make them, Lord, improve;  
Thy goodness they may have forgot,  
But yet their mercies don't remove.

Pastor and people sanctify,  
And make them to each other long  
A mutual help, that absent I  
May hear of their being strong.

For years I have been unfit  
At public worship to appear,  
But minister and people yet  
Is and must to my heart be dear.

Our Pastor's death would be deplored  
Most deeply by his people all;  
But should he be to health restored,  
Then with the rest rejoice I shall.

Our God be praised he yet doth live,  
And is a little better, too;  
Back to the flock God may him give,  
Pastoral duties to pursue.

To preach soon able may he be,  
And soon to visit also fit,  
For I am thinking long to see  
Our dear Pastor I admit.

The Pastor's visits mostly blessed  
To those who consolation need,  
Sometimes e'en sorrow unexpressed  
His conversation soothes indeed.



The bow oft at a venture may  
 Be drawn by him, and yet between  
 The harness points the shaft its way  
 Will find and do its work unseen.

This is a fact which many could  
 From sweet experience prove I know;  
 O that our God each pastor would  
 Give strength and skill to use the bow;

But specially that Pastor which  
 Charge of our congregation hath;  
 May God whose blessing maketh rich  
 Still prosper him in duty's path.

His sympathy with mine and me  
 Is something I remember should,  
 And while I live it cannot be  
 But thought upon with gratitude.

I do not write to eulogize  
 Or flatter in the least degree;  
 My object is to sympathize  
 With one who sympathized with me.

Respected Pastor, please accept,  
 As token of regard sincere,  
 These thoughts which into verse have crept,  
 A mixture just of hope and fear.

I am convinced but poor they are,  
 Unworthy your acceptance quite;  
 But thou who art thy people's star,  
 Will not despise the faintest light.

## Mercies Acknowledged

For mercies which Thou dost on me bestow,  
 O Lord, my God, I fain would give Thee praise;  
 I am constrained to say, as free they flow,  
 And full as they have done in former days.

The truth of this each day's experience proves,  
 For mercies many daily me surround;  
 As faith advances unbelief removes,  
 And God is to His promise faithful found.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

In what befalls us, be that great or small,  
God ever is or should acknowledged be;  
Of our defense He is the only wall,  
And that He is, acknowledge sure should we.

What unenlightened minds calls chance and fate,  
As such I in my very soul abhor;  
Tried in the balance it is short of weight,  
God in His Providence I'm looking for.

Yes, for Him in His Providence I look,  
Where I have found Him, and I hope again  
To find Him oft in that mysterious book  
Which we so difficult find to explain.

The dealings of Thy Providence when viewed  
To usward, Lord, is wonderful I own;  
From seeming evil often bringing good,  
And be the glory Thine and Thine alone.

Thy Word Thy Providence seems to contrast,  
And yet they are in harmony complete;  
What now so bitter tastes, no doubt at last  
I shall find to be wholesome if not sweet.

If clouds o'erhang my path hope brighter burns,  
The bow of promise in the cloud when seen;  
And God is merciful is faith's returns,  
Though of it I have most unworthy been.

A bowless cloud the Christian never has,  
Though it he may not have faith still to see;  
'Tis there, but want of seeing it's the cause  
That makes so many saints dejected be.

To some degree is memory impressed  
With recollection of God's kindness given,  
With peace of conscience in some measure blessed,  
A foretaste as I trust of peace in Heaven.

'Tis thus by grace I'm kept, though threatening  
waves,  
Alternate on life's ocean rise and fall;  
The rock on which my hope is anchored braves  
The storm-tossed billows; yea, and brave them  
shall.

All apprehension it should hush to peace,  
 To feel that I in Jesus am secure;  
 His Love for me I know can never cease,  
 For like Himself it ever shall endure.

For mercies both now and in former days  
 Received from Thee, Who ever art the same,  
 Please to accept the feeble thanks and praise  
 Which I would offer now in Jesus' Name.

Poor at the best they are I must confess,  
 And at the strongest are indeed but weak;  
 Yet if Thou'st clothed me with Christ's Righteous-  
 ness,  
 I know Thou wilt accept them for His sake.

## On the Preservation of Friends

O Thou, Who art with glory clad,  
 The everlasting King;  
 Thou Who my poor heart hast made glad,  
 Thy praises would I sing.

Yes, I would sing praise to Thy Name,  
 If Thou my heart prepare;  
 Thou Who art evermore the same  
 God, present everywhere.

Thou hast preserved my friends not here,  
 Though them I cannot see;  
 For Thou to them hast been as near  
 As Thou hast been to me.

Lord, make them to be Thine by grace  
 Who my relations art,  
 And make them give to Christ a place,  
 The first place in the heart.

If I could trust them to Thy care,  
 As I should ever do,  
 Too anxious thoughts which are a snare  
 I better would subdue.

Believing brings faith, peace and joy,  
 Then why but we are glad?

But want of faith doth peace annoy,  
And then we are so sad.

My want of faith augments my grief,  
And then I am downcast;  
But hearing from my friend relief  
At present brought me hast.

Sometimes I feel my faith so small  
I almost think I've none;  
Weak faith have I, if faith at all,  
All that God hath me shown.

But with Thee there's enough of grace,  
And more than I require;  
Forgive my sin, my faith increase,  
And be my sanctifier.

That Thou hast cared and still dost care,  
O Lord, for mine and me,  
Thy Providence goes to declare,  
And Thine the glory be.

To Father, Son and Spirit praise  
Alike I would express;  
The God of Glory and of Grace,  
Yea, and of Faithfulness.

## The Storm

Again the storm is passed away,  
Again the sky is clear,  
Again the night is lost in day;  
What lovely things appear.

O that I could walk out to see,  
Or even sit and look  
At distance on field, flower and tree,  
And strive on Nature's book.

The hand of Nature's God to trace,  
And while His works explore,  
The God of Nature and of Grace  
With my whole heart adore.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

The recent storms have left behind  
Proof of their being here,  
What leaves and blossoms in the wind  
Have met an early bier.

The crop is injured by the rain,  
Which copious did descend;  
Man's work and wisdom is in vain,  
Whene'er God doth suspend

His blessing even for a while;  
And when He it bestows,  
Man's well rewarded for his toil,  
Upon him plenty flows.

Oft e'en in using judgment's rod  
God mercy doth display;  
O that unworthy man his God  
Would trust from day to day.

Lord, give us grace to trust in Thee,  
Though rains have heavy fell,  
And out of season hail we see  
To overflowing swell

The rivers, and much damage do —  
Strange weather this in June —  
Thy favor yet to us renew,  
Good weather give us soon,

So that the husbandman may reap  
A harvest plentiful;  
And ever in his mind do keep  
That Thou all things dost rule.

The weather seems now to be fine,  
Lord, make it to hold out,  
And sure I am praise shall be Thine,  
From every heart devout.

## The Visit

My friend again is gone away,  
 And all the time which she did stay  
     A word was scarcely spoken  
 Of Him, for us His Life Who gave;  
 Which either to neglect or waive  
     Is of us no good token.

Perhaps it was my place to speak,  
 But being as I still am weak,  
     Which effort is arresting,  
 I in my own mind stood excused,  
 Though my small strength I oft misused  
     By useless talk and jesting.

How often does my trifling talk  
 More useful conversation baulk,  
     And wherein lies this failing?  
 Whether I've got too much to say,  
 Or would of wit make a display,  
     It seems to me prevailing.

I'm both ashamed and grieved to think  
 How this intoxicating drink  
     I've to my soul been giving;  
 And how the same I oft did quaff,  
 Which is like losing wheat for chaff,  
     And all for want of living

To precious Jesus as I should;  
 Nor shall my grief do any good  
     While I allow this feature  
 So inconsistently to mar  
 The face of my profession fair,  
     Being of a dangerous nature.

For so is wit unsanctified,  
 Then in it may I never pride,  
     But study to be humble;  
 Henceforth leave off self to display,  
 And Christ set forth in my poor way,  
     And less my soul shall stumble.

My former fault while I lament,  
 I grace would ask it to prevent;  
     Myself let me be watching.

I find wit goes far to control  
The finer feelings of my soul,  
Of levity thoughts hatching.

So I resolved have while I live  
To jesting less myself to give,  
Though much 'tis in my nature.  
A spirituality of mind  
To think of saintship I'm inclined,  
Doth show a better feature.

And what I have resolved, O may  
I keep it in my mind each day;  
Lest that my resolution  
Should into non-existence creep,  
But let me always strive to keep  
With healthy constitution.

There's many thousands now in hell  
Who while in life resolved have well,  
And thousands more shall enter  
The hopeless regions of despair  
Who are resolving now as fair,  
But to bear't out don't venture.

## The Lily

See this lily, how it's growing,  
Though it plucked is from its stem;  
Neither discontent is showing,  
Though no more a garden gem.

From the dews no more receiving  
Nourishment, yet who can say  
That it's showing signs of grieving,  
Though it hath been took away

From where it might bloomed in beauty,  
Nourished by refreshing dew;  
As it is it knows its duty  
Better than some Christians do.

Kept fresh by a little water  
Sets to living out its days,  
Where to it doth make no matter  
So its Maker gets the praise.



Time it loses not in weeping,  
 Disappointments to deplore;  
 All its thoughts seem bent on keeping  
 What it purposed had before.

On the mantlepiece declaring,  
 With such voice as lilies can:  
 "I'm a testimony bearing  
 'Gainst thee, misimproving man.

"I've been croped and still am growing,  
 Having life yet as you see,  
 Thus by my example showing  
 Something should be done by thee.

"And, observer, now beholding,  
 In this not my native place,  
 Me my lovely leaves unfolding,  
 Though denied the sun's sweet rays.

"Specially I thy attention  
 Claiming would a little be,  
 If of self I might make mention,  
 Of myself I'd speak to thee.

"See me here at a distance  
 From my fair companions, how  
 To my lot without resistance,  
 And improving even now

"What small means is in my power,  
 Made, as I believe, to show  
 Forth His praise, Who hath a flower  
 Made me by His bounty grow.

"Notwithstanding losses willing  
 I am still while that I live  
 His purpose to be fulfilling,  
 Who this life to me did give.

"I was plucked with His permission,  
 Who of such doth knowledge take,  
 And the best of my condition  
 I have just resolved to make.

"Look upon me, look and learn,  
 Nor this lesson soon forget:

In me canst thou not discern  
 Something which your case hath met?

"Think upon the mercies many  
 Which you daily do enjoy,  
 Missing not to reckon any  
 Which to praise might give employ.

"You like me have met with losses,  
 Which no doubt you felt have keen;  
 But if you improve your crosses,  
 'Tis good you've afflicted been.

"All the eloquence I'm using,  
 Which a lily can employ,  
 To dissuade you from abusing  
 Mercies which you yet enjoy.

"Bow like me without resistance  
 To the lot that thine is plain;  
 Mine is but a short existence,  
 But God nothing makes in vain.

"Look on me when I am fading,  
 For I soon must fade away;  
 Think that death there's no evading  
 This is what I've got to say."

And sweet lily, hast thou finished?  
 Well thou'rt qualified to preach,  
 Though thy privileges diminished  
 Are in private thou dost teach.

Well privation thou hast borne,  
 Full contentment thou dost show,  
 Though from thy companions torn —  
 Oh, that I could bear it so!

Oh, that I could feel as willing  
 As thou'st shown thyself to be,  
 His purpose to be fulfilling  
 Who hath given life to me.

Lilies' lives, though short's devoted  
 To His service Who them made,  
 By them His glory is promoted,  
 In them is His work displayed.

Better life sure than the lily  
Ever had I do enjoy;  
Lord, Thee make me follow fully,  
In Thy vineyard me employ.

Though it should be in affliction  
For to spend my weary days,  
Let me have the sweet conviction  
That I'm living to Thy praise.

To improvement still applying,  
Myself feeling to be Thine,  
Naught shall be so sweet when dying  
As to feel sweet Jesus mine.

### A Charge to My Soul

Submit to correction,  
I charge thee, my soul;  
But why let dejection  
Thus over thee roll?

Though grief like the billow  
Oft threatens to sweep  
Away, yea, to swallow  
Up, quite still must keep,

Through every motion  
Of rise and decrease,  
Like that in the ocean,  
Its appointed place.

My soul though thou sorrow  
Art tasting today,  
It may have tomorrow  
Quite vanished away.

And though it should longer  
Its stay make with thee,  
Thy faith should be stronger  
The longer it be.

Immoderate grieving  
Indulge in dost thou,  
Though from God receiving  
Much good even now.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Art thou in grief's keeping?  
I rather think not,  
But 'mid its wild sweeping  
Thyself thou'st forgot.

To God thy relation,  
Again and again,  
Think on, and privation  
Will give thee less pain.

His purpose toward thee,  
If mercy and peace,  
Though dark, cannot hard be;  
Thy doubting then cease.

Nor would He be dealing  
Injustice to thee,  
His wrath if revealing  
This moment He'd be.

Oft hath He His goodness  
Made pass thee before,  
And surely none should bless  
Thy God than thee more.

In danger of swamping  
The ill-rowed boat lies;  
To keep faith from cramping  
It well exercise.

Through thy unbelieving  
A shadow why throw,  
On good I receiving  
Am daily below.

To stagger when ready  
The dark mountains on,  
O keep faith's eye steady  
The promise upon.

Recover thy stumble,  
And let this thy fall  
Henceforth keep thee humble,  
On God trusting all.

Thy purpose is broken,  
And e'en that may be

An evident token  
That God is with thee.

In mercy denying  
Thee, God often is  
On thy will relying,  
Then be not but His.

In troubles to seven  
He will not forsake;  
But shall heirs of Heaven  
Safe through them all take.

A peevish repining  
But adds to our grief,  
While to God resigning  
Still brings some relief.

To grace that thou'rt debtor,  
To feel and confess,  
Would suit thee much better  
Than useless distress.

'Tis true godly sorrow  
Would well thee become,  
And self to know thorough  
Would strike boasting done.

The sin thou'rt bewailing  
Ask grace to subdue,  
The Name all prevailing  
Alone asking through.

Faith's prayer, though it pleases  
The Father to hear,  
To prayer out of Jesus  
Will never give ear.

Of Christ through the merit  
Which saints maketh fair,  
O may I inherit  
The spirit of prayer,

So that whene'er sadness  
Envelope my soul,  
Therein I may gladness  
Find grief to control.

Where God is renewing  
The heart by His Grace,  
There's joy felt in viewing  
His reconciled Face.

Joy, which well can banish  
A legion of cares,  
And also make vanish  
As many bug-bears,

On God's Son relying,  
Entails joy and peace;  
Then should sinful grieving  
And doubting both cease.

My soul, thou'rt professing  
On Christ to believe,  
Of joy then the blessing  
Make haste to receive.

With argument filling  
My mouth I have been,  
To make my soul willing  
On Jesus to lean.

But though joy I'd strengthen,  
Perhaps 'twould be wrong  
Out further to lengthen  
At best a poor song.

### "Will be Will"

Of all disease which haunt the soul  
My God, Thou hast most perfect skill;  
Therefore this one in me control  
Which has been well named, "Will be Will."

Though it is bad I can't it mend,  
For it prevails against me still;  
But surely, Lord, Thy Grace doth tend  
To conquer rebel "Will be Will."

In my soul it doth work much grief,  
Yea, it occasions there much ill;  
But, O Lord, Thou canst give relief  
From this usurper, "Will be Will."

When it is crossed it storms and frets,  
And doth me with confusion fill;  
And if a while its way it gets,  
A despot then is "Will be Will."

With Providence it fault doth find,  
Yea, therewith it would quarrel still;  
Lord plant submission in my mind,  
Where has grown boisterous "Will be Will."

Lord let Thy Spirit on my heart  
Like gentle dew itself distill,  
Making my soul with Thee take part  
'Gainst harboring of "Will be Will."

For, Lord, it is Thy Grace alone  
Which can this soul distemper kill,  
And only Christ's Blood can atone  
For sins heaped up by "Will be Will."

Of love, O let me hear the voice  
Which shall my soul with gladness fill,  
Bidding it evermore rejoice  
In Thy defeat of "Will be Will."

## On Sudden Deaths

Lord, who am I that Thou shouldst spare  
My worthless life so long,  
When by Thy Will death hence doth bear  
The vigorous and strong.

Yes, some who were fit to pursue  
Their business, have been  
In a few days called from our view  
To that which is unseen.

It may be, too, with little thought  
That death to them was nigh,  
While they were to its gates being brought,  
Scarce thinking they would die.

And when upon their mind would flash  
The truth of where they stood,  
Ah! earthly hopes how would it dash  
Beneath death's cold dark flood?



## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Their spirits gone to bliss or woe,  
Their clay rests in the tomb;  
Where we must also be laid low  
'Till Christ to judge shall come.

It matters little how or where  
Death comes, if we can say  
That He Who died to ransom men  
Hath washed our sins away.

An interest in Him give me,  
O Lord, while I am here,  
That I at death may joyful be,  
Without a doubt or fear.

Sure saints at death ought not to grieve,  
Nor in the least be sad;  
For it from grief shall them relieve,  
For aye to make them glad.

At sight of home what child say would  
Not very joyful be,  
After a dangerous way pursued  
A father's face to see,

For which 'twould more than compensate  
To see his father's face,  
For him to get 'twould joy give great  
The long longed-for embrace.

So shall the saints at death be freed  
From sin, from grief and toil,  
For surely God hath it decreed  
That they shall take the spoil.

O God, Thou me afflicted hast,  
Thou grief to me didst send;  
But Thou Who this lot for me cast,  
Canst keep me to the end.

Keep me in life until that I  
For Heaven be made meet;  
O Holy Spirit, ere I die  
Thy work in me complete.

What signifies a life of pain,  
Though that should be my lot,

If He that was for sinners slain,  
My every sin shall blot?

While in this life please separate  
Sin from my soul, O Lord;  
In me a clean heart do create,  
According to Thy Word,

That I with evil thoughts may be  
No more harassed at all;  
From suffering at length me free,  
In mercy do me call.

## The Rose

Dear rose, what a beauty thou art in mine eye;  
That thou art so lovely, there's a reason why.

No roses to rival thy beauty are here,  
Which makes you more lovely in my sight appear.

Thou camest in December, as if thou wouldst chase  
Away with thy presence the gloom from his face.

Shall thy gentle voice his to softness subdue,  
While thou art contrasting his snow with thy hue?

Though thou canst December to softness beguile,  
Thou hast got a mission, in vain thou'lt not smile.

It seems God hath sent thee that I might behold  
Thee in my seclusion thy beauty unfold.

Thy presence such comfort to me hath conveyed,  
I almost could wish that thou never wouldst fade,

But when thou art fading, I'll call to my mind  
A rose which all others surpasses in kind,

That sweet Rose of Sharon, most lovely to view,  
In bloom every season and matchless in hue.

In it I may have still an unfading rose,  
Which beauties infinite fail not to disclose.

## My Present Cross

My present cross too heavy seems  
For strength reduced as mine is now;  
All vanished are my pleasant dreams,  
O that I could submissive bow!

Yes, bow submissive to that Will,  
Which wisdom infinite doth guide;  
And be less apprehensive still,  
Lest this cross should through life abide.

What me more than my cross doth grieve,  
Is an unwillingness to bear  
It, which I in myself perceive,  
Almost amounting to despair.

But yet I can't think God's unjust  
In sending such a cross to me;  
To me a worm of the dust  
Can God injustice doing be?

Is He unjust, though He should strike  
Us in a part we most may feel?  
Is not injustice most unlike  
Him that to all His works appeal?

Can that He's just, and they must own  
That e'en for sin He shall condemn,  
That they themselves away have thrown,  
And that God justly dealt with them.

If our deserts we call to mind,  
To murmur we would have no reason;  
For God our souls might have consigned  
To hell, our bodies to the tomb.

But as it is we are alive,  
Recipients of mercy still;  
And though afflicted we should strive  
To know it is our Father's Will.

The cross so heavy never lies,  
But it is lighter than the curse;  
And God's appointments all are wise,  
It may be bad, but might be worse.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

If less forgetful of our God,  
We would not have so oft to chant  
A plaintive song beneath the rod,  
Joy, Jacob-like, would grief supplant.

I can remember days gone by  
When confidence in God I had,  
And if on Him I still rely,  
I still have reason to be glad.

In my anxiety to see,  
When this cross shall away be took,  
I may somewhat impatient be,  
And God impatience cannot brook.

If patience be not exercised,  
We rebels are and nothing more;  
Nor need we be the least surprised  
Should God to justice give us o'er.

But patience exercised's a grace  
That is peculiar to God's saints;  
And where it is allowed a place,  
It can bear much with few complaints.

O that I patience could command!  
But why say that when patience is  
A gift, just from His Gracious Hand,  
Who by the Cross prepares for bliss.

I'm sure so oft God would not scourge  
His people if He loved them less;  
But He of dross His gold will purge,  
Thereon His image to impress.

Some parents to a fault are mild,  
Which oft too late they're made to own;  
But "spare the rod and spoil the child,"  
Of God has never yet been known.

We Him constrain us to chastise —  
If that expression I may use —  
But then He is too good and wise  
As a kind Father to abuse.

The right He has us to correct,  
One blow too much He will not deal;

Therefore it is that I expect  
One day He all my griefs will heal.

Meantime the cross I should endure,  
As that which is ordained for me;  
God has a purpose in't I'm sure,  
Though it at present hid may be.

God's purpose with Himself is hid,  
From us His secret things among,  
We can't it see, and if we did,  
Ours might be a less plaintive song.

But though it's not still ours to know  
What is His purpose when He smites,  
We at His feet ourselves should throw,  
In showing mercy who delights.

Affliction for our profit is,  
Else God affliction would not send;  
There is a world after this,  
And thitherward our steps He'd bend.

Undoubtedly the saints as such  
Are by this world still despised;  
Nor does it matter very much,  
If they by grace be recognized.

The world laughs, we weep, and why?  
Because it hath its good things here,  
And we shall have ours by and by,  
Though now the cross we're called to bear.

Yes, we shall have our good things when  
Earth's best things yield must to decay;  
And what rejoicing we'll have then  
When sorrow shall have fled away.

Each Christian hath marked out their race,  
By Him whose purpose blight can none;  
And each in their respective place,  
That race with patience ought to run.

I would not, if my will I had,  
Be wholly chastisement without;  
What's bitter is not always bad,  
The cross precludes the crown no doubt.

Could I still see the crown beyond,  
 The cross which I am called to bear  
 I would not half so much despond,  
 For faith still has a prospect fair.

But all the arguments I use  
 To some extent seem used in vain;  
 Still human nature doth refuse  
 To bear reproach or suffer pain.

The cross to bear I do feel such  
 Unwillingness, I am afraid;  
 I have not bettered by it much,  
 And that is what me grieved hath made.

But I'm aware the cross I need,  
 And God in it is justified;  
 O that Himself my cause would plead,  
 Then would my sorrow soon subside;

Or what for me might be as good  
 As if He were it to remove,  
 If grace to bear it give He would,  
 And make me under it improve.

And Lord give grace that I may bear  
 My present cross with true content,  
 And my submission shall declare  
 That it in vain Thou hast not sent.

## New Years Day

I thank my God that I have lived to see  
 This new year, also, and in health so well;  
 That God has been a God of love to me,  
 Let my protracted illness plainly tell.

He never would afflict me so without  
 A purpose worthy of Himself therein,  
 And what He has designed He'll bring about;  
 O may it be to cure my soul of sin!

And if so for the present, though I'm tried,  
 A loser in the end I cannot be;  
 God grace and glory never will divide,  
 Else what would be to comfort such as me?

I'm sometimes almost altogether grief,  
 Because for any work I am unfit;  
 E'en thinking at such times brings no relief,  
 Left no alternative I must submit.

Nor will submitting with reluctance do,  
 If not resigned I cannot be content;  
 These trials God is pleased to bring me through,  
 It was not by mistake they have been sent.

Then I should ever welcome make God's Will,  
 Though Providence may seem a little gruff;  
 His presence with His servant goeth still,  
 And just when He sees good will say: "Enough."

And this doth cheer me that in my distress,  
 His Face God from His servant doth not hide;  
 But somehow send me comfort more or less,  
 And thus my sorrow oft makes to subside.

My troubles have been many God doth know,  
 My mercies still are many, I can see;  
 For God is good and I would like to show  
 How Friend and Father He has been to me.

Out of His fullness have we all received,  
 O for more faith, still larger draughts to draw!  
 God gave sweet promises to be believed,  
 And in His promise never was a flaw.

With tribulation He has promised grace  
 To bear it, otherwise how could I bear  
 Such tribulation for so long a space,  
 And living still God's goodness to declare?

God's way of dealing with her to be best  
 Here Mary Smyth, a sufferer, testifies;  
 She feels it and it ought to be expressed,  
 Assured in grace the seed of glory lies;

And that in due time it will germinate,  
 And spring up into everlasting joy;  
 When death my spirit shall emancipate,  
 My pleasures shall be all without alloy.

The sum and substance of the whole is this:  
 If Jesus as my Saviour I have known,  
 However tried, as sure as He's in bliss,  
 I'll be because light's for the righteous sown.



## Let My Life be Precious in Thy Sight

Lord, let my life be precious in  
Thy sight, forgive my every sin;  
Withhold not aught I need  
To fit me for Thy Courts above,  
Where all is joy and light and love;  
Do all Thou hast decreed.

Thy working seems oft strange to me,  
Though little of Thy ways I see,  
For Thou, Thyself, dost hide;  
But though Thyself Thou dost conceal,  
My spirit after Thee would feel,  
And still in Thee confide.

I want to know that Thou art mine,  
To feel that I have grace divine,  
A life reflecting grace;  
I want to live, Lord give to me  
That without which I cannot see  
In righteousness Thy Face.

While Thou art pleased to try me here,  
Still let Thy love through all appear,  
If patient I could be;  
No murmur would escape my lips,  
Though sorrow oft my joy eclipse,  
Because it comes from Thee.

From Thee, direct or indirect,  
All trials come, yet have respect  
Lord to Thy promise made;  
Thy chastisement I don't despise,  
If I might have it otherwise,  
To choose I'd be afraid.

I am the clay, the Potter Thou,  
Therefore it should be mine to bow  
At all times to Thy Will.  
Me mould and fashion as Thou wilt,  
Only remove my sin and guilt,  
And I'm Thy vessel still.

A vessel fitted for Thy use  
I want to be; make me produce

The fruits which grace makes grow,  
 So that when I have served Thee here,  
 I in Thy Presence may appear,  
 Where death a face can't show.

## Too Sensitive

So ready why to take offense  
 Where none perhaps is meant?  
 Is my religion all pretense?  
 Else why this peevish vent

Of passion? If my heart's renewed,  
 And broke corruption's tide,  
 Would passion not be more subdued,  
 And less prevalent pride?

I'm sometimes ready now to think  
 In Christ I have no part;  
 I do feel to be such a sink,  
 This sin-polluted heart.

There's reigning or remaining sin  
 In every heart I know;  
 But is it reigning mine within,  
 Or lurking as a foe?

It very often staggers me  
 This question for to solve;  
 Sin in myself so strong I see,  
 Though 'gainst it I resolve.

For reigning sin, though proof there's great,  
 I'd fain think some there's too,  
 Of being in a gracious state,  
 Which Lord grant to be true.

I of a promise sometimes can  
 With confidence lay hold,  
 Which strengthens much my inward man,  
 And beauties new unfold

In Him, Who of His people is  
 The Altogether Fair,  
 And may I comeliness through His  
 Allowed be still to wear.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

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Profession is as fair a flower  
As grows upon the plain,  
But without practice hath no power  
Its beauty to maintain.

It may a moment catch the eye,  
And seem surpassing fair;  
But for its better half once try,  
And less than nothing's there.

To God or man we duty can't  
Perform, say what we will,  
The practical part if we want  
'Tis but profession still.

Though very little can be done  
By me to good effect,  
To do that little if I shun,  
The can fails through neglect.

Our duty it is hard to know,  
I grant in every case;  
And harder still I find to do,  
But thereto Lord give grace.

O make me Thine, my heart enlarge,  
Give me the help I need;  
Duty to others to discharge,  
In thought, in word and deed.

O let me never misconstrue  
The carriage of my friend,  
But in the fairest light it view,  
Nor low-bred pride defend.

Knowing we fellow pilgrims are  
For the same city bound,  
Let sweet consistency declare  
The mercy we have found.

Though imperfections by the way  
Me very much annoy,  
Them power give not, Lord, I pray  
At last me to destroy.

Too oft by selfishness and pride  
My soul is captive led;

Yet Lord from me Thy Face don't hide,  
For such hath Jesus bled.

Yes, sure He shed His Blood for those  
That's His elected ones,  
Who though great sin had made them foes,  
That He might make them sons.

### Do I See My Danger .

Am I among the number  
Who doth their danger see?  
Or yet doth conscience slumber,  
Which, Lord, show unto me.

If it's asleep, awaken  
It; now, O Lord, I pray,  
Let Satan's power be shaken  
There, till it quite decay.

I have a soul immortal,  
Which saved or lost must be;  
Which enter shall life's portal,  
Or death the second see.

When these two are contrasted,  
There difference how great;  
Yet one by me must tasted  
Be, through a future state.

And O what am I doing  
My precious soul for thee?  
Am I the means pursuing  
Of grace that's given me?

O mission like a mountain  
Here on my conscience press;  
Of grace the same's the fountain,  
Though streams may reckon less.

Yes, though they less do number  
Than once, 'twont me excuse,  
If I through sloth do slumber,  
And those that's left misuse.

Though I can't public preaching  
Attend as heretofore,

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

God gives me private teaching,  
But dullness I deplore;

And if to me's intrusted  
A talent, e'en but one,  
Shall I hide it till rusted  
And useless it hath grown?

The buried talent haunts me,  
Alas! and do I hide  
The money which God grants me,  
For better ends supplied?

E'en to give Him the glory,  
Who gifts gives to that end,  
And 'twill a dreadful story  
Tell if we those do misspend.

Both prayer and meditation  
Is open yet to me,  
By which, yea, and privation,  
Let me improving be.

When God gives or denies us,  
It all is meant for good;  
By these He proves and tries us,  
And it is right He should.

Yet 'tis not in affliction  
Away our sin to take;  
No, nor can e'en conviction  
Of sin us holy make;

These but make sin the stronger,  
Where God withholds His Grace;  
And hence it is the longer,  
The worse in such a case.

Lord, make me 'mong the number  
Who doth their danger see,  
And let not conscience slumber  
Till death shall visit me.

Prepare by sanctifying  
Me for a better home,  
And may I occupying  
Be, till my Lord shall come.

## Counterfeit Saints

All are not Israel who profess  
Of Israel spiritual to be;  
A name does some of godliness,  
For in itself no gain they see.

A name to live if they can get,  
Of godliness they want no more;  
For, having it, themselves they set  
Just to serve Satan as before,

Who knows what bait each fish best takes,  
And each with that he will allure,  
By which, though contract oft he breaks,  
His workmen's service he secures;

Of whom some work in iron, brass  
Or gold, as best may suit their taste;  
But at his option all, alas!  
Are in some branch of business placed.

Some to ambitions are to drudge,  
A post of honor they must get,  
For which their soul without a grudge  
Into the devil's hand they let.

Some are content to gather mud  
To throw at others, dressed or raw;  
They part the hoof, but chew no cud,  
From which inference we may draw

That though profession separates  
Them from the openly profane,  
Their inconsistency defeats  
The very object they would gain,

And that is to be well thought of,  
Whatever they may do or say;  
Such in their person we can love,  
But never in their zigzag way.

Another class I mention would  
Of those who saints profess to be,  
And by whom might be done some good  
Among themselves could they agree;

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

But on contention they're so bent,  
For every trifle they'll contend;  
In quarreling their life's so spent,  
You'd think to fight was their chief end.

Their house is but a scene of strife,  
Where peace is not allowed to dwell;  
And would, if painted to the life,  
Be called the vestibule of hell.

To hear some abroad you would  
Imagine they were saints outright;  
They speak as if by grace renewed,  
And did in holiness delight.

Have dealings with them, then you'll see  
That if they can advantage take,  
Not over scrupulous they'll be  
By what means gain of you they make.

In short, with all their pious cant,  
They'll cheat their neighbor if they can;  
They opportunity but want  
To lay aside the honest man.

Though fraudulent designs to meet,  
A good profession will not bend;  
Where practice scienced is to cheat,  
There they profession can suspend.

That which should bear on every word  
And action, soon aside is laid;  
For though God's wrath should be incurred,  
The heart's dictates will be obeyed.

Hypocrisy in any shape  
Is but deformity at best;  
Its consequence who would escape,  
Should never harbor't in their breast.

If hypocrites would know their fate,  
Let them to God's own Word apply,  
Where is declared their real state  
More accurately than have I.

As there is none who more doth make  
Religion in men's nostrils stink,



So none shall in the burning lake,  
In my opinion, deeper sink.

Uncharitable it may seem  
To think or speak so hard of those,  
But hell is not a poet's dream,  
Nor fancy-sketches are its woes.

Hypocrisy God won't excuse,  
Than punish it He can't do less,  
For they His goodness but abuse  
Who without practice much profess.

The hypocrite may pass indeed  
With man for what he never was,  
And there and only there succeed  
In getting undeserved applause.

Who so would counterfeit the saints,  
As counterfeits God shall disown;  
But I will cease, though my complaints  
Have not their bitter theme outgrown.

A most unpleasant theme it is,  
And on it I'll no longer dwell;  
I'd rather sing of saints and bliss  
Than Satan, hypocrites and hell.

### The Idiot's Prayer

Old Nancy was a widow very poor,  
Lived by herself, except an idiot boy  
That lived with her, and I am almost sure  
That e'en in him she had a mother's joy.

For when I saw him, though a full-grown man,  
With mother he was docile as a child,  
At least so far as I remember can  
His disposition bordered on the mild.

Whatever little work they had to do,  
Dan did as cheerful as an idiot could;  
Poor man! on him I never saw a shoe,  
Yet God, Who still is Love, to Dan was good.

He sent him food and raiment of such kind  
As He saw fit, and Dan was quite content;

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For having as he had an idiot mind,  
It having anxious care did him prevent.

Such beings for some purpose God doth send,  
Though in creation they seem but a blank,  
They may be born to a better end  
Than many we among the wise would rank.

Poor Dan, the gander though he could not fight,  
Could tether mother's goat or water bring,  
Or play the fiddle on a wrist screwed tight,  
To gratify us children, and would sing.

One day he went to gather sods to burn,  
His work was sure, though seldom done in haste;  
And, to his great dismay, on his return  
A horse had in the avenue been placed.

He might have gone about, but no such thought  
Could have occurred to him, for there he stood  
Still bearing up the burden he had brought,  
Not knowing how this danger to elude.

The owner of the horse had gone away  
And left him standing 'cross the thoroughfare,  
And what to Dan at first seemed but dismay,  
Soon took the color of complete despair.

There he stood, crying as a child would done;  
His case was pitiable that was plain,  
But none of us could help the widow's son,  
And for a while his crying seemed in vain.

But, idiot as he was, somehow he knew  
That there was an Almighty Hand could save,  
And in this plight what did the idiot do  
But help from this Almighty Being crave.

He bawled and shouted, eager to be heard,  
Not thinking God was still at hand, of course;  
The suppliant's voice his fervor did declare:  
"Great Mighty, come and take away this horse"

Was just his prayer, and this again, again  
Was just what he vociferated, till  
God, Whom none ever supplicates in vain,  
Came, and it may be with a peace be still.

However, Dan was heard the sequel showed;  
A brother at a little distance dwelt,  
Whose heart with brotherly affection glowed,  
At least on that occasion must have felt.

On hearing Dan's dilemma, Oh! how fast  
He came, I think I see him running yet;  
Thus Dan the insurmountable got past  
And likely soon his terror did forget.

The whole occurrence memory retains,  
I often think it over in my mind;  
I observation make and that explains  
For meditation how I matter find.

For though then but a child, I can't forget  
Dan's difficulty, how he prayed, and how  
The idiot's prayer God with an answer met,  
For that God answered it I still allow;

The brother was the means I do admit,  
But God works oft by means when answering  
prayer;  
E'en difficulties may not always flit,  
But trust Him and He'll show the Lord is there.

## Unbelief Adds to Our Cross

What is't but unbelief  
That heavy makes our cross?  
'Tis this that works our grief  
And makes us suffer loss.

If we would but believe,  
'Twould make the cross so light  
That we would it receive  
With joy as being right.

We would not life upgive,  
At least we court its name;  
As if a name to live  
Could give on life a claim.

We would not give up hope;  
Then why is it that we

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Do in the dark so grope,  
As if we would not see?

What selfishness we show,  
When we submission should;  
As if God doth not know  
What's really for our good.

We murmur and complain  
And thereby sorrow feed,  
As if God sends a pain  
More than His people need.

When Thou me dost correct,  
Whatever be the rod,  
Let me therein respect  
Thy will and voice, O God.

For, Lord, if I am Thine,  
'Twould be a shame to me,  
At Thy Hand to repine,  
Whate'er the trial be.

God dark my way makes seem,  
But if I trust in Him,  
Though I can't ford the stream,  
By faith I'll strive to swim.

I need not life upgive,  
Except on death I'm bent;  
For God, that I might live,  
His Son to die hath sent.

I cannot give up hope,  
I dare not it despise;  
Nor need in darkness grope,  
Unless I shut my eyes.

My eyes with salve anoint,  
O Lord, that I may see  
In all Thou dost appoint,  
That it is good for me.

Good when the draught is sweet,  
Good also when it's sour;  
Good when I trials meet,  
As in the sunshine hour.

The cross, the cross is good  
If God it sanctifies,  
Oft 'neath the wormwood  
The sweetest honey lies.

Lord, to the prayer give ear,  
Which I now make to Thee:  
When done my work is here,  
Eternal rest give me.

### Disappointment Improved

Why so disappointed feel  
When friends doth tarry long?  
Sure my soul rests not thy weal  
On friendship's hand, though strong.

Too devoted to my friend,  
Far too much so am I;  
Which fault I might somewhat mend,  
The cure if I'd apply.

This is my besetting sin,  
At least I think it so;  
Though to search when I begin,  
Which is I scarcely know.

Why the creature in my heart,  
Give the Creator's place?  
If I do I soon shall smart  
By hiding of God's Face.

If I do instead of God  
A creature idol make,  
He shall turn it to my rod,  
Or from my sight it take.

God in the affections should  
Not have the second place;  
On His right if we intrude,  
Profession we disgrace.

Our love should to all extend,  
E'en to those who us hate;  
Reaching unto foe and friend,  
Love's boundary is great.

Love alone unbounded is  
When it from God doth flow;  
Through Christ never bound had His,  
Nor limit shall it know.

God's Love can the frigid zone  
To be a temperate bring;  
Melt the heart though hard as stone,  
Into a living spring.

### Boasting Excluded

If those who think me patient knew  
All my impatience as I do,  
Their notion alter would;  
If of my heart they had a blink,  
They'd see as they're now pleased to think,  
I'm not by half so good.

How many times pass unexpressed  
Thoughts of repining through the breast,  
Which strangers know not of;  
At least I find it so with me,  
Though I can't in the least degree  
Repining thoughts approve.

So far as we with flesh confer,  
So far undoubtedly we err;  
O what a clog this clay  
Unto my soul I daily find;  
Yea, it is ever disinclined  
To walk in duty's way;

And if thereto it's dragged along,  
'Twill claim what doth alone belong  
To God, that is the praise.  
If I perform aught that's good,  
'Twill strive for pride to make it food  
Thereby itself to raise.

I must confess this heart within  
As lurking many a hateful sin,  
By mortal eye unseen;  
Christ's Blood and Spirit can repair  
Alone the awful ruin there,  
And make and keep it clean.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Then let me not elated be  
With good opinions formed of me,  
Which I so ill deserve;  
I see when tossed on every side  
And made the sport of wind and tide,  
Grace can alone preserve.

And sure 'tis worth my while to know  
That all I have God doth bestow,  
To differ who makes me;  
No Christian should cherish pride,  
But in humility abide,  
Yes, humble ever be.

Pride to our fallen nature clings,  
And e'en on saints much trouble brings —  
My soul against it guard;  
For even that thou art renewed,  
Much pride is in thee unsubdued,  
To conquer it how hard.

God doth the proud afar off know,  
And shall their lofty purpose low  
Bring even to the dust;  
Please Lord from my soul still to hide  
God-hating, soul-destroying pride,  
That I in Thee may trust.

And if I'm Thine, the war's begun  
With pride, and yet the victory won  
Shall be o'er that dread foe.  
O do Thou slay't before my eyes,  
And suffer't nevermore to rise  
To deal another blow.

The love of Christ doth us constrain  
To bear with patience grief and pain,  
'Tis this doth us enerve;  
For sin, while I would mourn deep,  
I on my heart strict eye should keep,  
Its motions to observe.

For well I know its bent is strong  
For doing what God saith is wrong,  
And what He says is true.  
O Thou, Who seest its every bent,  
My ruin by it do prevent,  
Grace give it to subdue.



## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

I would alone in grace rejoice,  
Though flesh speaks with another voice,  
My soul do not it heed;  
While I do suffer 'neath Thy rod,  
Support me with Thy staff, O God,  
Supply my every need.

To grace I would the debtor be,  
For it is grace alone which me  
Can unto Heaven bring;  
Of graces then I cannot boast,  
Though of them I possessed an host,  
Of grace alone I'd sing.

Grace or the spirit is the root  
Of which the spirit is the fruit,  
The mere evidence  
Of being in that living vine,  
From which alone life can be mine;  
Saints all their fruit have thence.

I dare not take in any case  
To self the glory due to grace,  
That grace alone which can  
Bear well life's ills, yea, them summount,  
And best gifts turn to good account  
Which Nature gives to man.

So far as we're by grace renewed,  
So far will evil be subdued  
And boasting laid aside;  
Those who in truth God for their's claim,  
And would give glory to His Name,  
To self must be denied.

That I a patient life may live,  
An humble spirit Lord me give;  
O set my heart, I pray  
On those enduring things above,  
Where Christ doth sit and saints doth love,  
And serve Him night and day.

Delightful hopes I entertain  
Of yet being free from sin and pain,  
On such I love to dwell;  
That I of glory am an heir,  
The very thought forbids despair,  
And whispers it is well;

Well, when of pleasant things bereft,  
Well, when me friends profess'd have left,  
Well, when real ones are gone;  
Well, if in weakness long live I,  
Well, if in Christ soon called to die,  
Well all God's work is done.

## The Vow

### Part First — Why?

Four loving sisters once I had,  
Of whom three now are gone;  
In immortality they're clad,  
Still God hath left me one.

But lately she was like to go  
Where went her sisters three,  
And sister's death a heavy blow  
Would doubtless fall on me.

I felt I could not long survive  
If God took her away;  
Grief to suppress I well did strive,  
But still I was its prey.

It took possession of my heart,  
My head nigh crazy grew,  
Thinking with sister I must part  
And nothing fit to do.

As if quite stupid in my grief,  
One thought all thoughts outweighed;  
In prayer I sometimes sought relief,  
But there the oil seemed stayed.

One morning while yet in my bed,  
Not knowing what to do,  
A thought came quickly in my head:  
I'll go to God anew.

My heart went out to Him in prayer,  
And there I made this vow:  
If sister God to me would spare,  
And strength to her allow,

That I His mercies great to own  
Would set a day apart,  
When sister would have better grown;  
Then lighter grew my heart.

Henceforward sister better grew,  
This gladly I confess;  
For which my thanks to God anew  
I'm ready to express.

And as to paying what I vowed  
If sister God would spare,  
If God hath took away the cloud,  
It's plain He heard my prayer.

Then I have no alternative,  
My vow I can't withdraw;  
Sister God back to me did give  
From death's devouring maw.

His mercies it is right I should  
Acknowledge such a day;  
I would not shun it if I could —  
I vowed and I will pay.

And, O my God, do Thou prepare  
My sister's heart and mine,  
With grace Thy goodness to declare,  
To praise our hearts incline.

The why, my God, Thou well dost know  
Of this Thy servant's vow;  
Thy blessing on my work bestow,  
And help me through the how.

## The Vow

### Part Second — How

The day is come and how shall I  
It right observing be;  
My God with songs my heart supply  
That I may sing to Thee.

I cannot sing as angels sing,  
Who are before Thy Face;

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

But I can touch another string,  
For I can sing of grace.

To grace my mercies every one  
Ascribing I must be;  
Of mercies, though I merit none,  
I many have I see.

To give God thanks this is a day  
That I apart have set,  
And in God's own appointed way  
Acceptance may I get.

A starting point I have got here  
In this delightful song,  
Nor runs the limpid brook so clear  
The craggy rocks among.

God's Word yields soul-refreshing streams  
Because the fountain's pure;  
It never is but what it seems —  
How good it is, how pure.

Its harmonizing parts so well  
A perfect whole prove can;  
Life-giving in its taste and smell,  
God-worthy in its plan.

God's Word can fully meet our wants,  
Whatever they may be;  
How it revives the sickly plants  
Is not unknown to me.

How suited to a day of thanks  
Is this praise-speaking psalm;  
Here souls may overflow their banks,  
Be stirred up, yet be calm.

Here I the mercies would recount  
Which God to me hath shown;  
I may not get the full amount,  
For numerous they've grown;

And though I could enumerate,  
I could not all rehearse;  
God of His praise I dare not cheat,  
But can't put all in verse.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

'Twould constitute a life-long poem,  
And that would be too much;  
Each mercy as we're going home  
Let's recognize as such.

But special mercies it is fair  
Especially to own;  
God saw my tears, heard my prayer,  
Here special mercy shone.

My sister lives to comfort me;  
Dear sister, let us sing  
To Him, the praise forever be  
Who did us safely bring

Through this and every other scene  
Of trouble which we passed;  
To us God hath a refuge been,  
Ourselves on Him let's cast.

God spared your life, I well may say,  
When like to go you were;  
And that you are alive this day,  
Let this day's thanks declare.

Sometimes the cloud, sometimes the sun  
We've had, still we should praise,  
For surely like our God there's none  
Who with His people stays.

We of God's goodness must have seen  
I think much more than some,  
Nor of our God dare we complain  
Though darker days should come.

Life's battle here, you and I  
Are left alone to fight;  
But, dear sister, let us try  
Still to be doing right.

Forward, still forward, let us press,  
Whatever may oppose,  
For saints we cannot be unless  
We saints are to life's close.

God give us grace to be content  
With everything He sends;

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

What matter where our lives are spent,  
Death gathers scattered friends.

That precious psalm which you have read  
To stir us up today,  
Its lofty strains my soul hath led  
To life's fair fields away,

Where our departed friends do rest,  
Or roam as it may be;  
For every pleasure have the blest,  
Befitting spirits free.

They may be privileged to explore  
God's works through every sphere;  
To be with Christ comprises more  
Than we can think of here.

But, sister, let us strive to live  
As we would wish to die,  
And God our spirits will receive  
To dwell with Him on high.

I'm sure we never will regret  
When we to Heaven come,  
That we have such affliction met  
As we were going home.

There joys do last, for God fails not,  
He's present with us now;  
What I have prayed for I have got,  
And I have kept my vow.

But kept imperfectly, no doubt,  
As all is done I do;  
But the intention was devout,  
And grace hath helped me through.

And now I think the why and how  
I better had conclude;  
God spared my life to keep my vow,  
For which I thank Him would.

Sister, we both should thankful be  
That God your life did spare,  
You are a living proof to me  
That God hath heard my prayer.

Your life from you God well might took,  
 And me no sister left;  
 But on my sorrow God did look,  
 And I am not bereft.

That I have not been left alone,  
 That you still with me stay,  
 That God His Love to me hath shown  
 A witness be this day.

What think you, sister, was this not  
 A very happy day?  
 Joy in your spirit have you got?  
 Mine's joyful I can say.

For what am I that God should show  
 Such mercy unto me,  
 That when to Him by prayer I go,  
 My prayer should answered be?

I feel as if a burden had  
 Been lifted from my soul;  
 And if the Lord hath made me glad,  
 Let praise wind up the whole.

Yes, sister, let us once more praise  
 This day with thanks sincere;  
 His Name in whose mysterious ways  
 We've been brought and kept here.

## Thanks for Mercies

Lord, I thank Thee for the mercies  
 Which Thou now hast let me see,  
 Thou art bountiful and givest  
 Many good things unto me.

O that I could praise and bless Thee!  
 O that I sweet songs could sing  
 Of my gratitude expressive,  
 O that I my heart could bring

With me into every duty!  
 But it is so dead and dull,  
 'Twill be either in a stupor,  
 Or with thoughts vexations full.



## C L O U D S   A N D   S U N S H I N E

All the chastisement God gives me,  
All the goodness He hath shown,  
It's as ready for rebellion  
As if it was made of stone.

Hard it is, I wont excuse it;  
Hard its nature is to be;  
Lord, Thy Grace alone can melt it —  
Nothing is too hard for Thee.

Thou canst break the rock in pieces,  
Thou canst all Thy pleasure do;  
Thou canst barren hearts make fruitful,  
Thou canst also mine subdue.

Make it flexible and easy  
With Thy goodness still impressed,  
With a heart then fain to praise Thee,  
O my God, I shall be blest.

Surely since I've been enlisted  
In Thy service long ago,  
I can say I never met with  
Than my heart a greater foe.

Lord, in check I cannot keep it,  
But wilt Thou its keeper be;  
Cleanse it from its latent vileness,  
And it shall be well with me.

Many are the marks of kindness  
Which Thou, Lord, to me dost show;  
Many are the obligations  
Which I to Thy mercy owe.

Make my heart what Thou wouldst have it,  
Just to be in every case,  
And it shall be to the glory,  
To the glory of Thy Grace.

### To a Robin

Wherefore, robin, art thou come,  
Tapping at the window pane?  
Maybe you would have a crumb,  
If yourself you could explain.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

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Hunger-bitten if thou art,  
Sorry I indeed would be,  
And it would rejoice my heart  
Could I throw a crumb to thee.

But I see the window's closed,  
Nothing can be done, alas!  
To relieve your wants supposed,  
Still your tapping at the glass.

Could I rise to open it,  
You perhaps would fly away,  
But as strength won't that permit,  
Sympathize with you I may.

Had the window open been,  
Safe inside you might have fed,  
And God's goodness to me seen  
In providing daily bread.

I can neither work for food,  
Nor go seek it had I need;  
Still God is to me so good  
That He doth me daily feed.

Of His goodness thou dost know,  
On Him too thou dost depend;  
Thou canst neither plough nor sow,  
Still He food to thee doth send.

But perhaps a parent thou  
Robin art, thy little brood  
Therefore will be watching now  
For your coming back with food;

If so, here to detain  
Thee unkind to them would be,  
But be sure you'll come again  
When the window up you'll see.

Then I'll either throw a crumb  
Out to thee, or, if you will,  
Safely inside you may come  
Pretty bird, and pick your fill.

Often have the feathered race  
Entertained me with their song,

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

And away I'll never chase  
What hath cheered me so long.

I than thou more helpless am,  
Still, while God provides for me,  
Willingly I shall the same,  
Pretty robin share with thee.

Yes, henceforth I gladly will  
Robin to your wants attend;  
Welcome to my window still,  
You shall be my little friend.

When you're hungry, come and eat;  
When your merry come and sing;  
For your voice to me is sweet,  
I will watch for you in spring,

If I then shall living be;  
And if not remember this,  
Redbreast, mourn not for me —  
I shall have my song in bliss.

Here, through the winter frost,  
I have tried to sing like you;  
But death's valley when I've crossed,  
And life's trials all gone through,

Angels and redeemed among,  
Far removed from every ill,  
Nothing to obstruct my song,  
I will sing my hearty fill.

If of birds the happy song  
I'm delighted now to hear,  
Sweeter music shall ere long  
Fall on my devoted ear.

Sweet anticipation this,  
When my spirits sad would be,  
That forever I'll in bliss  
Have a song from sorrow free.

## Take No Thought For Tomorrow

Why am I so burdened with care for tomorrow?  
 Sufficient for each day is the evil thereof;  
 Then why from the future do I evil borrow,  
 Before what is evil the full time doth prove?

I feel that I scarce can trust God with tomorrow,  
 Though that He can do what He will I do know;  
 Forever I'm brooding o'er some coming sorrow,  
 As if what God sees best He would not bestow.

Away then, my soul, with thy care for tomorrow,  
 To exercise faith is what God asks of you;  
 No more from the future supposed evil borrow,  
 But give God the credit which to Him is due.

Without hesitation trust God with tomorrow,  
 For unto His promise still faithful is He;  
 And though for a short time thou shouldst have  
 sorrow,  
 It matters but little if life thine shall be.

Then with this hope I may trust God with  
 tomorrow,  
 And rise and His cause against unbelief plead;  
 For sin my repentance, Lord, make it so thorough  
 That to be repented of it shall not need.

None shall be ashamed who trust God with  
 tomorrow,  
 For they are relying on His promise sure;  
 From whose observation escapes not a sparrow,  
 Nor aught in creation, however obscure.

God's Spirit can make me trust Him with tomorrow,  
 So that I'll not limit Him Who fills all space  
 To selfish opinions or to notions narrow,  
 Which flesh entertains of His power and grace.

God give me Thy Spirit, today and tomorrow,  
 With it in this life for the next do me seal;  
 For of true religion Thy Spirit's the marrow—  
 Then give me that without which none shall  
 prevail.

## Whose Am I

To solve this question, "Whose am I?"  
O Lord enable me;  
For when to solve it I would try,  
I'd look for strength to Thee.

That I am His Whom I obey,  
Thou me assured hast;  
And as my service is, so may  
Expect reward at last.

There are two masters, and but two:  
These God and Satan are;  
To one we can but service do,  
They differ do so far.

And as the masters can't agree,  
The servants neither can;  
They differ as doth bond and free,  
O stupid, thoughtless man.

Who will be serving Satan, though  
Death is for that the due;  
Who won't repent will find it so,  
When wrath shall them pursue.

No wonder then I'd like to know  
Whose servant I have been;  
And if I yet to Christ did go  
To get my soul made clean.

My heart, Lord, make me search with care,  
If I Thy servant be;  
And if I Satan's livery wear,  
Reveal it unto me.

Yes, Lord, I pray Thee do me show  
The truth now of my case;  
Better the truth of it now know,  
When within reach is grace.

That I my heart may see aright,  
Thy Spirit give to me;  
Yes, grant me Lord Thy Spirit's light  
That I my heart may see.

And with this light I can but sin  
 See in't from end to end,  
 Nor do I my whole heart within  
 Find one desire to mend.

The heart by Nature's biased sure  
 To everything that's wrong;  
 And to a fountain so impure  
 Can a pure stream belong?

But was it not the Spirit's light  
 Made me my sin to see,  
 And hate then is it wrong to write  
 That grace hath made me free?

By Nature I'm a leper more  
 Than Naaman was I'm sure,  
 And as he for his grievous sore  
 Found washing was the cure,

So from sin's leprosy there's naught  
 But washing can us cleanse;  
 And Jesus' blood, when rightly sought,  
 Thereto's the only means.

Whoso believes that Christ can save,  
 And willing is that he  
 Would save them, justice can't them crave,  
 For grace hath made them free.

And if myself I don't deceive,  
 Although my faith's but small,  
 I willingly on Christ believe,  
 And take Him for my All.

Yes, though at best my faith's but weak,  
 For weak it is I see;  
 I, Jesus as my All would take,  
 Assured my All He'll be.

Self righteousness renounce I would,  
 That would to hell me bring;  
 I would be washed in Jesus' blood,  
 And to His merits cling.

And now I think conclude I may,  
 O God that I am Thine;

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

And on the same ground safely say,  
O God, that Thou art mine.

And Oh! is God in covenant  
Become my God indeed?  
Then He will let me nothing want  
Of which He sees I need.

And if it's so that God is mine  
I should proclaiming be,  
Lord to proclaim my heart incline  
The grace that made me free.

From speaking, how can I refrain?  
I can't; to speak I'll try,  
At least my practice should speak plain  
Of Christ to passersby.

Yes, fain to passersby I'd tell  
What Christ hath done for me,  
Who worthy is of naught but hell,  
And yet there shall not be.

Sure if what Christ hath done I'd hide,  
I would be much to blame;  
For sure He will be glorified  
In all who know His Name.

I was a slave, a born slave,  
Yet passersby come see  
How Jesus, who alone can save,  
By grace hath made me free.

Come for yourselves, see and believe,  
He will not you deny;  
He's willing sinners to receive,  
For sinners He did die.

In Him dwells all the fullness of  
The Godhead bodily;  
Then come, O come to Him and prove  
The grace that maketh free.

Though you can nothing with you bring,  
You'll find Him all you need;  
To be a Prophet, Priest and King  
For aye He is decreed.



## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

If ignorance be your complaint,  
He ignorance can cure,  
A Prophet He without restraint  
Is to give knowledge pure.

And if beneath sins' weight you groan,  
A Priest He is also,  
Who Himself offered to atone  
To save from endless woe.

And if you're troubled much with foes  
Which are too strong for you,  
Them how to conquer well He knows,  
A King He's to subdue.

Now this one well your wants can meet  
However great they are;  
Come with your wants, fall at His feet,  
Yourselves for Him declare.

Yes, come ye passersby and taste  
That gracious is He;  
One precious moment do not waste,  
But closing with Him be.

Let not earth's things, however fair,  
Keep Christ and you between;  
For souls are often shipwrecked there,  
There thousands lost have been.

Close in with Christ I you beseech,  
Again I say, close in;  
While mercy is within your reach,  
Go get you rid of sin.

And when of Christ you do take hold,  
You then will join with me  
In making this assertion bold,  
That grace hath made you free.

## A Prayer for a Sick Friend

O Lord unto my prayer attend!  
Send forth Thy Word and heal my friend  
Who suffered hath so long;  
O do the supplication hear  
With which before Thee I appear,  
Thy suppliants among.

'Tis for my sick friend, Lord, I pray,  
And send me not unheard away,  
For to whom should I go?  
If Thou Thine ear wilt not ope  
To me, I have no other hope,  
No other God I know.

That my friend may be on death's brink,  
My soul is troubled, Lord, to think,  
Much troubled I confess;  
Not numerous my friends have been,  
So it would be a blow felt keen  
If I must count one less.

O harken Lord my prayer unto!  
As I have said, my friends are few;  
O spare this friend to me,  
Whose friendship I can't think to lose,  
Though I dare not dictate or choose,  
My friend I'd like to see.

He whom Thou lovest, Lord, is sick,  
Let faith not at appearance stick,  
But let it still prevail;  
To faith's prayer Thou'lt a hearing give,  
But speak the word and he shall live,  
Thy word send forth him heal.

Of my friend's life need I despair  
When Thou art God, God everywhere,  
And better knowest than I  
Whether Thy glory it would more  
Advance his strength for to restore,  
Or call him now to die.

And if this sickness be to death,  
A joyful yielding of his breath

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

To Thy hand may it be;  
When comes the separation near,  
His spirit with Thy presence cheer,  
Give him the victory.

Shield him 'gainst Satan's every wile,  
Death's valley light up with Thy smile,  
That he his course with joy  
May finish, and among the blest  
Enter on his eternal rest,  
Where nothing can annoy.

Though death to him would bring relief,  
I think to me it would bring grief;  
And yet I would not grieve  
For him, as those no hope who have,  
When friends are called unto the grave,  
He's Thine I do believe.

Thine, did I say? Yes Thine O Lord,  
This thought to have I can afford,  
For I the fruit have seen  
Of his being in the living vine;  
Naught but Thy grace could Him incline  
To be what he hath been.

And that he's sick now argues not  
That he is by his God forgot;  
Ah! no, it cannot be.  
For whom God loves He will chastise,  
And still have love in exercise,  
This thought now comforts me;

For if he's Thine, as Thine he is,  
A tolerable state is his,  
Though suffering 'neath the rod;  
Pain and disease may rack his frame,  
E'en death may come, but still's the same  
His interest in God.

On his behalf, Lord hear my prayer  
Which is: that Thou his life mayest spare;  
O raise him up again,  
That he in active life may serve  
Thee, Who in life can but preserve,  
And in sickness sustain.

That he's chastised Thou best knowest why,  
Affliction to him sanctify,

That he in truth may say:  
The Lord hath me chastised sore,  
But not to death yet given o'er;  
His mercy was my stay.

Life I have asked for him, O give  
Him length of days that he may live,  
I've asked for Jesus' sake;  
But whether he may live or die,  
This one thing don't to me deny,  
Thy Will my pleasure make.

For resignation to Thy Will,  
Howe'er opposed to mine, I still  
Would like to make my aim;  
And though of friends bereaved I be,  
Thyself make up the loss to me,  
Who livest and's still the same.

O what a privilege is prayer,  
Which saints enjoy may, everywhere  
It answered may I see;  
Ere I began my heart was sad,  
But now I feel it somewhat glad —  
To God the glory be.

My pleasure now Thy Will awaits  
To see if Thou wilt from death's gates  
Lift up and strength renew;  
And if indeed my friend Thou'lt raise,  
From me Thou'lt have a song of praise,  
If Thou'lt give grace thereto;

For what is won by prayer should be  
With praise acknowledged, Lord, to Thee;  
And now I leave the case  
Without reluctance in Thy hand,  
Whose will submission doth command,  
With what Thou wilt give grace.

Yes, make Thy grace sufficient still  
For me whatever be Thy will;  
That what concerns me  
I to Thy wisdom may submit,  
In every case, as is most fit,  
And trust where I can't see.

## The Happy Hereafter

How is the ransomed throng employed  
That's now God's Throne before?  
The little griefs that once annoyed  
Them now are felt no more.

Like those they left behind they had  
Their share of sorrows here;  
But now the Lord hath made them glad,  
And they have naught to fear.

The world's distinctions shall no more  
Inflame their heart with pride;  
Dissensions grievous and sore  
No more shall them divide.

A heart once to backsliding prone,  
They now have ceased to mourn;  
Sin and the tempter both are gone,  
And shall no more return.

And though the storm blew loud and long  
Upon life's troubled sea,  
Their Pilot's arm was skilled and strong,  
And them preserved He.

And when in dangerous calms their heart  
Would sleep on ocean's breast,  
His watchword was, "Arise, depart,  
For this is not your rest."

And thus alike through calm and storm  
He on His wings them bore,  
Past dangers of most threatening form  
To Heaven's peaceful shore.

And, Oh! the beauty which that land  
Presents unto the view  
Of those whose feet shall ever stand  
In the Jerusalem new;

They in companionship most sweet  
Shall with the angels dwell,  
And though their song is both complete,  
The saints' song doth excel.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

And so abundant is their joy,  
That it shall know no end;  
In peace without the least annoy,  
Eternity they'll spend.

Hunger and thirsting there is o'er,  
For them the Lamb shall feed;  
And to life's fountain evermore  
To drink He shall them lead.

And thus sustained they're still prepared  
For holy exercise,  
Praise here imperfectly declared  
Shall there most perfect rise.

For, so to speak, they breathe the air  
Of holiness entire,  
And nothing shall be wanting there  
Perfection can desire.

The sun of righteousness in gleams  
Did shine on them while here;  
But there they bask shall in His beams,  
Effulgent, pure and clear.

But language now cannot express  
The glory of that place,  
Where He that reigns in righteousness  
Is pleased to show His face.

But we must now be purged from dross,  
If there we would appear,  
And must with patience bear the cross  
If there the crown we'd wear.

### A May Day

My life is spared unto another May,  
While many souls are in eternity,  
Since this day twelvemonth, which was new May  
Day;  
But God has willed that I should this one see.

And how it childhood to my mind doth bring,  
When I of heart and foot alike was light;

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

To join the sportive children's hand-linked ring,  
Of whom each face with joy and health beamed  
bright.

But fled those days are, and with them are fled  
Not only sport, but strength of body, too;  
For I no more with vigorous step can tread  
'Cross flower-clad fields thy beauties, May, to  
view.

Fair are thy flowers as when I used to look  
On them with fond delight and childish glee,  
As they grew on the meadow by the brook,  
Or elsewhere on the daisy-covered lea.

The trees as lovely are unto the eye,  
The bird's song is as sweet upon the ear,  
As when I scarce knew what it was to sigh —  
May is May still though I confined am here.

But is there not a land where strength fails not,  
And flowers in every season are in bloom?  
O fair and holy land, without one spot  
Of sin, be thou my rest beyond the tomb.

My trials how could I bear if I had  
Not hope that I would yet arrive in thee,  
Where I'll with immortality be clad,  
And hence from mortal suffering be free.

How sweet to sit in shadow of the tree  
Of life, with wholesome fruit and leaves still  
green;  
What signifies privations here I see,  
If Heaven's beauties shall by me be seen?

### On the Death of Olive May

Dear Olive May, not long ago  
(I think about a week or so),  
You were in life and glee;  
Your face with health and beauty shone,  
But now you to the grave are gone,  
And friends now weep for thee.



Sweet child, your death none could prevent,  
Though many to the rescue went —  
Too late it seems they came;  
For injuries you had received  
Before they could get you relieved  
From the devouring flame.

Death sometimes makes a mild advance,  
But clothed in terror all at once  
Here seized upon the prey;  
No more of fun or frolic now,  
Death's pallor settled on your brow,  
And you have gone away.

How much you suffered I can't tell,  
Nor on the sad occurrence dwell  
That did you hence remove;  
But I can say your life was short,  
And that your death might well exhort  
Survivors to improve;

For ample ground it doth afford  
To mark the doings of the Lord,  
And well improved should be.  
However others may receive  
This chastisement, I do believe  
God's Hand in it I see.

Ascribing it to mere chance  
Would prove a deal of ignorance,  
The least of it to say.  
God gave the child to live so long,  
Then sent death with a purpose strong  
And took her life away.

Among her little playmates she  
No more is seen, no more will be,  
This lamb is gone, but where?  
Perhaps among Christ's lambs to rest,  
And if she is her lot is blessed,  
For all are safe that's there.

Its charge the grave a while must keep,  
Where she's in death's unbroken sleep,  
So lovely and so young;  
Her requiem I this day do sing,  
And birds or breezes coming spring,  
Perhaps mine may have sung.

An invalid ere she was born,  
Eleven times I've seen the thorn  
Put on its snowy dress,  
Since I was fit to work a day;  
But God will have it His own way,  
And I just acquiesce.

## The Last Step

We must step through death to glory  
If we ever shall be there,  
Nor need thoughts of dissolution  
Drive the Christian to despair.

Death's the last step in life's journey,  
And a solemn one it is;  
As it's last so is't decisive  
To our future woe or bliss.

Earth and earth's concerns leaving  
And forever us behind,  
Brings no doubt a strange sensation  
To the contemplative mind.

Some there are whose conscience slumber  
On the threshold of the grave,  
Others with a hope ill founded  
Vainly think they death shall brave.

And some after their life spending,  
Slighting gospel offers all;  
Have their conscience then awakened,  
To despair a prey to fall.

Nothing is to them remaining,  
But a fearful looking for  
Of judgment, which poured shall be  
On those whom God doth abhor.

Truly this a sad condition  
Is to leave the world in,  
And the saddest of the story  
Is it doth but hell begin.

Just a foretaste this of torment,  
Which shall everlasting be;

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

And what everlasting meaneth  
Shall unfold eternity.

Still in death there is a sweetness  
Which the Christian tastes alone,  
For He Who leads through life's journey  
Safe in death shall keep His own.

True the pang of separation  
May, and is, by Christians felt,  
Objects when about to part with  
Which close to the heart have dwelt.

Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters,  
Parents kind, and children dear,  
One or all of these relations  
Which doth feed affection here,

To be parted from's a trial;  
But the saints enabled are  
In God's Hand to leave survivors,  
Sure of them He will take care.

He whose promise is performance,  
And whose purpose naught can waive,  
For the widow and the orphan  
Shall provide though in the grave

Their best earthly friend is lying,  
God an husband sure shall be  
To the widow, and a father  
To the fatherless is He.

Dying saints then loved relations  
To a loving God can leave;  
Yes, and leave them with composure,  
Sure their hope He won't deceive.

O my soul, make God thy portion,  
Tabernacled while in clay;  
Then through death thou shalt to glory  
Pass undoubtedly away.

## My Friends

Nothing would I more desire  
For my friends than them to see,  
Give themselves to Christ entire  
While in youth and strength they be.

Unto my relations gracious  
Be, O Lord, I Thee beseech;  
In Thy sight may they be precious,  
Do them with Thy Spirit teach.

Yes, prepare them with Thy Spirit  
Heaven's anthems for to swell,  
Qualify them to inherit  
Where the saints securely dwell.

## Leaving Home

Let those despair at loss of earthly things  
Who with no better hope their hearts can cheer;  
Time's things to look beyond is that which brings  
To estimate aright possessions here.

When Israel was from Egypt called the fair  
Land of Canaan for to go possess,  
'Twould worse than folly been to have stayed there,  
'Twould been mistrusting God and nothing less.

Earth's but an Egypt proved day after day,  
Wherein continuing cities we have none;  
Nor may we e'en in Goshen here stay,  
For Canaan is the promised rest alone.

Then at a moment's warning we should be  
Ready to give up all we here possess;  
Since earth is not the Christian's rest, and we  
Should strive for that, nor be content with less.

Though I must leave home I'll think oft upon  
It, and the dear friends I there have lost;  
Or, rather those who have before me gone,  
Who on life's ocean shall no more be tossed.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

O how thought lingers between stay and leave!  
Though I do know the time for leaving's come;  
Yonder's the car me waiting to receive,  
Which just hath come to bear me from my home.

Let those despair at loss of earthly things  
Who with no better hope their heart can cheer;  
Time's things to look beyond is that which brings  
To estimate aright possessions here.

### To Miss S.

Dear friend many thanks for your visit,  
It helped me a little I'm sure,  
And thus you have somewhat diminished  
That which if you could you would cure.

Nor are you the sole sympathizer,  
I think I have still a few more,  
To whom I feel ever as grateful  
As if sympathy strength could restore.

Indeed, I was longing to see you,  
Because many friends I have not  
Who care for my welfare as you do,  
Old friendship you have not forgot.

God's people, and this is a blessing,  
For each other praying can be;  
My friend, do not cease for to pray for,  
And still, when you can, visit me.

I much value good conversation,  
Though little myself fit to say;  
I've told you your coming hath helped me,  
The reason to tell you I may.

In general, though not melancholy,  
But just the reverse as you know,  
There are times when unsought dejection  
A gloom o'er my spirits would throw.

You came when my spirits were sinking,  
God sent you in answer to prayer;  
You being the means He selected  
Low spirits a little to mar.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

We know of all good God the source is,  
Yet oft He through means doth convey  
His goodness, and while we would praise Him,  
Means also acknowledge we may.

This is just why I've wrote, you'll excuse me,  
As otherwise I can't express  
The thanks which I owe you for coming  
My friend, God remember and bless.

### Just What I Feel

Dear brother, I upon you often think,  
How you are sorrowing for me lest I sink

Beneath the weight of trouble which I bear,  
Of which I've had a more than common share.

My bed seems of my weight though small to mourn,  
As there from weary side to side I turn.

Sorrow doth sorrow in my bosom meet,  
And conquest of me makes almost complete.

I'm half afraid the storm not long I'll brave  
On life's rough sea, where each succeeding wave

Seems more and more a giant's form to take,  
And sets me as its mark 'gainst which to break.

Yet notwithstanding trouble's swollen tides,  
God in Himself a refuge me provides.

This cheering thought my cold heart often warms,  
That underneath me are the lasting arms.

A ray of hope still lingers in this breast  
That God is me preparing for His rest.

And O how sweet that rest above to taste  
After the turmoils of this howling waste!

Though grief my spirits sometimes drinketh up,  
And though I find mine is a bitter cup,

When faith of Jesus' Face doth get a blink,  
Without a murmur then the draught I drink.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

If I on Jesus' faith's eye fixed could keep,  
Although my troubles are both broad and deep,

As momentary this would make them seem,  
Just like the tide upon a shallow stream;

Or like the rustling among the trees  
When agitated by a passing breeze;

So surely shall life's troubles soon be o'er,  
And then the Christian shall have cause no more

Of any kind of trouble to complain,  
For they beyond this life shall know no pain.

Meantime my patience this should much provoke  
To bear as me becomes my present yoke.

Am I an heir of glory? Why then fret  
Because the promised good I can't here get?

What saint would in despondency sit down  
Because on earth he cannot have his crown?

I'm surely guilty of a grand mistake,  
If I on earth my resting place would make,

Which I do know I much am prone unto  
When all is calm and fair within my view.

But, like the dove, no rest I here can find,  
Which makes me to go forward more inclined,

That, if by any means I may obtain  
The rest which for God's people doth remain.

Dear brother, pray for me, that I through grace  
May safely reach that holy resting place,

Whereof the blest inhabitants may say  
That God them thither led by a right way.

Yes, He with skill them led through march and mire,  
Unto that place where was their soul's desire.

And if my heart's desire was given me,  
I Jesus' face eternally would see.



## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Farewell forever then to sighs and tears,  
These close companions of my pilgrim years,

And welcome joy and everlasting rest,  
Which only can through Jesus be possessed.

### On the Death of a Young Lady

O Lord, Thou hast been pleased by death to call  
A daughter from her parents' fond embrace;  
But as Thy consolations are not small,  
Sufficient to their trial make Thy grace.

'Tis true the family circle broke hath been,  
And through death's gates a child beloved hath  
gone,  
Whose parents the bereavement must feel keen;  
But from death's ravages exempt are none.

For come it must to all, but happy they  
Who yet in life a share in Christ secured;  
Then death to them, come how and when it may,  
For Heaven's mansions is their soul matured.

And did she not give evidence of grace?  
Sure all her illness was with patience borne;  
And may we not hope that she's in that place  
Where friend from friend by death no more is  
torn?

Fond parents, think on this and do not grieve  
As those who have no hope — your daughter's  
well;  
That she's in glory now do you believe?  
Then from your hearts repining thoughts expel.

Remember that to you she was but lent,  
And what God lends to us recall He may;  
So when her days were numbered, death He sent  
The flower to transplant to endless day.

Surely you would not wish to keep her here  
If God has work for her to do in bliss;  
Then for her when you drop affection's tear  
The rod in token of submission kiss.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

I with bereavements well acquaint have been,  
I understand the feelings of the heart  
When death is by its wondrous working seen,  
And we are called with friends beloved to part.

If we are Christ's, we must take up His cross  
And follow Him where He is pleased to lead;  
The Lord to you make up your daughter's loss,  
And is she lost? No, but from suffering freed.

To father, mother, brothers, sisters fond,  
Thy sweetest consolations, Lord, be given;  
Why for their loved one grieve if she's beyond  
Both sin and suffering, safe with Thee in Heaven?

### "Thou, God, Seest Me"

When aught does grieve or give me pain,  
Lord, let me cling to Thee;  
And in the face of doubts maintain  
That "Thou, God, seest me."

I know all things Thou dost espy  
Within the land and sea,  
But is it with a gracious eye  
That "Thou, God, seest me?"

A gracious look Thou givest Thine own,  
And Thine own may I be;  
That I may though all else be flown  
Say, "Thou, God, seest me."

Although from this heart friendship's bands  
By death should severed be,  
A friend in Jesus' person stands,  
And "Thou, God, seest me."

And when my water is all spent,  
A fresh supply I'll see;  
For mercies in abundance vent  
Through "Thou, God, seest me."

Earth's things are changing at the best,  
All things doth change but Thee;  
My weary soul alone can rest  
In "Thou, God, seest me."

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Naught happeneth to me by chance,  
All is by Thy decree;  
So unbelief need not advance,  
For "Thou, God, seest me."

My sins which legion I may call,  
Shall all forgiven be;  
And from Thy grace I shall not fall,  
For "Thou, God, seest me."

This thought should ever check my grief  
When I affliction see,  
That for me there is still relief  
In "Thou, God, seest me."

If in this life I had my choice  
Of all its joys or Thee,  
I hope my soul would lift her voice  
For "Thou, God, seest me."

For if its pleasures I possessed,  
Engaging though they be,  
They could not cheer me when depressed  
Like "Thou, God, seest me."

And when this pilgrim life is o'er,  
And death must tasted be,  
O let my ransomed spirit soar  
To "Thou, God, seest me."

### My Little Book

This book now to me presented,  
Formerly belonged to one  
Who from life's scenes is absented,  
Yes, long since from earth she's gone.

Its fair charge the grave is keeping,  
There in peace her clay doth rest;  
Where no eye is dim with weeping,  
Where no sorrow aches the breast.

Death hath claimed its former owner,  
And its present soon shall be  
Claiming, like as He hath thrown her  
In the grave, so shall He me,

Which, my little book, another  
Change to thee no doubt will make,  
When a sister or fond brother  
Shall thee safe keep for my sake.

## To God I Commit the Cause

O God, to Thee I would appeal  
When falsehood seemeth to prevail;  
By liars made the breaches heal,  
Thy injured folk are weeping;  
Misrepresented which have been  
As well Thine holy eyes have seen,  
Against such do Thy people screen,  
Silence make those be keeping.

When Satan once hath forged a lie,  
One of his trusty servants by,  
The rest doth raise the hue and cry,  
As if a thousand voices  
Could make one lie appear true;  
I grant they much can change its hue,  
But cannot alter't in God's view,  
Which much my soul rejoices.

Yes, I'm rejoiced that Satan can't  
God prejudice against a saint,  
Though he complaint after complaint  
Against the same is making;  
Of slanders which the wicked heap  
Upon His people, God doth keep  
A reckoning, and schemes, though deep  
Laid, He shall yet be shaking.

God doth the truth of liars tell,  
And that is that they must in hell  
With Satan and his friends still dwell,  
If not in time prevented.  
Then learn to speak truth while you may,  
Lest you shall in another day  
Find of transgressors hard's the way,  
By dying unrepented.

I am not speaking to expose,  
For less I blame than pity those

That's wilfully incurring woes  
From which we can't relieve them.  
O that God's Grace would such reclaim  
And make them of themselves think shame,  
Then they our sympathy might claim  
When we could once believe them.

## Eighteen Sixty-Six

November eighteen sixty-six  
Is come and still I live,  
Thank God for all the mercies which  
I from His hand receive.

I cannot work, I am so weak,  
Yet God's so good to me,  
He sends me everything I need  
And I should thankful be.

The mercies which I do enjoy  
Prove God to be most kind,  
He must be Love else He would not  
Such a poor creature mind.

God ever giveth like Himself,  
That's why so much I get;  
O that I still could praise His Name  
And never, never fret!

My own unworthiness should keep  
Me patient when I'm tried;  
Trials yield valuable fruit  
If they are sanctified.

In godliness there is a gain  
That's worth the being sought,  
For even crosses sent in love  
Must be with mercy fraught.

November eighteen sixty-seven  
I may not live to see,  
But death, repulsive in itself,  
In Christ would welcome be.

## On Sadness

Somewhat sadder now I feel  
Than I did some time ago;  
Lord, this broken heart do heal,  
Cheerfulness on me bestow.

To be buried still in gloom  
Is what Christians should not be,  
Living men thrown in the tomb  
We would shudder for to see.

Yet how many buried are  
While in life and with their will  
'Neath the rubbish they prepare,  
When they active might be still.

Stupid, dull and lazy grown,  
Anything but work for them;  
How can life by those be known  
Who lose time, its precious gem?

And would I inactive be,  
Who for that do others blame;  
Yes, I'm to a great degree,  
But unsought to me it came.

Many bitter sighs and tears  
Hath my being so me cost,  
Many hopes I've had and fears  
If or not I'll get strength lost.

Still there's something I may do,  
Though my strength reduced is far,  
Duties which I may pursue,  
Duties suiting me there are.

Working, though a duty great,  
God is pleased me to deny;  
Then I feel 'tis mine to wait,  
Therefore to wait well I'll try.

Yes, my soul to wait is Thine,  
And a privilege reckon't to,  
Which on duty's face let shine,  
And 'twill give't a sweeter hue.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Yes, 'twill give a softer touch  
To each feature, seeming hard;  
Nor I think can I too much  
Duty in this way regard.

Many things we've hard to bear,  
Trials many to surmount;  
E'en when called to duty rare,  
Privileges still let us count.

In the fiery furnace thrown  
When we are, if we're the Lord's,  
That shall be consumed alone  
Which bound us, the mere cords;

God shall come and save us so  
We'll no injury sustain,  
Turn the fire upon the foe  
And our right and cause maintain.

Privileges will in this way  
Reckon more than many think;  
Lord, the cup Thou givest may  
I with true submission drink.

Thou the Christian's path mark'st out,  
Fully may I follow Thee;  
Going not to change't about,  
But straightforward may it be.

### To a Young Friend Who Was Preparing for the Ministry

My friend, ere life be ended —  
And it seems well nigh run —  
I know I had intended  
To thank my friends, each one.

And it would be ungrateful  
If I did you forget;  
Ingratitude is hateful,  
My mind's against it set.

You have been sympathizing  
With me, and now I would



## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Thank you for exercising  
Your kindness, as I should.

Of friendship every token  
I value, leaf and stem,  
Yet I had rather spoken  
My thanks than written them,

For I have not a treasure  
Of education got,  
And seeing you the pleasure  
Again I may have not.

Of gratitude no showing  
Expect we from thee;  
I feel my strength is going,  
And therefore wrote I have.

I wish I could write better,  
But please accept this scrawl,  
Which leaves me still your debtor;  
The gift however small,

That friendship's hand hath given  
Remembered still must be;  
I hope my friends in Heaven  
I'll all together see.

I may be first in glory,  
But you shall follow when  
Awhile salvation's story  
You'll have proclaimed to men.

And if to be a preacher  
God shall indeed you call,  
His Spirit be your teacher,  
And then you prosper shall.

And when this sought-for honor  
Shall be conferred on you,  
Do not forget the donor,  
But to His cause be true.

You have got talents many,  
Them for the Master use;  
To hide He gives not any,  
Nor any to abuse.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Each servant this kind Master  
Doth tenderly regard,  
But to the faithful pastor  
He'll give a rich reward.

I speak as if already  
The pulpit you were in;  
The gospel preaching steady,  
No quarter giving sin.

All are not sons of thunder  
The gospel who proclaim,  
But all should grace be under  
Who speak in Jesus' Name.

They preach themselves, not Jesus,  
Who fond are of display;  
A flowery sermon pleases,  
And even profit may.

But I for one would rather  
Aside truth painted throw;  
I would prefer to gather  
Truth's flowers as they grow.

God's Word, so variegated  
With all that's rich and fine,  
Himself hath dedicated  
To purposes divine.

And as it is resplendent  
With everything that's good,  
Its beauty is transcendent —  
O that I tell it could!

Truth in itself unfading,  
Is made to change its hue,  
When men begin a shading  
To bring out something new.

By some the truth's deserted  
Because the light they hate,  
By others quite perverted  
To prop a pious cheat.

But better things persuaded  
We are, my friend, of you;

## C L O U D S   A N D   S U N S H I N E

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Truth needs not to be shaded,  
But ought to have its due.

The truth as it's in Jesus  
Is just enough to preach,  
By this our God it pleases  
The heart of man to reach.

Your friends themselves do flatter,  
You would yourself ignore,  
The standing up to chatter  
An audience before.

Your knowledge is extensive  
(At least I think it so),  
Through language comprehensive  
Do your ideas flow.

In short, you're calculated,  
As far as I can see,  
With grace communicated,  
A pastor good to be.

But where there is a pastor  
That's worthy of the name,  
The glory of his Master  
He makes his highest aim.

For Christ's crown gems to gather  
Is worth a preacher's while,  
And should be studied rather  
Than how to get fame's smile.

A pastor is expected  
Both sheep and lambs to feed;  
And none should be neglected,  
All to be fed have need.

The poor-neglecting pastor,  
Whatever else he be,  
Here follows not the Master,  
Is not Christ-like you see.

You'll wonder what's the reason  
That I am speaking thus;  
It seems quite out of season,  
This matter to discuss.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Of thanks a few expressions  
Is all I did intend;  
Then whence come these digressions  
You well may ask, my friend.

Perhaps words without knowledge  
You'll say I multiply;  
This would not do in college,  
But here's my reply:

Although with little learning  
I thought to write to you  
My thanks, and then concerning  
A pastor's duty, too.

Thought after thought presented  
Itself, 'till now I see,  
Order uncomplimented  
The slip hath given me.

I from my subject wandered,  
I honestly confess,  
But thoughts of talents squandered  
Hath made me to digress.

A pastor's high position  
Upon my mind hath weighed,  
And therefore this addition  
I to my song have made;

For I was not intending  
Upon these points to touch;  
You know, on grace depending,  
A pastor can do much.

God show you still what's duty,  
And keep you in the same;  
Consistency is beauty,  
At which we all should aim.

For working some are fitted,  
With waiting some are tried;  
But either's well requited  
If God be glorified.

Though circumstances vary,  
And prospects vary, too;

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

God never works contrary  
To what He wills to do.

I'm sure you would not barter  
The prospect which you have,  
For gain from any quarter;  
Mine's all beyond the grave.

Myself I cannot flatter  
In life long to be spared,  
Nor can it be much matter  
To die if I'm prepared.

For I'm a burthen rather  
Than useful to my friends,  
But so a loving Father  
Hath willed it for wise ends.

My friends are not complaining  
For all that they have done;  
I'm useless, that's my meaning,  
For aught beneath the sun.

For any work whatever  
Unfit I long have been,  
And work again shall never —  
Yet why for this complain?

I feel my strength is going,  
As I have said before,  
But dare not murmur, knowing  
That Christ my griefs hath bore.

Death looks not always frightful,  
When Christ is in the case;  
The prospect is delightful —  
All this is wrought by grace.

And if of grace a subject,  
The rest well bore may be;  
Life's not without an object  
If Jesus died for me.

For me, too, He hath risen,  
A risen Lord, if mine,  
My soul from its poor prison  
Will take with Him to shine.

To Him my ransomed spirit  
In rapture will ascend,  
These good things to inherit  
Which shall endure, my friend.

Where every heart is gladness  
To meet you I'll be glad,  
For who can think of sadness  
Where all in joy are clad?

### Assurance—

Lines by Sister C.

My closet, when my God sees meet  
Me to remove from thee,  
My soul hath this assurance sweet—  
As sweet it needs must be:

That I shall have a mansion where  
Prayer shall give place to praise;  
Here I had grace, but glory there  
I shall enjoy always.

### The Moment After Death

When this pulse shall have ceased to beat,  
These ears to hear, these eyes to see,  
This brain to think, these hands and feet  
To move, where shall my spirit be?

When these lungs cease to draw a breath  
And life's blood in these veins to flow,  
What shall the moment after death  
My disembodied spirit show?

These, these are thoughts which often strike,  
And oft has struck upon my mind;  
And fancy on the future likes  
To dwell, as if a rest to find.

But is my faith as active now,  
As then my soul would joyful be?  
When death o'ershadowed hath this brow,  
Lord take my spirit home to Thee.

Yes, take it home, that it may rest  
From all that troubled it before;  
Give it a place among the blest,  
A mansion on that peaceful shore.

My hope of life I would not sell  
For all this world can bestow,  
A triumph over death and hell  
Is what my spirit longs to know.

And know it yet my spirit shall,  
For God, the Promiser, is true;  
And whom He unto grace doth call,  
He will to glory carry through.

Now is it not worth while to bear  
With patience what God's pleased to send?  
If we'll in glory have a share,  
Our trials shall in triumph end.

## A Friend's Return

O Lord, another proof we have  
That Thou for us dost care,  
In that Thou in the sea a grave  
For ours didst not prepare.

While some are called friends to lament  
That's perished 'neath the wave,  
My thanks I am called to present  
To God Who mine did save.

And now accept the humble praise  
Which gratitude commands,  
Me to Thy Holy Name to raise;  
Thy word unbroken stands.

For unbelief excuse there's none;  
Why harbor it at all,  
Since God's Word and God's Word alone  
Not to the ground can fall?

'Tween two opinions if to halt  
I feel my self inclined,  
Not God's, but mine, must be the fault,  
For He is of one mind.



## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

But man by Nature to God's law  
A rebel staunch and stout,  
Even when grace his heart doth draw,  
Is given much to doubt.

And of my doubting I'm ashamed,  
And of my sinful fear;  
I know for this I'm to be blamed,  
Though when faith's eye is clear,

I think I'll never doubt again;  
O Lord, my faith increase;  
To unbelief give not the rein,  
Sufficient make Thy grace.

For me and for my friends, each one,  
Whom I'd leave in Thy hand,  
For to protect them there is none  
But Thee by sea or land.

That Jesus lives should be enough  
All doubting to suspend,  
When winds are high and sea is rough,  
His mercy to extend.

Now in our elder Brother's hand  
I'd leave my friend most dear;  
That Pilot which to Canaan's land  
Can, and can only, steer.

### To the Cuckoo

Whence comest thou, stranger?  
From what distant part  
Hast hither from danger  
Been made to resort?

For no depredation  
Art thou on thy flight;  
E'en in contemplation  
No man rob'st of right.

Of law no suspension  
Thy high-toned voice seeks,  
An honest intention  
Thy language bespeaks.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Though oft I did hear thee  
Ere now at thy song,  
Yet never so near me  
I've seen thee so long.

On the branch there thou sittest  
With music so true,  
No blunder committest  
In singing cuckoo.

That thou'rt come, the reason  
I do know right well;  
Of the summer season,  
Thou'rt come us to tell.

And of the sweet voices  
Which falls on my ear,  
It just now rejoices  
Me most thine to hear.

Such fond recollection  
To mind thou dost bring,  
I tears of affection  
Could weep while you sing.

Since first on my hearing  
Thy sweet tones did fall,  
Death hence hath been bearing  
My friends at His call.

Of childhood companions  
But few now remain;  
While in death's dominions,  
I weep o'er the slain.

In different places  
My lot hath been cast,  
But life like a race is  
Which soon must be past.

And little it matters  
Where run is the race,  
If loosed Satan's fetters  
Be from us by grace.

Through no vain predictions  
The Christian knows,

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

His fight of afflictions  
Shall reach to a close.

Though injured, forgiving,  
By works he proves faith;  
He's dying while living,  
And live shall in death.

Strength may I receiving  
Be, daily from grace,  
That I through believing  
May run out the race.

Be never repining  
Whatever befall,  
But cheerful resigning  
To Jesus, my All.

And sometimes with sorrow,  
When nigh swallowed up,  
From hope let me borrow  
Of joy a sweet cup.

Grief is no light matter,  
However suppress,  
When poured out like water  
It is in the breast.

But why be relating  
My sorrows to thee,  
When thou art repeating  
Thy sweet song to me.

Interrupt thee I will not,  
I feel 'twould be wrong;  
Of singing thou'st skill got,  
Go on with thy song.

Sweet herald of summer,  
I pray thee renew  
The heart-welcome rumor,  
Repeat thy cuckoo.

With pleasure I'll listen,  
'Twill give me much joy;  
Away then don't hasten,  
I won't thee annoy.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Thy present position  
O keep on the tree,  
My feathered musician,  
Till tired I be.

Joy mingled with sorrow  
That instant I knew,  
As off like an arrow  
My visitant flew.

It left me my pleasures  
And griefs to recount,  
And so I took measures  
To get the amount.

And then this conclusion,  
In God's strength I drew;  
Nor is it delusion,  
But happily true:

Through losses, diseases,  
Or what else we meet,  
An interest in Jesus  
Makes everything sweet.

### "Lie Not One to Another"

If only what we do profess  
Of godliness, is all  
We in reality possess,  
The whole amount is small.

We may profess like angels fair,  
And yet that cloak beneath  
Strive to pass off the foulest ware  
That counterfeit can faith.

A fair profession will not do,  
Faith without works is dead;  
But empty shadows they pursue  
Who by such faith is led.

Doctrine to hold, however pure,  
Where it is not reduced  
To practice, is at best but poor;  
When hath it good produced?

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Better we nothing did profess  
Than have it but in name;  
To hold truth in unrighteousness,  
But puts the truth to shame.

I oft have led been to observe  
The inconsistency  
Of those who from the truth do swerve,  
Yet Christ's profess to be;

Forgetting that all liars shall  
Their portion have in hell;  
Or if to mind they do it call,  
From conscience it expel.

Speak every man the truth unto  
His neighbor, God doth say;  
Saints this regards and speaketh true,  
But liars disobey.

I'm well aware that liars can,  
With much effrontery,  
Pass off for truth their lies on man,  
Though injured many be.

Why don't they tell things as they are,  
Or tell them not at all?  
To speak none 'twould be better far  
Than that right injured fall.

My soul has often troubled been  
To see folk with their will,  
Make for their faults of lies a screen,  
Their faults increasing still,

Which leads me very much to doubt  
The Christianity  
Of those who truth thus go about,  
Professing though they be.

The world still by professors judge,  
Religion yet ne'er through;  
Those who at Satan's work do drudge  
Have of it a fair view.

At Satan's work they'll be employed,  
And as his servants should,

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Of principle right being void  
They are averse to good.

But why put on a mask of truth  
When they will not speak true,  
Who unto age from early youth  
In private lies pursue?

They do put on of truth the guise  
That they may have a name,  
To live in death while their soul lies  
Just next door to hell's flame.

Too much 'mong followers professed  
Of Christ prevails this sin;  
When shall they show they it detest  
The truth by walking in?

I am acquaint with some whose life  
Is blameless otherwise,  
Whose tongue on each occasion's rife  
To utter petty lies.

And yet they are accounted good,  
And pretty much thought of,  
And in their town and neighborhood  
Peaceable neighbors prove.

But though the church them recognize  
As members, and their town  
As neighbors peaceable, on lies  
The God of Truth will frown.

Death's sentence is on liars passed,  
And executed shall  
Be; vengeance shall take them at last,  
In hell their portion's all.

My soul into their secret then  
Come not, nor joined be  
To this assembly of men;  
Mine honor but be free.

Yes, from this and all other sin,  
My soul, get full discharge;  
God's truth be daily walking in,  
To thee His bounty's large.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Though very sweet truth's in the ear,  
'Tis sweeter in the heart,  
And saints will what they do appear  
Be in the inward part.

I, who am so ashamed to catch  
Another in a lie,  
My own expressions let me watch,  
Conscience keep truth in eye.

What I lament, my God alone  
Can cure in age and youth;  
Yes, 'tis His Spirit which can tone  
The heart to speak the truth.

And send Thy Spirit, Lord, I pray  
Into the hearts of men,  
And so in truth day after day  
They shall be walking then.

O do the heavy heart relieve  
Which burdened is for those,  
Who for themselves yet do not grieve,  
Repentance neither shows.

Repentance is the worst I wish  
To those who do speak wrong;  
Of mercy give them, Lord, a dish,  
For still to save Thou'rt strong.

### Love to the Saints

Thy servants, Lord, I highly prize,  
Nor would the least of them despise;

I love their work, I love their name,  
I love their end, I love their aim;

I love them though in poverty  
And in affliction great they be;

Yes, with those I would sympathize  
Whose pathway through affliction lies,

And still in patience do possess  
Their soul, and Christ through all confess.



Suffering or not beneath the rod,  
I love, I love the child of God.

But though I love the heirs of grace,  
Let me not put them in God's place.

The creature let me ne'er pursue  
With what is the Creator's due.

### My Times Are in Thy Hand

My God, my times are in Thy hand,  
The number of my months is set;  
How many I can't understand,  
But just what pleases God I'll get.

Time comes and goes, and what have we  
Been doing, God to glorify;  
Our lives lived over cannot be,  
Away with time our days do fly.

Now sixty-six its exit makes,  
And that gives place to sixty-seven;  
Our moments vanish like snowflakes,  
But Christ is mine and death brings Heaven.

And God prepare me for that change  
Which may, indeed, be very near;  
The work is Thine, the way is strange,  
And I'm nigh sick of living here.

I long to be among the blest,  
Of lovely Christ to have my fill;  
And thanks to God there is a rest,  
Where pleasure I shall have at will.

### To a Christian Lady

My friend, being long in death's valley,  
And thinking you've entered it, too,  
I therefore intended a letter  
To write as I best could to you.

I gladly would speak well of Jesus,  
And all His perfections commend;

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

But though I've been with the refiner  
For years together, my friend,

I have little to show for the trouble —  
So to speak — Christ is taking with me;  
But I hope He will never give over  
Till His image in my soul He'll see.

What Christ of His yoke and His burden  
Doth testify, I can subscribe;  
Though unbelief, quite the contrary,  
To say Satan often would bribe.

My heart between hoping and doubting  
Is often brought nigh to a stand;  
Then faith goes in search for a promise,  
And brings Eschol grapes in its hand,

Of which when my poor soul hath tasted,  
My spirits are quickly revived;  
Indeed, I'm unable to tell you  
What good from those grapes I've derived.

But I am determined, while ever  
In Eschol a grape can be found,  
However with sorrow beleagured,  
My feasting and joy will abound.

I know if I won't go to Heaven  
God's way, I can never go there;  
But I feel I can say, Christ's my portion,  
And that bolts the door on despair.

I presume that a word spoke in season,  
Acceptable would be to you;  
And so I would like to be speaking  
If, but how to do it, I knew.

I regret that our little acquaintance  
Has left me so little to say;  
But rejoice that as fellow believers,  
We walking must be the same way.

I know that you are not a stranger  
To troubles of many a kind;  
A widow, and as it were, childless,  
And now to a sick-room confined.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

And how do you like your affliction?  
Is Christ all you took Him to be?  
Art thou in the furnace improving?  
Is grace still sufficient for thee?

You cannot, you cannot imagine  
How often I'm thinking of you;  
How it goes between Christ and your spirit,  
I would be so glad if I knew.

Unbelief, I dare say, will be speaking  
Of Christ what you dare not believe;  
And Satan in order to have you,  
Will try to the last to deceive.

He doubtless hath many devices,  
To any of which lest you yield,  
Watch and pray for the time is approaching  
You'll see him quite drove from the field.

Hold on, fear not, Christ hath conquered,  
And in Him you conquer will, too;  
None have been elected to perish,  
If God to His promise be true.

And He is the True and the Faithful,  
And so you have found Him to be;  
Then on your Beloved still be leaning,  
There's plenty of succor for thee.

Christ loves to the end all who trust Him,  
He's more than a husband to you;  
Then let not your heart be discouraged,  
For surely He'll bring you safe through.

Safe through that mysterious river,  
Which bridgeless and bottomless is  
To those who have no share in Jesus,  
And hence none whatever in bliss.

If you are to Jesus united,  
He's bound to look after His own;  
He holds Himself bound by His promise,  
In death He'll not leave you alone.

I know it is easy prescribing  
But hard what is right still to do;

However, if sad, my advice is  
Remember what Christ is to you.

Cheer up, cheer up, for death's valley  
Is sweeter than many suppose;  
Christ having bestrewed it with flowers,  
A perfume refreshing it throws.

A little while and you'll be with Him,  
As safe as a saved soul can be;  
And long it won't be till I'll follow,  
For Jesus is sending for me.

I believe that we'll yet see each other  
In time, though we never may meet;  
In Heaven there's nothing to suffer,  
All's happiness lengthened and sweet;

And when we'll have met once in glory,  
What wonders of grace we can tell  
Concerning God's bringing us thither  
Through manifold trials. Farewell!

### On the Death of a Young Girl

And Annie, have you gone to sleep?  
And is your spirit fled, indeed,  
To where they neither sigh nor weep?  
Our sympathy you do not need,

Because you are where sin and grief  
Will never be allowed a place;  
The story of your life is brief,  
But now you are in better ease.

Your friends may weep that you are gone,  
Because they cannot see you here;  
But if they saw your white robe on,  
I'm sure they would not drop a tear.

I think they rather would rejoice  
To see what honor Christ hath put  
Upon the people of His choice,  
Which your companions constitute.

How glorious now must be your state,  
What happiness to be in bliss!

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

To know I must a little wait —  
But Annie your's fruition is.

It's good for you to be so far  
Beyond the reach of pain and sin;  
And when I shall be as you are,  
Our long acquaintance will begin.

For though one congregation we  
Belonged to, we've not been acquaint,  
But so it shall not always be —  
I long to talk to every saint.

To ask them who and what they were,  
What joys and sorrows they have had;  
To hear them God's grace declare  
For having them with glory clad.

For ought I know it may indeed  
Be part of their blest exercise  
Each other's history to read  
Where all have got enlightened eyes.

Here we misspell, miscall, mistake,  
We scarce can read ourselves aright;  
But when in glory we awake,  
We'll see all in a better light.

For then we'll see as we are seen,  
And know exactly as we're known,  
Nor shall we once have to complain  
Of faults which here we must own.

For such a state of things I long  
As Annie with her God enjoys;  
Here sometimes right, and sometimes wrong,  
Makes and unmakes, builds and destroys.

I oft have longed to be beyond  
The giving and the getting pain;  
Those things of which I am most fond  
I never can on earth obtain;

But long for them I must and will,  
Faith knows that glory follows grace;  
My share of glory I would spill  
If I might have it in this place.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

It is reserved and that is best,  
Hope as an anchor I have got,  
So can look forward to my rest  
Though I'm now like a broken pot;

I cannot praise, I cannot pray,  
I cannot work, I cannot wait;  
I can do nothing I may say,  
But helpless lie at mercy's gate.

Though in God's service I delight,  
I'm wanting where I should abound;  
Alas! I can do nothing right—  
This to be fact I've always found.

But, Annie, how are you employed  
While I am lying useless here?  
The want of what you have enjoyed  
Draws from me a half-jealous tear.

For thinking o'er your joy and peace  
And that of your companions, too,  
Has made my longing to increase;  
O to be praising God with you!

O to associate with those  
Whose blood-washed robes forever shine  
Where friendship to perfection grows!  
And shall this luxury be mine?

Yes, Annie, we shall shortly meet  
Where even strangers will be friends,  
For Jesus is the center sweet  
Of friendship where it never ends.

And, Annie, where such friendships are,  
You went while it was early noon;  
Forever you have crossed the bar,  
And God will take me over soon.

Soon shall I see those pleasant sights  
Which now arrest your gladdened gaze,  
Soon have with other sweet delights  
The garment of grace praising praise.

## How Long

How long, Lord, in the wilderness  
Shall I a mourner be?  
How long, Lord, with affliction's chain  
Wilt Thou encircle me?

Remember that I am but dust,  
And soon away shall pass;  
Yea, Thou dost know that I am weak  
And feeble as the grass.

And must my song again assume  
Its former plaintive tone?  
Am I than others troubled more,  
Or more disposed to moan?

Perhaps the latter is the fact,  
If so I will complain  
To Thee, O God, by Whom alone  
My strength I can regain.

My troubles sure are manifold  
If they would reckoned be,  
And yet the smallest of them is  
Not, Lord, unknown to Thee;

For Thou Who of my head the hairs  
A reckoning hath took,  
Will not, I am convinced, the least  
Of all my griefs o'erlook.

My bones, which were not seen, stick out,  
My joints are weak indeed;  
My eyes, alas, too, are so weak  
I am not fit to read.

I said this is a grief, yet know  
That I the same must bear;  
Thy Hold Spirit grant me, Lord,  
My lonesome hours to cheer.

For who can lonesome think themselves  
To whom Thou'rt pleased to give  
Thy gracious presence, and in whose  
Heart Thou art pleased to live?



And there is naught worth living for,  
But as I live to Him,  
Who hath my cup with mercy filled  
Unto its very brim.

And if my worth be reckoned thus,  
Of small worth must I be  
In His pure eyes, Who cannot look  
Upon iniquity.

I have resolved once and again  
To keep in trim my lamp,  
Alas! I fear this heart will draw  
Me back to Satan's camp.

I feel't so cold, so hard, so dead,  
That oft to me it seems  
Instead of faith and hope I have  
But fancy's fitful dreams.

Awake, O Spirit of the Lord!  
With Thy life-giving breath  
Breathe on my soul, else surely it  
Will sleep the sleep of death.

And shall I who have Christ professed  
Be yet a castaway?  
These doubts and fears shall vanish, Lord,  
If Thou the word but say.

O give me clearer views of Thee,  
O strengthen faith and hope!  
And leave me not midst doubts and fears  
A cheerless way to grope.

My empty soul fill with Thy love,  
O God, my hope and trust;  
And let these lips proclaim Thy praise,  
Most merciful and just.

By nature I have naught to boast —  
I'm naked, poor and blind;  
But faith in Christ a rich supply  
For all my wants can find.

Again, blest Spirit, I would ask  
Thee to dwell in my soul,

And o'er each evil passion there  
Be pleased to have control.

O sanctify and quicken me,  
Thy temple do me make,  
And never let my wandering feet  
The way of truth forsake.

No heart so rebel-like as mine,  
So none more needs Thy power  
To conquer deadly foes which doth  
Beset it every hour.

In Jesus' Blood from every sin  
My soul wash clean and white,  
That perfected at death it may  
To God's Throne take its flight.

## Prayer

Prayer, sweet transporting exercise,  
Still may I hold thee dear;  
Thou upward soarer to the skies,  
Thy voice God deigns to hear.

Prayer, that in ages all has done  
Such feats on bended knee,  
The more self-humbling is its tone,  
The better heard 'twill be.

Prayer, that surmounts impending heights,  
That storms sin's best defense;  
It pleasure gives in worst of plights,  
In God's omnipotence.

Prayer is the seed-time which to plant  
And rear faith's tender shoot,  
And God will buds and blossoms grant,  
And by and by the fruit.

Prayer finally doth prove full well  
The soul's health or decay;  
Where it is practiced it doth tell  
There sin bears not the sway.

## Rejoicing in God's Sovereignty

Why should a living man complain  
For his sin's punishment?  
A man that's out of hell's domain  
Should ever be content.

If we compare what we deserve  
With what we do enjoy,  
We'd wonder God does so preserve  
What He might well destroy.

We do inhale with every breath  
A fresh supply of air;  
Was that denied, sure sudden death  
Would stop short our career.

And by ten thousand means and ways,  
If we could them but see,  
His providential care us stays  
From total misery.

But selfish, narrow-minded man  
Draws wrong conclusions still,  
When he though ignorant would scan  
His Maker's hidden will.

That of His matters no account  
Doth give, then why should we  
Blindly presume to climb the mount  
Of sacred mystery?

Where He His will reveals, thereto  
With care we should attend;  
But where He hides it from our view,  
Faith should on Him depend.

Her perfect work let patience have,  
Though I should suffer till  
Death calls me to the narrow grave —  
There's life on Zion's hill.

O happy and transporting thought,  
That there for aye should be  
A place of rest by Christ's blood bought,  
Made over sure to me.

## C L O U D S   A N D   S U N S H I N E

One moment in that blissful clime  
Shall well repay for all  
The suffering I have had in time,  
From sin, disease and thrall.

For there I'll see Him as He is,  
And hence like to Him be;  
And all the glory shall be His,  
Who died on Calvary.

One welcome glance from His pure eye  
Shall dry up every tear,  
And gladness shall surmount the sigh,  
With joy my crown I'll wear.

### My Home

This earth is not my home —  
Why should I think it so?  
My soul, thou'rt of immortal birth,  
Dote not on things below.

This earth is not my home —  
It cannot satisfy  
The intense longing of my soul  
For pure reality.

This earth is not my home —  
My home it cannot be;  
It is a land of slaves to sin,  
My home from sin is free.

This earth is not my home —  
It's but a scene of strife;  
With sin, the devil and the flesh,  
The saints must fight for life.

This earth is not my home —  
It's but a lodging place,  
And while I'm here I cannot see  
My dear Redeemer's Face.

This earth is not my home —  
It's crucified to me,  
And me to it, then how could two  
Thus diverse e'er agree?

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

But Heaven is my home —  
By faith I can it see;  
That land of rest where each saint waves  
A palm of victory.

Yes, that's my happy home —  
Submissive be my soul;  
Thou here hast but a taste of love,  
Thou'lt there enjoy the whole.

### Self-Examination

Can I in truth say that I'm wed  
To Christ, the church's living Head?  
Then what proof do I give  
That I am His and His alone,  
That He holds of my heart the throne,  
And that in Him I live?

As in my Husband's presence now,  
How I have kept my marriage vow,  
Let me examine, and  
See if I harbor in my breast  
At any time a rival guest  
To my Lord and Husband.

His Word He gave a rule whereby  
My heart and life I oft might try,  
And see how they agree;  
And if I'm really what I seem,  
Or is religion but a dream,  
Or idle talk with me.

The old man I do ever find  
To war against the new inclined,  
For when I good would do  
Evil is presently with me,  
So that my best works I can't free  
From sin's ungodly hue.

How in desertion's gloomy day  
To trust in Christ does faith delay,  
And oft well nigh doth yield;  
In steps usurping unbelief,  
Of all my heart plagues sure the thief,  
And dares to take the field.

When God is pleased to send a cloud,  
Upon my lot it cries aloud,  
In senses hearing still;  
God doth not love my soul else He  
Would never send adversity,  
But let me have my will.

And where would this self-will me lead,  
For which short-sighted sense doth plead?  
Why, it would settle here,  
And have its good things all on earth,  
And spend its time in joy and mirth,  
Regardless of God's fear.

How doth these armies, sin and grace  
Strive each the other to displace?  
My heart's the battlefield;  
Against the Spirit flesh outbursts,  
The Spirit gives flesh deadly thrusts,  
And its claim will not yield.

The Spirit from a holy root  
Produces rich and noble fruit,  
Acceptable to God;  
Through Him that loved us and gave  
Himself for us that He might save  
Us from His Father's rod.

But sin of most unholy seed  
In time doth every evil breed,  
It hath made havoc vast  
Of man, and if God's sovereign grace  
Did not save some, it sure would place  
Them all in hell at last.

Its reign in unregenerate hearts  
Is absolute, its killing darts  
Anon pass through their soul;  
The Gospel does not suit their pride,  
Because it tells them Jesus died  
To save from sin's control.

Not reigning, but remaining sin  
Doth dwell the Christian within,  
For Christ in them hath bruised  
The serpent's head, though he may bite  
Their heel with hellish rage and spite,  
He's vanquished and confused.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

To which of these do I belong:  
The ransomed or condemned throng?  
O God me search and try;  
For Thou alone canst know the heart  
And see it in its every part  
With Thine all-seeing eye.

I in my soul do feel such jar,  
For sin and grace is so at war,  
That which shall victor be  
I'm ready often to discuss;  
"If it be so, why am I thus"  
In such uncertainty?

That is, if Christ hath for me died,  
Why still so ready to backslide  
Am I, O Mighty Love?  
Heal my backslidings and give me  
A sure and certain hope in Thee,  
Which nothing shall remove.

Thy precious promise I will plead  
For grace to help in time of need,  
O grace, so full and free!  
If thou wert given all in hand,  
No soul would ever reach the land  
Of sinless liberty.

Although my Husband's rivals aim  
To have me, they have lost their claim,  
For Christ me purchased sure;  
Restraining and renewing grace  
Both in the covenant have place,  
That ever shall endure.

### Bereavements

Cease, cease ye dreams of pleasure for to haunt  
My midnight slumbers or disturb my rest,  
Repeated showers of grief have nursed a plant  
Of sorrow, spreading in my aching breast.

That great destroyer, Death, entered the fold,  
And did not spare to take some of the sheep;



## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Dear to my memory though they are enrolled  
With those that in death's arms do calmly sleep.

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These all are gone, and if a single sigh  
Could bring them back, that sigh I would not  
heave,

A mansion each I hope doth occupy  
In Paradise, where souls doth cease to grieve.

We that are left, like forest trees do stand,  
Some are being cut and some are yet let grow;  
But soon we all shall feel the powerful hand  
That like the woodman's ax shall lay us low.

It hath pleased God long to afflict my frame  
With a disease which may work out my end,  
But yet to know from Whose good hand it came  
Should make me tranquil till He help shall send.

'Tis true I'm weak, and weakness is with me  
Become, alas! a universal thing;  
Lord help me from myself and sin to flee,  
For sin's the source from whence all sorrow  
springs.

My seat is empty in the house of God,  
The means of grace I can no more attend;  
O that with patience I could bear the rod  
And Him that hath appointed it to send!

My sun does threaten to go down at noon,  
Disease is serious when it ends in death;  
My flesh recoils and thinks it yet too soon  
In morn of life thus to yield up my breath.

But why indulge thus in these plaintive strains?  
God doth the end from the beginning see;  
His providence, His promise still maintains,  
And He will perfect what concerneth me.

A cure He'll send if mine be length of days,  
If death, O Holy Spirit, end all strife;  
Enable me to trust in Him Who says:  
"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

## The Christian's Farewell to the Earth

Farewell earth and all its pleasures,  
Scarcely tasted till it's gone;  
My soul would seek more lasting treasure  
Than what is beneath the sun.

Feelings press me strong and stronger  
As I draw each shortening breath;  
Farewell, friends, I'm yours no longer —  
I must grapple soon with death.

Yes, I see his ghastly figure —  
Sunken eye and visage wan,  
And his cold hand holds the dagger  
That has made such waste of man.

And shall not a sinner tremble  
As death unto him doth come?  
What can this last scene resemble  
Of the coffin, shroud and tomb?

What, O what have I been doing  
With my measured span of time?  
Vanity, alas! pursuing  
In this corresponding clime.

Naught in all my recollection  
Have I done to brave this hour;  
Sins, and that of black complexion,  
Is the all I have in store.

Hark, I hear my Saviour speaking  
Words of comfort through this gloom,  
He Whose promise is the breaking  
Of the day upon the tomb:

"Death's envenomed sting I've broken,  
I have loosed his iron chain,  
And rose first, as a true token,  
That he never can detain

"Any longer than My pleasure,  
My beloved folk from me;

Israel's My peculiar treasure,  
From the grave he'll ransomed be.

"All have sinned, and hence corruption  
Every living man must see;  
But, O grave, I'm thy destruction,  
Fear not, saints, you'll live with Me."

Then, my soul, why dost thou linger?  
Parting canst thou not endure,  
When each sign-post points the finger  
To yon place where bliss is pure?

Angels ready stand to greet thee  
To thine everlasting home;  
Come, Lord Jesus, come and meet me,  
Even so, Lord Jesus, come!

## Praise

O God in Christ accept the praise  
My feeble soul to Thee would raise;

For countless mercies I enjoy  
Then let Thy praise my tongue employ.

If I could count the grains of sand  
Which doth compose the tide-swept strand,

Or drops of water in the sea,  
Or leaves upon each verdant tree,

The flowers, yea, and blades of grass,  
God's mercies would them all surpass.

In number these would but convey  
A faint idea to what they,

Most blessed promises, include  
Of mercy's glorious multitude.

"Eye hath not seen nor ear heard"  
What God hath for His own prepared.

In time He gives what He sees best  
To fit them for their endless rest.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Eternity shall not explore,  
Nor yet exhaust their Father's store.

Infinite knowledge can but know  
What power infinite can bestow;

But Jesus the Foundation is,  
And Top-stone sure of all our bliss.

He is the Channel through which runs  
Mercy to Adam's fallen sons;

Nor is He either weak or slack  
To bear their prayers and praises back

To Him Who did so willing send  
His Son for such a gracious end;

Then who would grumbling dare despise  
The day of small things, but would rise

And in faith's energy of soul,  
Take part as earnest of the whole.

Though grace and strength and means be  
small,  
A faithful God supplies them all;

And they have little faith indeed  
Who can't for these a promise plead.

Where God is pleased grace to impart,  
It still increases in that heart,

And doth unto perfection tend,  
And shall make perfect in the end.

This sanctifying work is known  
To those whom grace hath chose alone.

Disease and weakness oft doth bring  
Us courage almost down to fling,

As if He that hath made the wound,  
Could not again make whole and sound;

Or, better make it serve as oar  
To row us soon to Canaan's shore.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

And as to outward means being small,  
God oft His saints to this doth call.

No doubt He hath their good in view,  
By it some passion to subdue;

To try their faith, or show His power,  
Unequaled in the trying hour;

But still their raiment and their food  
Is in the covenant made good.

The ravens carried flesh and bread  
That good Elijah should be fed;

And while God's providence doth carve,  
His dear children shall not starve;

With common mercies they're so used,  
They're undervalued or abused,

As if the more we do possess,  
We would acknowledge God the less.

O that I could more grateful be  
For mercies God bestows on me!

And less disposed to fret and grieve  
When I chastisement do receive,

Which at the long run well may prove  
That God's design therein was love.

A little while and death shall me  
Remove into eternity,

And that should make me speak and think  
Like one on such an awful brink;

And with eternity in view,  
Set to my seal that God is true.

To Father, Son and Spirit be  
All praise for grace and mercy free;

For justice doth no longer bar  
The way against salvation's car,

But in Christ shows a smiling face  
And doth go hand in hand with grace.

Yet none for this should dare presume,  
For Christless ones it shall consume.

May I be privileged with each saint  
To sing God's praise without restraint,

Where sin shall never, never sting,  
But all be holy as their King.

### A Joyful Meeting

And have I lived to see his face  
Whom I so long had wished to see?  
God's mercy even in this place  
Is not unseen, unfelt by me.

On this occasion what I feel  
I am unable to express;  
Affection was not cast in steel —  
We love our friends, nor can do less.

But friends who are away awhile  
One's heart is overjoyed to see;  
We greet the welcome voice and smile  
As being what they used to be.

But now that brother's come again,  
What of his coming can I say?  
I prayed, nor have I prayed in vain,  
That God would keep him while away.

In going to a foreign land,  
Though doubtless he hath perils seen,  
Safe in the hollow of God's Hand  
He evidently kept hath been.

My brother was a welcome sight,  
For otherwise how could it be?  
And I was talkative in spite  
Of that reserve which clings to me.

The days he spent with us were few,  
But very happy days they were;

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

It's long since I such pleasure knew,  
For little else I seemed to care.

'Twas for himself and not his purse  
That brother I was glad to see;  
The love of money is a curse  
I hope will never cling to me.

Still money answers all things here,  
And, God be thanked, I never want  
Enough all my expense to bear;  
God bless those whom reward I can't,

May they receive an hundredfold  
For all that they have done for me,  
Something more durable than gold  
My God on them bestowing be.

A mystery it seemeth still  
To me that I should be so long  
A good-for-nothing, but God's Will  
I may be sure can not be wrong.

And mysteries are not for me,  
To solve there is an end no doubt;  
My part is patient just to be,  
And God Himself will bring it out.

I do not say my lot is hard,  
But feel for sympathizer must;  
I know God's able to reward,  
And will reward them all I trust.

His blessing now and evermore  
Be theirs who are so kind to me;  
I want to meet them on that shore  
Where they and I shall both be free.

### I Cried to God From the Low Dungeon

My God, these gloomy clouds for me disperse;  
Thine arm's not shortened that it cannot save;  
O save me from the hand of the perverse!  
Thou Who oppression hast permission gave.



## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Lord, hear and remember me for good,  
Remember me and all my foes restrain,  
Who are, as I perceive, an active brood;  
And yet before their face show Thou dost reign.

Show them that Thou art God, the God of those  
Who trust in Thee and have no other aid;  
That Thou wilt not forsake them Thou hast shown;  
Of whom or what then should I be afraid?

For Thou hast chosen me in very deed,  
And with a strong hand brought me hitherto;  
And still Thou knowest how and where to lead,  
In every case Thou knowest what to do.

All wise Almighty is my God, and hath  
Whatever means He likes to use at hand;  
Nor does He send affliction still in wrath,  
This with His loving kindness would not stand;

Else we could never, never reconcile  
God's dealings with His people and His foes;  
The one He chastens, loving all the while,  
The other hating, leaves them to repose

In blind security, a fatal sleep,  
Better to have a painful waking here,  
Than have through all eternity a heap  
Of hell-fraught curses thundering in our ear.

Affliction helps to keep the soul awake,  
God therefore puts a thorn in our nest;  
Yea, thorn after thorn our rest to break  
In time that we may have eternal rest.

My God, these gloomy clouds for me disperse;  
Thine arm's not shortened that it cannot save;  
O save me from the hand of the perverse!  
Thou Who oppression hast permission gave.

And, Lord, if Thou wilt hear this my prayer,  
And take away those gloomy clouds from me,  
I promise if Thou wilt give grace and spare  
My life, I'll sing a song of praise to Thee.

## Acrostic

Samuel, when on your likeness I do look,  
Art has, I think, with great exactness took  
My brother's features and expression, too;  
Unlike, alone, the color is of you.  
Errors, however, such I can remove;  
Love colors well, and memory helpeth love.  
So fond for painting is the human mind,  
More fond than fit, for oft it painteth blind;  
Yes, so it is, and oft I've found it so,  
Truth can alone a real likeness show;  
Here dust we are and unto dust must go.

## Welcome Death

Welcome death, if Christ be mine,  
Welcome death I say;  
Welcome if my spirit shine  
Shall in endless day.

Welcome of my life the close,  
Welcome bed of death;  
If in Christ I shall repose,  
When is gone this breath.

Welcome, coffin, shroud and tomb,  
Welcome valley clod;  
Welcome death's apparent gloom,  
If God is my God.

Welcome silence of the grave,  
Welcome rest from toil;  
Welcome home of Christian's brave,  
Far from sin's turmoil.

Welcome death, disguised friend,  
Welcome joy and peace;  
Welcome of my griefs the end,  
Welcome sin's decease.

Flesh, be silent; what wouldst thou?  
Why of lots make choice?  
God to dictate won't allow  
Thee, then lift up no voice.

Welcome saints' eternal rest,  
Welcome company  
Of the angels pure and blest,  
Soon with you I'll be.

Welcome Father, Spirit, Son;  
Welcome God of Love!  
Come Thou Holy Three in One,  
Take me safe above!

## A Freak of Fancy

Spirits, if allowed to wander  
Back again earth's scenes to view,  
Though than this I hope have fonder,  
E'en admitting't to be true;

If they are allowed this planet  
To revisit, as I say,  
Though my hope dwells little on it,  
Whither would my spirit stray?

Yes, my disembodied spirit,  
Wither wouldst thou love to go?  
Just where now I would inherit,  
If indeed it might be so.

Home's a word of great attraction,  
Cold's the heart that loves it not;  
It me yields much satisfaction  
E'en to think upon that spot.

Whether birds, trees, flowers, water,  
Or a landscape I admire,  
Where I turn me 'tis no matter,  
Nature's all I can desire.

O ye fields, where oft repairing  
I have been to meditate,  
Still God's bounty be declaring  
To those who you cultivate.

Unto those that's you possessing  
Never be a barren soil,  
But be fruitful and a blessing  
Unto those who in you toil.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Many a breeze was cross you borne,  
Many a snowflake on you fell,  
Many a dew-besprinkled morn  
Dawned since I bade you farewell.

Breezes, dews, dawn and night falling  
Through my mind alternate go,  
While the past it is recalling,  
Recollections sweetly flow.

Round old home, ye gentle breezes,  
Blow as ye were won't to do;  
Nor let strangers' breath, which freezes,  
Ever there congeal the dew.

There how beautiful the seasons  
Their respective places kept,  
To that place for many reasons  
Love around my soul hath crept.

I could gaze for hours together  
On a scenery so fair;  
It is lovely, lovely, whether  
Or not I can it declare.

Not in person but in fancy  
I at dawn and evening steal  
Often there, I'm sure I can say,  
And refreshed my spirits feel.

There the sun rose sweet at morn,  
There it set as sweet at eve;  
Thither would my soul return  
If God's presence it might leave.

And what if by transmigration  
I old home revisit would,  
'Tis but in imagination,  
And for this who blame me could?

Home, sweet home, to thee with pleasure  
Would my spirit now return,  
Past enjoyment to remeasure,  
Where hope's candle erst did burn.

Not forever there to wander,  
As if I on earth would stay,

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

While the saints are happy yonder,  
Glad from earth to be away,

But I'd like, as might another,  
To revisit where I dwelt;  
Homesick feelings, who can smother  
When they are so keenly felt?

It may be that more sensitive  
I am on this point than some;  
'Tis no foreign, but a native  
Thought with me to think of home.

Thither by the muse invited  
Going I could not refuse,  
Now I will and much delighted  
There accompany the muse;

There I'd see so much endearing  
To my memory everywhere;  
Old things would be new appearing  
To my spirit fresh and fair.

There I'd see the humble dwelling  
Where our family did reside,  
When each bosom joy was swelling,  
Rarely known in homes of pride.

Round a pleasant fire burning,  
From the labors of the day,  
Family members when returning,  
Still were cheerful if not gay;

There I'd see the hearth surrounding  
Happy sisters three or four,  
While a brother was propounding  
Questions as in days of yore.

\* \* \* \*

But on scenes like these to linger  
Would at present be too much  
For my time, and so God's finger  
I'd trace to another touch.

Fairest pictures have their shading,  
Nor would wanting't be complete;  
Fairest flowers will be fading,  
So will bitter mix with sweet.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Happiness is not a flower  
Native to this sin-curst soil;  
To retain't, though we had power,  
It would in the using spoil.

Surfeited lest we despise it,  
Wisely God doth change our food;  
Higher we are brought to prize it  
When we taste the wormwood.

God's hand is to be respected,  
Come to us what way it will;  
Sweet and bitter's both directed  
By unquestionable skill.

If in Him we are believers,  
Faith will murmuring prevent;  
We should ever be receivers,  
Humble, thankful and content.

His if we are ever dealing —  
Though it may not so appear —  
Of His love is a revealing,  
Happy they His cross who bear.

And what if they are His hidden  
Ones, affliction's rod who see,  
If to God's House they'll be bidden,  
With Christ glorified to be?

For the saints a rest remaineth,  
When their utmost do their foes;  
And the moment saints that gaineth,  
Brings all sorrow to a close.

None through sorrow there are wading,  
All is love and life and joy;  
There their pleasures are unfading,  
Sin being ceased, what can annoy?

Here our portion's often sorrow,  
Children of affliction we  
Are today, yet hope tomorrow  
That we shall more joyful be.

Our designs God often crosses,  
When we ready are to say:

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

'Tis good to be here; losses  
Suddenly may come our way.

Death will all, without exception,  
Visit family, breaches make;  
Strongest ties will of affection  
Without hesitation break.

That death came he left a token,  
Something like a long farewell,  
For the family circle's broken;  
Still it is, it must be, well.

Surely it is well in glory  
If they are, that they may sing  
Ever of redemption's story,  
To the honor of their King.

Would I wish them back from Heaven,  
Once more on life's stormy sea,  
To and fro to be driven,  
Overwhelmed like to be?

No, I'd rather be preparing  
Them to follow up to bliss,  
Than have them my sorrows sharing  
In a world such as this.

And if in His matchless beauty  
They the King Immortal see,  
Them to follow is a duty,  
And with them I'd like to be.

God hath given, and hath taken  
Our relations, when and where  
It hath pleased Him; still unshaken  
Is to us His love and care.

Longer than I first intended  
I have of our family spoke,  
Where with joy and grief is blended;  
Now the reverie is broke.

Now I'll through the fields be walking,  
Old acquaintance for to see;  
Where of God all things are talking  
In a language known to me.



## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

There I've listened with attention  
Oft to conversations sweet,  
Yet not one word of dissention  
Ever did my ear greet.

But all things God's praise forthshowing,  
In their own peculiar way;  
Grass and herbs and trees are growing,  
Birds are singing on the spray.

All God's works to praise have power  
Him Who them created hast;  
Hence it is each little flower  
Praise Him now as in the past.

Here's my favorite primrose growing,  
Growing where it used to do;  
But the scent around 'tis throwing  
Seems to me to be quite new.

Here oft I've been invited  
To enjoy a pleasant walk,  
And as oft have been delighted  
Listening to God's creatures talk.

God I in His works am seeking,  
Neither have I sought in vain,  
For where He used to be speaking  
To me, He now speaks again.

E'en the river's constant motion  
Also hath a voice to me,  
As it travels to the ocean,  
Which speaks of eternity.

Entertained well I could listen,  
Stay and gaze upon earth's face;  
But, farewell! fair scenes, I hasten  
Now must to a fairer place;

'Tis that place whereon is sited  
The House Beautiful, and where  
Oft I've bent my steps, delighted,  
Yes, sweet House of God, 'tis there.

There I'm going, and I wonder,  
As I hasten it to see,

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Of their house of worship fonder  
Could there any be than me?

Since I left it, oft my trouble  
Was lest I again should not  
See that place where God gives double  
To His people, blessed spot.

Now upon my view it's rising,  
Welcome, welcome, happy sight!  
They who God's house are despising,  
Never knew what was delight.

Now I'll take a look around it,  
As I've done in bygone years;  
Than I left I better found it,  
Evident through all appears.

Shut doors won't keep out a spirit,  
Thought will pierce through bolt and bar;  
Now I'm in here, sons inherit  
From their father's dead who are.

O how lovely is Thy dwelling  
Place, O Lord of Hosts, to me!  
It in beauty is excelling  
Every place which I can see.

Of Thy grace with pleasure laden  
Is Thy tabernacles, too;  
No such pleasure since from Eden  
Man was driven did he know.

O but I have oft been praying  
That this house again I'd see;  
Happy they who here are staying,  
On the gospel fed they be.

But do they of God their Saviour  
The pure doctrine still adorn  
By a suitable behavior?  
If so, blessed day they were born.

I am far too soon for sermon,  
Still I think I'll for it stay;  
Here good news, like dew from Hermon,  
Christians shall refresh today.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Here oft I've sat with pleasure  
Listening to the gospel sound,  
And invaluable treasure  
I have in the gospel found.

Here I'll stay, as I was saying,  
That God's people I may meet;  
In that place where praise and praying  
Is an exercise most sweet.

Of my being seen no danger —  
I can see without being seen;  
Few would recognize the stranger,  
Though I'd in the body been.

Now the hand upon the dial  
Sermon time doth fully show,  
Now I'll be put to the trial,  
If the people I will know.

Though I well remember faces  
Here which I used to see,  
Empty now I doubt their place is,  
For most of them dead must be.

But the children are possessing  
Where the fathers did possess;  
Bless them, Lord, and make a blessing,  
Those whose fathers Thou didst bless.

Now I hear footsteps and voices  
Thronging in — they're young and old —  
And my spirit it refreshes  
This glad sight for to behold.

Now that they are in and seated,  
Who they are let me surmise;  
Death acquaintance hath defeated —  
Scarcely one I recognize.

E'en the pulpit occupying  
Is another than I've seen;  
Minister and people lying  
Open both to change hath been.

To another people preaching  
Is another pastor here

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Than I've seen, a lesson teaching  
That the final end draws near.

But the word that's heard and spoken  
Is in ages all the same;  
It hath stood and stands unbroken;  
Glory to its Author's name!

I am glad in such good order  
That I've found the house of prayer,  
Peace of its defense the border  
Testifies God's special care.

Lord, where's told redemption's story  
Make on earth to be a praise,  
And do Thou Thy house of glory  
Glorify now and always.

Happy Israel, who is like to  
Thee, O people saved by God?  
He thine enemies shall strike through,  
Of His vengeance with the rod.

Long I've stayed, and longer staying  
I could be on this sweet spot;  
But, farewell! I must obeying  
Be the Carver of my lot.

I must follow where He leadeth,  
Go and come at His command;  
This excursion far exceedeth  
Any I have took in hand.

Hitherto with spirit-walking  
I have unacquainted been,  
But I've long enough been talking  
Of the good things I have seen.

Thanks to Him Who me hath given  
This sweet sight of by-past things;  
Now my vacant place in Heaven  
Thitherward my spirit brings.

## Praise for a Friend's Recovery

O Lord, I come before Thee now  
Because a faithful God art Thou,  
And answered hast my prayer;  
I said that I would give Thee praise  
If that my sick friend Thou wouldst raise,  
And Thou his life didst spare.

So now I come, a feeble worm,  
What I have promised to perform,  
Depending upon Thee;  
That Thou'rt a God that heareth prayer  
I feel myself bound to declare,  
For Thou hast answered me.

And now that I a song may bring  
To Thee, give grace that I may sing,  
Else it shall be a blank.  
Life for my friend I have besought,  
And Thou from death's gates hast him  
brought,  
For which I Thee would thank.

I cannot sing a learned song,  
My gratitude however strong,  
Or well I am inclined;  
But as I can I would Thee praise,  
Who to my friend hast given days,  
To Thee Whom I resigned.

To him a Father Thou hast been,  
Thy power he hath surely seen,  
And I have seen it, too,  
And now acknowledge would the same;  
All glory to Thy Holy Name,  
Who wonders great can do!

And, Lord, my friend's life Who did spare,  
Thy service may he make his care,  
While Thou dost life prolong;  
And so prepare him by Thy grace  
To be a dweller in that place  
Where sung is Moses' song.

## A Sweeter Song

I who have lately sung, "remember me,"  
 Am now constrained a sweeter song to sing;  
 For my God hath remembered me I see,  
 And therefore songs to Him I now would sing.

To praise the Mighty God shall I aspire,  
 Who am but dust and ashes at the best?  
 Yes, I must praise, for praise God doth require;  
 A mute He won't receive into His rest.

Not that our praising wins admittance there,  
 Christ wrought for us what we could never do;  
 And that we are not given to despair,  
 All praise to Him to Whom all praise is due.

And even in His ways of providence  
 His tender care of us He oft doth show;  
 If on our side we have omnipotence,  
 Unhurt through every danger we can go.

Thanks, thanks to Him Who hath removed my  
 grief,  
 And left me joy instead as now appears;  
 Surely among ten thousand He is chief,  
 Who still the prayer of His afflicted hears.

And see, my soul, that thou wilt not forget  
 What thy experience of thy Lord hath been,  
 But thy Deliverer still before thee set;  
 Alas! I dread what I, too, oft have seen.

Too oft hast thou forgot what God hath wrought  
 Both for and in thee, O ungrateful soul!  
 And so when thou with thanks shouldst have been  
 fraught,  
 Then blanks or worse made up the worthless  
 whole.

And, O my soul, is this the poor return  
 Which thou to God thy Maker hast to make,  
 Whose love from all eternity did burn  
 That He might save thee for His mercy's sake?

Wanting in love to God is what makes all  
 The duties we perform coldly done;

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

So when to duty God our heart doth call,  
It scarcely moves when it with speed should run.

And then it's so forgetful of the good  
Which God so bounteous doth on me bestow,  
I'm sometimes almost ready to conclude  
If I were Christ's it never would be so.

But, Lord, give grace and then Thy Name I'll praise,  
And not forget the wonders Thou hast done;  
O Thou, Who art acquaint with all my ways,  
Draw me, and after Thee I'll surely run.

And, Lord, forbid that I should run in vain,  
But if Christ's mine I cannot lose my way  
To where my Christ is, is every saint's refrain,  
And shall be mine throughout unending day.

### My Heart's Desire

I am oft in trouble, Lord,  
Such has been Thy pleasure;  
But Thy Name be still adored,  
With Thee is the measure.

And that this remains with Thee  
Is indeed a blessing,  
Otherwise my life would be  
To me most distressing.

\* \* \* \*

To the living and the dead,  
Equally related,  
Where life her weary pinions spread,  
Meanwhile I am located.

The dead are now beyond my care,  
The living, O the living!  
To them, to them, my God declare  
Thyself a God forgiving.

Sure myself and friends I may,  
Without reservation,  
Give to God this very day  
A life-long consecration.



## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

Nothing better I can do  
Than make full surrender  
Of myself and friends unto  
Him Whose love's most tender.

God was Love before I was  
Capable of loving,  
Pledged forever in its cause,  
To His own approving.

And if God is Love, why not  
Give up each loved relation  
To Him, Who, ordering the lot,  
Fits each for their vocation.

O my God, Thou well dost know  
What is my heart's desire  
For those, but Thou alone canst show  
To each what they require.

Bring them all into Thy fold,  
There to stay constrain them;  
With a gracious Hand them hold,  
With Thy Love sustain them.

Much my friends for me have done,  
Much to them I'm owing;  
Lord, reward them, every one,  
With what's best worth bestowing.

Thus provided for they'll be  
Blest and made a blessing;  
O my God, my friends to see,  
What's best worth possessing.

Grace, grace unto it can make  
All that the law requires;  
Grace to my friends for Jesus' sake  
Is all my heart desires.

And, Lord, if Thou'lt vouchsafe Thy grace  
To me in my relations,  
We'll all together sing Thy praise,  
Where death makes no invasions.

## Less Than the Least

Less than the least of all Thy mercies, Lord,  
Am I unworthy of Thy notice sure;  
For mercies many more I could record  
Than all the trials which I can endure.

And these of late so very sharp hath been,  
I thought the time was coming very near  
That I should taken be behind the screen  
Which separates the land of souls from here.

I scarce could move without being made to cry,  
So sharp and sudden came the darting pain;  
But, lo! the good Samaritan was nigh  
And helped me with a little strength again.

He healed my wounds, or what was much the same,  
Did bless the means I used some ease to get;  
And be the glory ever to His Name  
Whose eyes upon me was in mercy set.

And now I hope I shall while life remains  
My life still more and more to Him devote,  
Who did remove from me those dreadful pains,  
And cheered my spirits with His "brooding note,"

Which is the consolation of His grace,  
The only consolation which can give  
Substantial satisfaction, or can chase  
Sad thoughts and make us happy while we live.

Happy in life with all its trials sad,  
Happy in death with all its gloom and fears,  
The Christian's case can never be so bad  
But he may have some joy amidst his tears.

If by God's Hand affliction I have seen,  
I've also seen His mercies to be great;  
With me in all my trouble He hath been  
That I might not be crushed beneath its weight.

Our thankfulness betokens gratitude  
When nothing else to God we render can,  
And with so many proofs that God is good  
I now may finish just where I began:

Less than the least of all Thy mercies, Lord,  
 Am I unworthy of Thy notice sure;  
 For mercies many more I could record  
 Than all the trials which I can endure.

## A Farewell to the Muse

Dear brother the muse, discontent  
 At being so ill entertained,  
 Has threatened herself to absent  
 From a mind where she can't be sustained.

I'm exceedingly sorry to say  
 Better lodging I can't her afford;  
 I fain would induce her to stay,  
 But thereto she won't be implored.

But if she hath made up her mind  
 In this quarter no more to appear,  
 I hope better lodging she'll find  
 Than ever she occupied here.

For years a companion most sweet  
 I'm certain to me she hath been,  
 But recently little to eat  
 Hath made her both peevish and lean.

Nor can she be ill to sustain,  
 Else she would not stopped have with me;  
 Of trifles though she'll not complain,  
 On nothing she can't living be.

To keep her from pining to death  
 Every means in my power I try,  
 Yet scarce can keep in her a breath;  
 O that I her wants could supply!

O how to divert her I wish!  
 But hunger diverted won't be;  
 She asks for her favorite dish,  
 And wistfully looketh at me.

Starvation her stares in the face —  
 No wonder she threatens to leave;  
 But whether away or in place,  
 For her I can only but grieve.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

I'm sorry to part such a friend,  
But parted with soon she must be;  
To starve her I did not intend,  
But for her I've nothing I see.

I fondly had hoped to be blest  
With her to the close of my days;  
O what shall I do for my guest,  
Who but where she's exercised stays!

Her work was her rest and her food,  
While she was pleased I was content;  
Her presence I'm sure did me good,  
And her absence I still must lament.

I thank her for all she hath done,  
My heart oft nigh broken to soothe;  
With me hand in hand she hath run,  
Life's rugged path trying to smoothe.

Dear Muse, a hard task oft was thine,  
But well thou hast borne the strife;  
It seems that God did thee design  
To sweeten the bitter of life.

My joys and my sorrows you shared,  
Your sympathy always was sure;  
Still ready yourself you declared  
Tribulation with me to endure.

And thanks to my God Who hath sent  
To me a companion so true,  
Much anguish you did me prevent —  
I'm sure I'm the better for you.

Elsewhere you might have been caressed,  
As oft you have been I believe,  
But maybe you judged it more blessed  
To give here than elsewhere receive.

Unwearied your services were,  
You cheerfulness most did approve,  
And hence in dejection your care  
Was to lift me my troubles above.

In bringing my soul nearer bliss,  
A blessing to me you have been;

But O what a parting is this,  
And are you for leaving me clean?

You much for your service I owe  
Which I am to pay you unfit;  
For you there is nothing but go,  
And nothing for me but submit.

And go where you strength may regain,  
And take my best wishes with you;  
I'm making, though not without pain,  
An effort to bid you adieu.

Around my heart bound like a spell,  
I knew not I loved you so dear;  
But, Muse, I must bid you farewell,  
As soon I must everything here.

Now brother, you see how I'm fixed —  
In the muse I have lost a good friend;  
Thus pleasure with pain we have mixed,  
But Christ is my hope to the end.

My weakness is on the increase,  
Verse making I have to resign;  
But while God supports me with grace,  
I trust I shall never repine.

My thoughts may be occupied still  
While judgment is given to me,  
God's providence, purpose and will  
Are never lost sight of to be.

The past and the present supplies  
With matter abundant for praise,  
And hope in the future good spies —  
God's faithfulness never decays.

It is not because I have grief  
That I should despond or despair;  
Not of sufferers but sinners the chief  
Each Christian himself will declare.

God's favor to have realized  
Is better than life to the saint,  
And if we are saints exercised,  
We'll find little cause for complaint.

Still, if we our work could but choose,  
Few choice of affliction would make;  
But when faith God's Hand in it views,  
We welcome it can for His sake.

\* \* \* \*

And yet I am puzzled to know  
What good I on earth can achieve;  
Their faith by their works some can show,  
But where is the proof I believe?

My work is to wait it appears,  
For nothing but wait I can do;  
That soul it to God much endears  
Whose piety patience shines through.

Wherever God pleases I'll live,  
Whatever God pleases I'll be,  
Whenever God pleases He'll give,  
If ever the strength I'd fain see.

And what though strength comes not again,  
With weakness I must be content;  
But useless through life to remain  
Much that's sad to my mind doth present.

Activity runs for the prize,  
Faith aided by physical force  
Like an eagle mounts up to the skies,  
Outflying the feeble, of course.

Their position I envy them not,  
But heartily wish them God speed,  
Though for me a far different lot  
Hath Infinite Wisdom decreed.

But if in God's service employed  
While I have a cross to take up,  
In my heart there cannot be a void  
But His presence will more than make up.

I cannot be straightened in Him,  
Provision enough hath been made  
To keep faith and patience in trim,  
Through oceans of grief though I wade.

Life's path He could well have made smooth,  
If that for my good He had seen;



## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

---

As it is, His love, wisdom and truth  
To me hath in exercise been.

To question His love I've no ground,  
In the invalids' list though enrolled,  
If worthy at last I'll be found  
His glory through grace to behold.

Dear brother the time may be short  
Which we are on earth to be spared,  
Then let us each other exhort  
For death to be getting prepared.

This mortal immortal one day,  
If we are believers we'll see,  
And then these poor bodies of clay  
Shall be all we could wish them to be.

This in prospect our hearts' comfort should,  
Hope smells like the dew-sprinkled rose;  
But why on your patience intrude?  
My song and my singing I'll close.

These verses are more by a third  
Than first I had thought they would be;  
I may say just whatever occurred  
Has made them the length that you see.

You know that disease of the spine  
Has chargeable made me long since,  
And gratitude ought to be mine  
For care which my friends do evince.

So now with a wish I'll conclude,  
That those who have helped me in time;  
E'en indirect doers of good  
I'll meet in a happier clime.

A final farewell to the muse,  
Except my strength God should renew;  
It had faults but you will them excuse,  
Dear brother, God's grace be with you.



## Summer's Approach

I see the green leaves on the bushes,  
 A token that summer is near,  
 For spring winter's harsh voice now hushes —  
 What new-born beauties appear!

I wish I could walk out to view them,  
 As long ago oft I have done;  
 The fields, how I loved to go through them,  
 When spring's pleasant march was begun,

To gather the primrose and daisy,  
 Or see the green leaves on the trees;  
 But now my whole frame's got so crazy  
 E'en resting scarce keeps it at ease,

So that I must view at a distance  
 The pleasures I'd fain be among;  
 I ought to rejoice in existence,  
 But sorrow ran off with my song

And left but a mournful ditty  
 Of sighing and sobbing to me;  
 Yet grief to let have all's a pity,  
 Its victim I don't like to be.

In spite of my grief I rejoice will,  
 For sorrow must not have it all;  
 "Peace be unto you" is Christ's voice still —  
 This me to rejoicing doth call.

How well worth the hearing and seeing  
 Are those things I hear and see;  
 From God everything hath its being,  
 And God, Who made all things, made me.

How well to have God for my Father,  
 His poor child who never will leave;  
 The flowers no more I can gather,  
 But love did it all I perceive.

And this hath been my consolation:  
 Through all the privation I've had,  
 That God did with each visitation,  
 Still give me wherewith to be glad.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

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But where shall the buds be and flowers,  
The leaves and the blossoms soon, where,  
That now deck the woods, fields and bowers?  
A short time and none will be there.

A few days or weeks and they'll vanish,  
And be as they never had been;  
They come as it were just to banish  
Monotony from the dull scene.

And like them I am in a measure,  
A springtime I have had like those;  
But now I have days without pleasure,  
My path through a cloudy land goes.

But more than enough has now said been  
Upon the dark side of the case,  
What matter what way I have led been  
If I be a trophy of grace?

The brightest and best of the story  
The last is, if Jesus be mine;  
For of grace the fair climax is glory,  
And there God's redeemed all shall shine.

As rivers run still to the ocean,  
So time to eternity doth;  
And we're driven on with its motion,  
And that whether willing or loath.

I feel my frame gradually sinking,  
Death's rapids I'm almost among,  
Through which how I'll get I'm oft thinking.  
But God is both faithful and strong.

My soul must soon leave this poor prison,  
Which indicates speedy decay;  
But in Christ if virtually risen,  
On earth why wish longer to stay?

Death, source of much gloomy reflection,  
Its ugly face one day must hide;  
There shall be a sweet resurrection,  
And all because Jesus hath died.

Death still keeps a dark side to Nature,  
But never can do so to grace;

Christ's presence is all the bright feature  
That ever can light up death's face.

And if Christ's fair presence can brighten  
Or beautify death as it were,  
What can there be in death to frighten  
One soul Christ hath bought while He's  
there?

Christ never redeemed to forsake me,  
When comes the last struggle I know  
He'll more than a conqueror make me,  
And with Him to glory I'll go.

For as sure as His Blood He did sprinkle,  
So surely to glory He'll bring,  
To present us without spot or wrinkle  
Or semblance of any such thing.

At home then with His and our Father,  
At home with the whole ransomed throng,  
Is a thought from which hope well may gather  
Some honey to sweeten my song.

And this thought my heart oft rejoices,  
That I will be soon with His own,  
To mingle my voice with their voices  
Who worship around the white throne,

Where I shall have joy for this sorrow,  
Which plaintive hath made me so long;  
Today I have grief, but tomorrow  
I may have an unending song;

A song which shall still be unbroken  
When numberless ages have run,  
Whereof Lord now give me a token  
And perfect what Thou hast begun;

So that when my Father it pleases,  
I may with a willingness go,  
Becoming that interest in Jesus  
I have been professing to show.

And as for the woods, trees and flowers,  
That often delighted while here,  
And helped me through many sad hours,  
In glory they shall not appear.

But yet there are flowers in glory  
Far fairer than I can suppose,  
And theirs is an unending story —  
How happy their sweetness who knows.

For there they have unfading flowers,  
All lovely and lovely to be,  
And a place in those beautiful bowers  
My Christ is preparing for me.

### The Heap of Witness

If all my mercies gathered were  
Together into one,  
A heap of mercies would be there  
Would reach beyond the sun.

And I do think that such an heap  
Of witness to erect,  
Would do me good could I but keep  
My eye on it direct.

For how upon that witness gaze  
And not reminded be  
Of mercies which in former days  
God hath bestowed on me?

Here temporal mercies mingle would  
My spiritual among,  
Neither of which forget I should  
For both around me throng;

Each eager as it were to be  
Put in their proper place;  
The least of them I'm glad to see,  
For all are marked with grace.

All mercies of my life by past  
Would in succession come,  
Upon the heap themselves to cast,  
'Till an amazing sum

Would rise before my wondering eyes,  
Acknowledged all to be,  
And many which have wore disguise  
Among them I would see.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

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Nor would the least perhaps be those  
Which wore the darkest hue,  
Faith in the shadow stronger grows  
Provided it be true.

God, my God, oft remembered me  
And my deliverance wrought,  
In ways I own I could not see,  
By means I never thought.

Then how is it that I can so  
Forget what God has done?  
Though mercies streams sometimes seem low,  
Quite dry they never run.

I say, however low they seem,  
Sufficient still remains  
To make for gratitude a theme  
The saints can sing in chains;

Because their source of happiness  
Not in themselves doth lie;  
The world may hate, oppose, oppress,  
But can't reach their supply;

For though it sometimes much can do  
God's people to annoy,  
Still stopping short at "hitherto,"  
It can't their peace destroy.

God's mercy is and is alone  
The hope of Christians all;  
God hath my soul in trouble known,  
And therefore hope I shall.

Yes, I will hope because I have  
By sweet experience seen  
That God Who mighty is to save  
Hath my salvation been.

God's mercies are like brilliant stars  
Which shine dark clouds among;  
God sends them oft like golden cars  
To help poor souls along.

We never could get on without  
The mercies God bestows;

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

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However we are tossed, no doubt,  
Our ship still shoreward goes.

"My soul is weary of my life,"  
If Job was made to say;  
I much need grace to end the strife  
In a becoming way.

With patience and with fortitude  
Life's trials I should bear,  
I know I ought and gladly would  
Christ follow everywhere.

Yes, everywhere, wherever He  
Is pleased to lead the way;  
It never can go ill with me  
If Christ will be my stay.

And He is mine I'm very sure,  
For He hath stood by me,  
And helped me troubles to endure  
And mercies made me see.

What trials God hath given me,  
He knoweth and doth know  
How very near death may be—  
Still mercy, Lord, me show,

That on the very brink of death  
A heap of witness I  
May raise, and with my latest breath  
God, my God, glorify.





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